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SHIPWRECKS

IN THE

NORTHERN AND POLAR SEAS.

SHIPWRECKS

IN THE

NORTHERN AND POLAR SEAS.

CONSTABLE'S MISCELLANY
OF
Original and Selected Publications
IN THE VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS
—OF—
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, & THE ARTS.
VOL. LXXVIII.

SHIPWRECKS & DISASTERS AT SEA. VOL. I.



THE HOBART PACKET GOING DOWN.

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A

HISTORY OF SHIPWRECKS,

AND

DISASTERS AT SEA,

FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

"The wreck, the shores, the dying, and the drown'd."

FALCONER.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

—
VOL. I.

THE NORTHERN AND POLAR SEAS.

LONDON:

WHITTAKER, TREACHER, & CO., AVE-MARIA LANE.

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PREFACE.

THESE volumes may be regarded, in some respect, as a continuation of what has been already laid before the reader in the earlier portion of this miscellany. The losses of the *Antelope*, *Pandora*, and *Medusa*, as well as the perils of *Madame Godin*, and the captivity of *De Brisson*, were published some time ago. The present narratives of the same nature have been drawn from valid authorities, British and foreign, and have been condensed, in order, while nothing material is omitted, to bring into the smallest compass as much interesting matter as possible. Thus they continue a record of the fortitude, patience, and suffering of gallant seamen under perils, oftentimes beyond example in human endurance.

Both volumes have been arranged chronologically, the second only as far as respects its own contents, but the first with a view to complete as far as possible those oceanic disasters most worthy of attention, which, owing to the nature of the climate, bear a peculiar character.

It has been thought best to avoid as much as possible awakening sympathy in the reader's mind, by any display of language, for the simplest narrative of such calamities will kindle a consentaneous feeling

in every bosom. The most unimaginative will be alive to the misfortunes of the mariner, and to the manly virtues of which they may call forth the display. Again and again noble pictures of mental elevation, self-denial, and heroic devotion occur, which cast a redeeming light upon the darker shades of human character. Here may be seen that courage in danger, defiance in suffering, and unflinching perseverance, which, when applied in defence of the national honour, have cast upon the annals of England the more unsullied portion of their glory. Here the reader may turn from the dotage of cabinets, the imbecility of courts, and the frivolities of modern society, to the healthy contemplation of scenes which will oftentimes call forth the admiration of the philosophic observer of mankind, exhibiting a grandeur of individual character at the hour of trial that must be honoured, and cannot be flattered.

The narratives of a similar kind that remain uncollected are numerous, and none deserve to perish. All classes of readers may peruse them with profit. Even the seaman himself may learn from those who have suffered by such misfortunes, the resources of which others availed themselves in escaping from wrecks, and prolonging life on inhospitable shores, or he may see how to avoid errors, which under such circumstances proved doubly disastrous.

CYRUS REDDING.

London, 7 April 18th, 1833.

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SHIPWRECKS

IN THE

POLAR AND NORTHERN SEAS.

CHAPTER I.

Introductory Remarks—Scantiness of detail in most of the older Narratives of Shipwrecks, as in the account of the Loss of the Nobility of East Frisland, in 900, and Prince William, son of Henry I., in 1120—Account of the Shipwreck of Nicolo Zeno, 1390, and that of Pietro Quirino, 1431.

It may be justly questioned whether any situation in which man can be placed by misfortune demands a loftier exhibition of the heroic virtues than shipwreck. If the seaman escape the fury of the waves, danger is frequently to be combated afterwards in a variety of appalling forms. The crush of the iceberg—the anguish of frost-bitten limbs—the death-sleep of cold—the weapon of the savage, famine, cannibalism, and disease, may each, or all of them, be marshalled to try the fortitude of the most intrepid, or wither the strength of the hardiest. Northern seas and polar latitudes carry additional dangers to aggravate the misery of the castaway, having characteristics peculiar to themselves. When the mariner

is thrown upon shores inhabited by the bear and the fox alone, where the sterile earth is covered deeply with snow for nine months in the year, and the summer sun may partially thaw, but cannot fecundate the miserable and scanty soil so as to make it produce the lowliest herb that yields sustenance to man, the sufferings of the seaman are oftentimes only begun. He may be flung upon icebergs, and drift about at the mercy of the winds. He may be compelled to exist on a surface many degrees colder than the freezing point, covered only with his shattered sail, until the mass melt away into the ocean from whence it arose ; and with it he too may disappear in the great deep. Famine may add its rigours to the cold upon the glacial island, and extinguish life after intense agony ; gallant men have thus closed their existence. Vessels and their cargoes have been lifted out of the sea upon ice-fields uninjured, but more frequently have been crushed to pieces, and buried beneath the fragments of mightier masses that have come in collision, and with them have perished nearly all their ill-fated crews.

The records of the northern fisheries in every maritime nation abound with narratives calculated to excite the strongest sympathy. There is not, in the whole circle of earthly calamity, any accident to be found in which the quantity of human suffering is at times greater. The manly frame of the northern seaman has struggled with it inch by inch ; he has met it, as no mortal besides could have done, with bold unflinching front, and has perished with the con-

sciousness that he has endured well that calamity, which, if it had been given to man to combat successfully, he himself had successfully resisted. In a land where nature has lost her wonted energies, or concentrated them in horrors—where her accustomed benevolence seems lost in the thrilling stillness which overspreads creation, and the variety which marks her in more genial climes is changed to a never-ending and monotonous struggle between heat and cold, darkness and light—the difficulty of supporting animal life is proportionably enhanced. The miserable food of the natives, if the climate be not too far north to allow of man existing at all, must be drawn from the ocean, or consist of the chance product of its shores. The morse, seal, and whale, are the corn, wine, and oil of the lands upon which the Greenlanders and Esquimaux live. The sailor of southern climates, cast by shipwreck upon such shores, must consider himself fortunate if he prolong a miserable existence upon such coarse and nauseous fare. But that fare is frequently not to be obtained, and then moss or lichen must supply its place until the lamp of life will no longer burn. Suffering, in such a land, must be still more bitter, where all around responds to the deepest misery. There “everything is solitary, everything is sterile, everything sad and despondent. The shadowy forest no longer adorns the brow of the hill; the singing of birds, which enlivens even the woods of Lapland, is no longer found in this scene of desolation. The ruggedness of the dark grey rock is not broken with a single shrub; the only

music is the hoarse murmuring of the waves, ever and anon renewing their assaults upon the huge masses that oppose them. The northern sun, creeping at midnight, at the distance of five diameters, along the horizon, and the immeasurable ocean, in apparent contact with the skies, form the grand outlines in the sublime picture presented to the astonished spectator." On such shores has the mariner been too frequently lost; and the privations incurred have been endured amid a scene so forlorn and solitary, that hard indeed must be the bosom which, at the relation of his sufferings, remains unmoved.

There is a great difference in the power of resistance to hardship among seamen. Those of the north possess the iron frames adapted to a northern navigation, and they have been the principal sufferers by shipwrecks in high latitudes. The English, Dutch, and Russians, particularly, have been equally remarkable in these calamities for endurance of the sufferings they have thus encountered. The stormy ocean of the north and its long nights are the school of the accomplished mariner. On that ocean has been trained the *élite* of the dauntless race to which England owes so much of her glory—perhaps her political existence. Besides this hardihood of mind and body, there is a good deal of difference in the resources of seamen when shipwrecked, which is obvious on reading narratives of their loss. Some, when thrown upon themselves for extrication and subsistence, will fare much better than others under the same circumstances. British seamen have wintered in high

latitudes with impunity; while Dutchmen have perished in such as have been several degrees lower in temperature, though the latter have been provided with necessaries from their vessels when they were left behind, and the former have had to task themselves for everything. The Russians, at Behring's Island and similar situations, have exhibited wonderful patience in suffering, though, being inhabitants of a frigid climate, this may be ascribed to a capacity of endurance for which their habits had prepared them.

In fitting out ships for a northern navigation, and adapting them to resist the ice, perhaps as much has been done as can well be performed. The progress of knowledge has of late prevented the recurrence of such accidents as happened when the science of navigation was comparatively young. The *Fury*, in Captain Parry's recent voyage, had been strengthened in one of the royal yards, and was as carefully provided with everything necessary for the service on which she was employed as art could afford, and yet she was lost. Twenty whalers, in 1830, were wrecked among the ice in Baffin's Bay, as well guarded against such an accident as the skill of the builder could guard them. To use the strongest timbers, and fill in between them, planking up to the water-line within throughout, together with the other customary methods of strengthening this class of vessels, are all which can be done for their security. In the preservation of the crews among ice the skill and foresight of man can be of little avail. Life-boats, Manby's mortars, cork-jackets, rockets, and numerous

inventions highly useful where the sea is clear from ice, are of no service in polar latitudes. The ice itself, which is most frequently the destroyer, offers a temporary shelter to the shipwrecked seaman, and has sometimes proved the means of his preservation. The inconveniences of a sojourn upon so cold a surface might be somewhat obviated by the precaution of keeping upon the deck of a whaler at all times, when embayed among ice, the spare sails, a quantity of provisions, spirits, and clothing, and the means of kindling a fire, so that all might be handed out upon the ice in a moment, for in a moment the best-appointed vessel may be destroyed. The voyages of Parry and others have shown that, with proper means of defence against cold and hunger, an arctic winter may be passed in comparative ease and comfort,—without them, wretched indeed is the lot of those whom fate has destined to encounter it, as will be seen in the sequel.

The descriptions of the earlier shipwrecks which have come down to the present day are, for the most part, so general, that they do little more than record the place where the misfortune happened, and the names of the principal sufferers. It is in vain that we look for any thing like detail in the narratives of this sort which time has spared. Of the shipwreck of the nobility of East Frisland, in the year 900, no more is known than the simple fact.

History yields but a little more detail in the shipwreck of Prince William, son of Henry I., King of England, in the year 1120. The Prince had been

taken into Normandy, by his father, that he might be recognized as the successor to the sovereignty, and receive, in that part of the royal dominions, the homage of the Barons. He was in the eighteenth year of his age, amiable and accomplished. The ship in which the Prince was to sail had been detained by some accident, after his father had embarked and got out to sea. It appeared they had been revelling during the interval of their detention, and when the vessel was ready, they embarked while heated with wine, being in great haste to follow the King, whose ship, having a fair wind, was soon out of sight of the Norman shore. The sailors, it is reported, were in the same overheated state as their Prince and Captain Fitzstephens, the commander, when they set sail. In their heedlessness to get away they ran the ship upon the rocks near Honfleur, and it soon afterwards foundered. The Prince and others got into the long-boat, and were clear of the vessel, when, hearing the cries of his sister, the king's natural daughter, whose title was Countess of Perche, he made the sailors row back to take her in; numbers from the sinking vessel descended into the boat, so that, being overloaded, it sunk, and all who were on board perished. The retinue of the Prince was drowned with him, amounting to one hundred and forty of the young nobles of England and Normandy. One person alone escaped, who was said to be a butcher of Rouen. He clung to the masts, and was taken up the next day by some fishermen. This man reported that Captain Fitzstephens saved himself on the same mast, but on

being told by him that all but themselves had perished, he declared he would not survive the Prince, and threw himself into the sea. For three days the king vainly hoped that tidings of his son's escape might yet reach him; when the truth was told him he fainted, nor was he ever seen to smile again. Well might England, too, mourn the loss, for never was shipwreck followed by more disastrous consequences to an empire. Out of the decease of this Prince arose those terrible civil wars for the succession, which deluged England so many years with blood, and almost extinguished her ancient nobility.

Nicolo Zeno, descended from a Podestà of Venice, was a man of adventure, and full of curiosity respecting foreign countries. He was shipwrecked on some island of the North Sea, it is uncertain where, and the details which remain of his adventures are so obscure, as to give some ground to believe they are fabulous. This Nicolo had a brother called Antonio, who, it is said, partook with him in the same desires. Nicolo was very rich, and determining to pursue his favourite object, built a vessel at his own expense, about the time that the war of Chioggia in Italy was concluded; and putting on board the necessary stores and provisions, set sail with the design of visiting England and Flanders. It was in the year 1380 that he passed the straits of Gibraltar. A dreadful storm soon after arose, the ship's course was lost, and after tossing about for many days and nights they knew not where, entirely at the mercy of the tempest, they at last discovered land. The ship was

driven towards it and was lost, but the crew were saved, and also the greater part of the cargo. On reaching the shore, they were threatened by the country people, who came down upon them in a most alarming manner, and in great numbers, on finding the vessel wrecked. This island is called by the narrators of the shipwreck, Frisland. A chief of the island, with some armed men, suddenly appeared, and driving off the people from their expected plunder, spoke to the shipwrecked mariners in the Latin tongue, asking from whence they came and whither they were bound; to all which Zeno replied. The chief, or laird of Frisland, which some affirm, with very little ground for so doing, was one of the Shetland Islands, told the strangers they should be hospitably treated, feeling great pleasure at finding they came from Italy. This chief is represented as possessing other islands besides that on which Zeno was cast, and as holding the title of Duke of Sorano, and other domains "lying over against Scotland." The Italian mariners were so pleased with their reception, and with the conduct of this northern chief towards them, that they took up their abode with him for many years, and were employed in the command of his ships, in which they made discoveries of islands and places in the north which cannot now be made out by the descriptions they left. It is pretty clear that they visited Iceland, and were a good deal of time sailing very far to the north, for they write about winters of nine months' duration, and the extreme cold of the Arctic regions. It is imagined by some

that they visited Greenland, and that the northern part of the continent of America was discovered by them ; this, however, it is difficult to credit. The history of the shipwreck and subsequent adventures of Zeno is exceedingly obscure. It may be found at length in Hakluyt, who seems to credit the narrative of the shipwreck, but he is hardly an authority for such a belief, and his relation of it is any thing but lucid.

The shipwreck of Pietro Quirino is more authentic than that of Zeno, and, in several instances, is corroborated by the visits of travellers to the northern latitudes in later times, in all that concerns the customs of the inhabitants, which remain little changed from the day they were visited so much against their inclination by the unfortunate Venetians. Two of these narratives still exist, one by Quirino, and another by his companions, Cristoforo Fioreventi and Nicolo di Michiel. The following is drawn from both these relations, in which a few slight discrepancies only occur, but nothing that can affect the main incidents of this sad tale, and the miraculous preservation of the survivors.

The island called Rustene, now Rust or Roest, is very little known at present. It is one of the groupe marked in maps as the Laffoeden Islands, lying off the coast of Norway, in lat. $67^{\circ} 37'$. Sir Hugh Willoughby and Chancellor touched at the island of Rust in 1553, which was no doubt the Rustene of Quirino.

The ship, which was the property of and commanded by Quirino, was bound from Candia to Flan-

ders, laden with a great variety of rich merchandise. They had on board sixty-eight hands, having augmented their crew to that number. It appears that the vessel was well appointed, and that the rich nature of the cargo had caused them to omit no precaution against the hazards of the sea. They set sail from Candia on the twenty-fifth of April, 1431.

The ship meeting with adverse winds was driven down the coast of Barbary, and it was not until the second of June that she passed the Straits of Gibraltar, and entered the bay of Cadiz. They now ran upon the rocks of St. Peter, and were obliged to unload their vessel at that port, where they remained twenty-five days under repair. On sailing from Cadiz, they were driven off the Canary Islands, with the navigation in the neighbourhood of which Quirino was unacquainted. They were there beaten about for forty-five days more, and from the scarcity of provisions on board, Quirino carrying more than his complement of men, on account of war having broken out between Venice and Genoa, he was obliged to make the harbour of Lisbon, where they anchored on the twenty-ninth of August. It does not speak well for the state of navigation at that time, when we find that Quirino, from April the twenty-fifth to the end of August, had advanced no farther upon his voyage. Four months were consumed between Candia and Lisbon. At the latter place they were obliged to repair their vessel a second time. At length, on the fourteenth of September, they sailed again. Once more they met with contrary winds, which lasted

until the twenty-sixth of October, when they were driven into the port of Mures, in one of the Canary islands, and Quirino, with a part of his crew, performed their devotions like good Catholics, in the church of St. Jago. They set sail on the twenty-eighth to the northward, with a favourable wind, until they were about two hundred miles from Cape Finisterre. They were now near the entrance of the British Channel, and in expectation of making good their voyage, when, on the fifth of November, the wind changed and drove them west of the Scilly islands, near which they sounded, and found bottom at fifty-five fathoms.

The wind now rose to a storm, and the sea broke five of the hinges off the rudder; this was on the eleventh of November. The crew fastened a rope to secure it, but that was soon broken, the rudder torn entirely away, and dragged after the vessel for three days, during which time the ship was unmanageable, and ran three hundred miles. In this state they saw two vessels bound to Spain with salt, and spoke one of them, but obtained no assistance.

Quirino found it necessary to husband the provisions, and they were placed under an especial guard. He then entered alone into his cabin, and contemplated his probable fate. He reflected within himself that kings and beggars must equally bow to the leveller of all. His consolation at the moment was strong, though death seemed inevitable. He felt his best hope was in religion and in resignation to the Divine will. Armed with these considerations,

he boldly applied himself to cheer his companions; and to dismiss, in the performance of his duty, all regard to surrounding danger.

The carpenter contrived a sort of outrigger by which they hoped to govern the ship's course; it was made out of spars, and succeeded in its object. This gave the crew fresh courage, until a high sea tore that away also, as well as a second rudder of a ruder character, which they were with difficulty enabled to construct. On the twenty-fifth of November the tempest was so dreadful that they all betook themselves to prayers; but the weather moderated at last, though they still drove yet farther before the south-east wind. The vessel was now entirely unmanageable, the seams opening from her strains, and the water coming in so fast that it could scarcely be kept under. At this time it seems likely they were off the north-western coast of Ireland, for they got soundings at eighty fathoms, when a little before they could find none. At night they found one hundred and twenty fathoms with a mud bottom, and splicing three or four new cables together, ventured to anchor. The ship lay in this state forty hours, the strands of the cable constantly giving way, until one of the crew, fearing greater danger from remaining, as they were then yielding before the sea, secretly cut the cable, and the vessel drove on again. Some of the crew at length grew desperate, while others displayed resignation to their expected fate.

On the fourth of December, the crew, being up to the middle in water, laboured hard to get the ship

clear from it, so as to keep her still afloat. She had now settled deeper in the sea, but for three days, until the seventh, they had tolerable weather. On that day it blew a storm again; the ship rose to the clouds, and then seemed descending to the bottom of the ocean. The nights were dark, and the lightning's vivid flashes appeared only to render the gloom more intense. It appalled the crew so much that they gave way, and lost every remaining spark of resolution. The sea came in over the ship's side, and the mainmast being cut through to prevent the vessel from heeling so much, it shot over the side, from a sudden pitch of the ship, as if it had been projected by some supernatural agent. The vessel after this labouring less, the crew regained a portion of their courage. They got rid of some of the water which they had shipped, and ran before the wind the whole of the following night.

They judged they were about five hundred miles from the coast of Ireland. It was deemed the best step to take to the boats, of which they had two, a long-boat, or pinnace as it was then called, and a yawl. The ship was no longer manageable, and there was at least a chance of preservation in the boats, if the weather moderated a little. The long-boat held forty-seven and the yawl twenty-one persons. Quirino proposed that the choice for the boats should be settled by drawing lots, but this was rendered unnecessary by twenty-one volunteering to take the yawl, in which Quirino himself had thought of embarking, but he was diverted from his purpose by the conside-

ration that his officers would be all in the pinnace. It was on the seventeenth of December that they lowered their boats, and embarked on an unknown and stormy ocean. Quirino took care that they supplied themselves with clothing, he himself furnishing those who were short from his own stores. In the skiff, biscuit was stowed in proportion to the number of persons on board, as well as in the long-boat, together with three hundred weight of bread, eighty pounds of Candian cheese, eight pounds of dried bacon, forty pounds of tallow, two of oil, and seven small barrels of Tyrian wine, a kind of Malvasia. The yawl would contain no more. In the long-boat victuals were stowed at the same rate, and in addition some spices, syrup of green ginger, and of lemons. The weather seemed to promise well, and Quirino soon saw the ship drift away crewless over the ocean, upon whose success he had built such sanguine hopes. The rich silks, spices, cedar wood, eight hundred butts of Malmsey wine, and much merchandise, were left to their fate and seen no more. The crews of the two boats embraced each other, and committed themselves to their destiny. A melancholy prospect lay before them. A northern ocean cold and stormy, with a day of a few hours long, and nights of intense darkness awaited them, in their two frail boats, and the season winter; the hope of preservation diminished in proportion. The melancholy forebodings, which some of them could not fail to experience, were fearfully realized the first night of their embarkation. The yawl parted company in a fog, and was never

more seen. The sea soon ran so high that, in the pinnace, they were obliged to throw most of their provisions, and even their clothes, overboard. This was a great addition to their previous calamity. They were able to allow themselves a cup of wine a day for the first eight days, but seeing no chance of making land, they reduced that quantity to one half. Day or night their sufferings knew no alleviation. They were natives of a warm southern climate, and therefore less able to meet the rigours of the northern Atlantic. Their clothing, scanty as it was, ill shielded them from the weather. During the night, of twenty hours' duration, their suffering was excessive. Their feet were benumbed and insensible. Ravenous hunger laid its fangs upon them. They were fain to devour the first thing they could reach. Day by day they grew weaker and weaker. When death came upon them, their heads first trembled and quivered, and then they sank down lifeless. Of forty-seven, the number that entered the boat, twenty-six expired under their sufferings between the twenty-third of December and the fifth of January, sometimes two or three in a day. Their bodies were committed to the deep by the survivors, not knowing who was to follow next. It was observed that those who had usually drunk the largest quantity of wine, and stood most over the fire, failed the earliest, and these were generally the strongest men. The cold infinitely surpassed any they had ever felt in Italy.

On the thirty-first of December their wine was

expended. Discovering how fatal the effect of drinking sea-water was, some of them drank their own, so irresistible was their thirst. They were quickly troubled with lightness and giddiness of head. Many qualified their water with syrup of lemons or green ginger, of which they had a little left, and they thought afterwards it was instrumental to their preservation. Quirino was one of these.

On the third of January they saw land. It was in appearance only a rock covered with snow, but still the sight revived their sinking spirits; yet the wind was against them, and they were too weak to use their oars. In the night, the current set them past the first land seen, to their great despondence. In the course of the next day, which was only two hours long, they saw lofty rocks, for which they shaped their course, and soon had sight of a valley between two mountains, towards which they pulled with all the little strength they were able to exert, and were fortunate enough to reach the shore, aided by a wave which drove them upon it. No sooner did their boat touch the land, than five of the crew leaped out overjoyed at the snow, of which they swallowed large quantities, and carried some to the boat for their companions, who were left to keep it from the rocks. Quirino said he thought he swallowed as much as he could carry, and that to having taken it they owed the preservation of their lives. Two who had drank salt water now died. They had been in their boat eighteen days from the time they left the ship, and it was now the sixth of January: all that

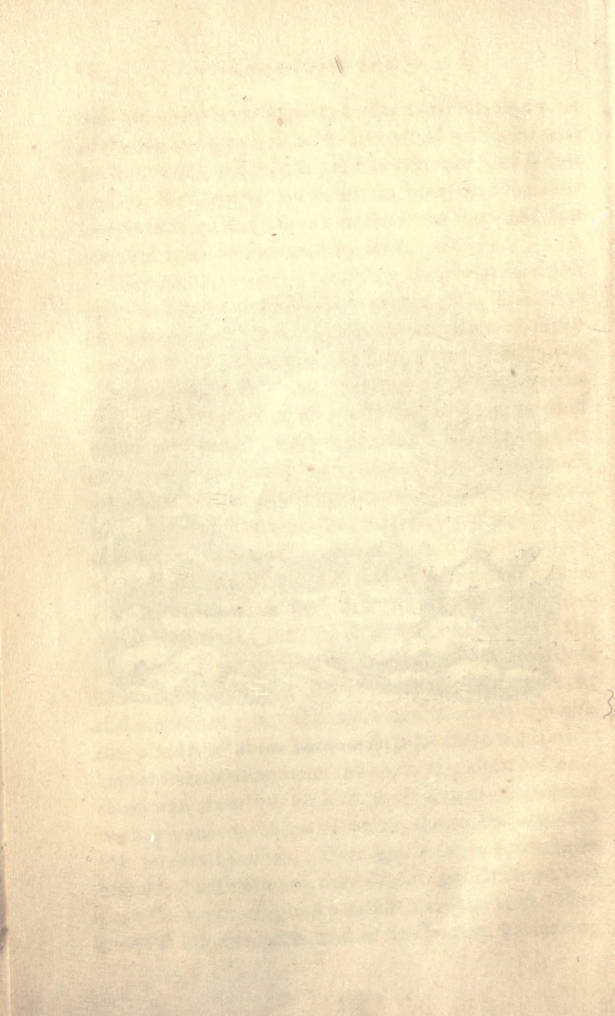
time they had been exposed to the northern ocean, to darkness, hunger, and cold. They had sailed, as well as they could judge, always between north-east and east, at the rate of six miles an hour, so that they imagined they had run more than two thousand five hundred miles without seeing land.

They had no means of securing their boat from the rocks but by remaining in it all night. The next day, sixteen of them landed, the survivors of forty-seven. They were upon an island called the Saints, off the coast of Norway, an uninhabited and barren rock. All the food which they could find consisted of some fragments of biscuit, which they discovered by chance in the bottom of a bag, a ham, and a small piece of cheese. They had a tinder-box and steel, with which they struck fire, and kept it lighted with the seats of their boat.

They now determined to try and reach another island, which they had observed about five miles off, as there was little hope of their salvation on the desolate and barren rock upon which they had landed. They therefore filled some casks with snow-water, and embarked ; but the sea came in so fast through the planks of their boat, owing to their not having kept it from beating upon the rocks the night before—those who were left in it to prevent such an accident having gone on shore to warm themselves—that it was rendered useless. Here was another misfortune. Drenched with the sea, they all now got on shore, and drew the boat as high as possible upon the land. They broke it into two parts, and of the largest, by turning



QUIRINO'S MISERABLE REFUGE.



it upside down, made a miserable shelter for thirteen; and with the smallest, a second shed, which would hold the rest of the party. They were further covered with part of the sails; a deplorable refuge, but still far better than the dark, cold, and stormy ocean, on which none of them could have survived much longer.

The only food they could find consisted of periwinkles, barnacles, mussels, and sea-weed, picked up along the shore; but the allowance of these was barely enough to sustain life. They discovered a herb of some kind, what they did not know, but gathered it from under the snow, boiled and ate it. Part lived in one shelter, and part in another; some sleeping upon the snow, and some sitting round the fire by turns, which, being made of damp wood, annoyed them with the smoke. Their eyes at last were so swollen, that they feared a total loss of vision; and they were so overrun with vermin, that it caused the death of one of them, who had been Quirino's secretary—"a thing," says the narrator, "to abate all our pride and haughtiness of mind." Three Spaniards also died from their having drank salt water when in the boat—at least Quirino ascribed it to that cause. The survivors, thirteen in number, were now so exhausted, that for three days they were unable, by their united exertions, to drag the bodies of their comrades out of the shed. The water they drank was rejected by their stomach, whether cold or warm, and yet they could not abstain from it; while most of them kept upon their feet with difficulty. It was

now observed that they became indifferent to each other, resembling a society of brutes rather than of men. Community of misfortune did not, as many would erroneously suppose, keep charity alive in their bosoms, but seemed to quench the social virtues; yet they huddled as close together as possible for the sake of warmth.

Concord had now ceased, and each sufferer did what he pleased, but joined in the wanderings in search of food. After they had been eleven days in this lamentable state, one of them found a hut, in good preservation, on the higher and westernmost part of the island, and near it were the marks of cattle. Thither all who were able to move determined to go, leaving those who were most exhausted behind them. Eleven set out, taking some fire-wood with them, and though only a mile and a half distant, Quirino was scarcely able to bear the journey. On seeing the place, he became satisfied that there must be human habitations at no great distance.

They had not been in the hut above two days, when some of them, searching for mussels on the shore, discovered a large fish, dead, but fresh. They who found it wished to conceal it from the others, but Quirino commanded it to be equally divided. It was cut up and carried to their hut, where they quickly began to broil or boil it, though some, impatient, ate it raw. On this they fed for four days, when, seeing it diminish rapidly, prudence induced them to preserve economy, and it lasted them on the whole ten days, during which time such a tempest raged with-

out, that they could not have gone in search of anything to eat, as they did before, for all that time. When it was finished, they set out "like wolves," says the narrator (Cristoforo Fioraventi), in search of barnacles and mussels again, and in this manner sustained life until the last day of January, 1432, by which time they were little more than half alive. They found the dung of oxen near the hut, which they burned for firing, and which further convinced them that the place, being frequented by these animals, must be visited at some season of the year. The hope kindled by this conviction enabled them to endure the better their terrible privations.

It happened that a young man—of an island about five miles from the Saints, called Rustene by the narrator, three miles in circumference, and about seventy west from the coast of Norway—dreamed that two heifers, which had strayed from home, had gone to the Saints' Island, at a point where, at low water, few or none ever ventured over; and he requested his father and elder brother to accompany him in the search. They crossed in a fishing-boat, and came to the place where Quirino and his wretched companions were sheltered. Having noticed the smoke of the fire, which seemed unaccountable to them in such a spot, they stood gazing at it with astonishment, conjecturing in various ways what the cause of it might be. The sound of their voices was heard by the sufferers, who judged it to be the noise of the numerous crows which had been feeding upon their companions' bodies, rather than the tongues of living men. Soon the sound became plainer to them. Fiora-

venti looked out of the hut, and saw the strangers; upon which he told his comrades within to rejoice, for two persons were coming to seek them. The brothers from Rustene were alarmed at the sight of the seamen, who left the hut "rather with the heart than the feet," as the narration has it. At first they thought of detaining the strangers; yet they knew not but there might be more. At last they went down with them to the boat, when the father of the two young men was equally astonished at the sight. Unfortunately neither could understand the other's language. They looked into the boat for provisions, but could find none: the strangers seemed to pity them; and Ghirardo di Lione and Cola di Otranto, who had some little knowledge of the French and High Dutch, were readily taken into the boat, which then sailed away. Those whom it left behind remained a day and a night in a state of great anxiety. At length they began to fear the skiff had been lost, from being overloaded, and their hearts were sinking within them.

The cause of the delay arose from all the inhabitants of the island being absent fishing. Their minister, a German, understanding High Dutch, hearing the state of those on the Saints' Island from the two seamen taken off, addressed the people, and exhorted them to do their utmost to relieve the distresses of Quirino and his surviving companions, offering a blessing to all such as would render assistance, so that their hearts were moved towards them. On Candlemas day, 1432, six boats, with plenty of provisions, arrived at the hut, the minister accompanying them, who proved

to be a Dominican monk. He asked for Quirino in Latin, presented him some rye-bread and beer, and taking Quirino with him, and two of his companions,—a Candiote and a Venetian—they all four embarked with the Dominican for Rustene. Quirino was so weak as to be unable to walk. The other survivors were taken off by the boats of the islanders. Of two who had been left exhausted under the boat when their companions set out for the hut, one was found dead, and the other, being taken to Rustene, expired in two days. The worthy people of Rustene buried the former, and also the remains of the eight who had died previously, singing hymns over their remains. The survivors, eleven in all, were distributed among this hospitable people, and so abundantly supplied with food, that it was well nigh being of pernicious consequence to them. Quirino, on entering the house of his conductors, was going to fling himself at the feet of its mistress in acknowledgment, according to the custom of the south; but she would not permit it, led him to the fire, gave him milk, and, for three months, nursed him with the most sedulous attention.

The island called, by Quirino, Rustene,§ contained twelve small habitations, and about one hundred and twenty inhabitants. Their food was principally fish, of which they caught immense quantities, though only of two kinds, one of which was that now known as the stockfish. They were dried in the sun, and soon became hard. They were beaten, and ate with spices and butter. They exported them in great quantities to Germany, Sweden, and the north gene-

rally, and used them in all their payments: coin being unknown, they exchanged them for leather, iron, clothes, and other things of which they stood most in need. At certain times of the year they had a little beef and milk: they also used rice, which they imported, and made with it a poor kind of bread. Their drink was generally sour milk, not palatable to strangers. They made a sort of ale of rye, which they occasionally drank. The other fish before mentioned was an enormous skate, or, perhaps, halibut: some of these being six Venetian feet in length, two broad, and three-quarters thick. They cut them up and salted them, and they were found very good food.

From November the twentieth to the middle of February, the nights were twenty hours long, and from the twentieth of May to the twentieth of August the sun is described as being above the horizon, or his light as being, during all that time, visible.

The hospitable inhabitants of Rustene were a comely race, both males and females. They were constant attendants on religious service, and displayed great reverence for God. Honesty was so distinguished a virtue among them that they locked no chest or door, nor even closed them except against the weather or wild animals. Avarice was unknown, and they had no idea of possessing themselves of property but by barter. Their fasts were rigidly kept, and they always attended divine worship in their best apparel. Their virtues were so striking to the Venetian mariners, that they thought they were within

the circuit of Paradise while they abode there, contrasting them with the looseness of Italian morals greatly to the disadvantage of their own country. The dress of the inhabitants was chiefly coarse blue English cloth, and caps from Denmark. Some wore red and black furs that excluded the wet. Their houses were round, with a hole in the top for a window, which, during the cold of winter, they closed with a transparent piece of fish skin. They were inured to cold early; infants only four days old being laid in the snow in the open air, which fell almost every day Quirino was there, from the fifth of February to the fourteenth of May. By this means the severity of the climate was little felt by these people in after life.

Precisely as at present in the north*, the members of one family slept in the same apartment, their beds standing near each other. The females, it was observed, made no scruple of stripping themselves before the men, in their ignorance of shame; and in this manner walking to the bath, with a small bundle of herbs in the hand to wipe the moisture from the skin. In the bath men and women entered promiscuously. Adultery was unknown among them, and marriage seemed strictly in obedience to the divine command. Oaths and execrations were not heard. They testified great resignation on the deaths of their relatives. If the survivor was a widow, she invited her neighbours to a feast, clothed in her best attire,

* According to the recent travels of Sir Arthur de Capell Brooke.

and requested them to partake of it freely for the repose of the deceased.

Quirino saw a vast number of white birds, which his companions called "Cocks of the Sea." They were named *muxi* by the natives. They built their nests in the rocks or against the sides of the houses, and their cackling at sunset was the signal for the inhabitants retiring to rest. They were tame and social like house pigeons; their eggs were taken from them and eaten for food. Quirino was astonished to see fine white bear skins at Rustene, twelve Venetian feet in length. There were other rocky islands not far off, some desert and some inhabited, which, with their own, the natives called the "Outskirts of the World."

In the month of May the people of the island were accustomed to carry their stockfish to Bergen, and it was proposed, at that time, to take the Venetians with them. The wife of the governor of the island sent Quirino a present of sixty dried fish, three loaves of rye, and a cake, before he embarked, requiring the inhabitants to treat the strangers well, and conduct them to Bergen. Quirino returned her a string of amber beads, which he had procured on a religious pilgrimage, that she might invoke God for his safe return to his own country.

On the fourteenth of May, the moment of their departure arrived, after a sojourn at Rustene of three months and twenty days. Quirino and his companions took leave of their hospitable preservers with grateful hearts, and, according to the narrative of

this disastrous voyage left by Fioraventi, they presented them, in token of their regard, with the few things they had preserved from their vessel, such as goblets, girdles, and small rings. It is remarkable that Quirino, in his account of his misfortunes, says they were extorted from them by the people, at the instigation of the minister, who afterwards roguishly appropriated them to himself, or divided the spoil with his archbishop. Yet he says, in the same breath, that the people on their quitting took leave of them with tears, and made them presents of fish, which, taken into consideration with the honest character given by the narrator himself, previously, of those among whom he sojourned, and compared also with the statement of Fioraventi, seems not very well to agree with probability. The narrative of the transaction by Fioraventi is the most likely of the two to be correct. Besides, though Quirino complains that all they had was thus extorted from them, he finds enough to make the governor of Drontheim a present afterwards.

On sailing from Rustene, upon the fourteenth of May, the days had greatly lengthened. Bergen is described as a thousand miles distant, and the bark as being only of twenty tons. As they proceeded to the south, the days became shorter. About two hundred miles on their voyage they found some portion of the yawl in which their companions had embarked, and from this rightly concluded they had perished. They passed many islands, at which the priest who had embarked with them, making their case known, pre-

sents were kindly lavished upon them by the inhabitants, who would hear of no recompense in return. They continued their course for sixteen days, passing many headlands, in deep water. On the twenty-ninth of May they arrived at Drontheim, the archbishop of which they had previously met, who was making a circuit of the islands in two galleys, with a train of two hundred persons. He heard Quirino's story, consoled him and his party, and gave them letters to Drontheim.

They were landed on a small inhabited island near the city, and the next day entered it, and heard mass in the church of St. Olave. They were then introduced to the governor, who, finding Quirino could speak Latin, invited him and his companions to dinner. Many of the inhabitants were assembled to meet them, and hear their story. They were well entertained, and supplied plentifully with provisions during their residence in the city.

Quirino found that, from Germany and the North being involved in war, a voyage there, or to England, was unsafe, and he was recommended to go to a place called Wadstena, subject to the King of Denmark, where a Venetian knight, named Giovan Franchio, resided, many days journey from Drontheim. After a residence of eight days in that city, they quitted it under the care of a guide. The governor of Drontheim presented Quirino with two horses, and he having given the governor in return his dried fish, a silver seal, and a silver girdle; the governor, not to be outdone in munificence, sent him further, boots, spurs, a hat, a leather portman-

teau, a small axe in honour of St. Olave, with his arms upon it, four Rhenish guilders, some bread and herrings. The party set out, twelve in number, having three horses, for the archbishop of Drontheim had previously presented Quirino with one.

It was on the ninth of June that they quitted Drontheim, travelling eastward for fifty-three days. They describe their accommodations as frequently very bad, and several times they could obtain no bread. In some places, as at this day, the bark of trees was ground down and made into a cake, with milk and butter. Yet every where they met a hospitable reception and generous treatment. They entered the few houses on their road without ceremony, as their conductor was well acquainted with the customs of the country. If the owners were out, they partook of what victuals they could find, and went to rest on the forms covered with leather cushions, stuffed with feathers, which they found near the tables. On the entrance of their host the guide generally told their story; they were always looked upon with compassion, and never suffered to pay for any thing; so that these twelve persons travelled for fifty-three days, with the four guilders presented to them at Drontheim.

Wadstena was four days' journey from the Castle of Stichimbourg, where Giovan Francho, their countryman, resided. There the travellers saw a magnificent church, dedicated to St. Bridget, that being her birth-place. It was covered with copper, and contained sixty-two altars. The monastery was very rich, but its riches were expended in relieving the poor, and in

entertaining strangers. The party of Quirino partook of its hospitality, and soon after set out for Stichimbourg. Two of them, preceding the rest, took the wrong road and were given up for lost. The pleasure and surprise of Quirino may be conceived when he found they had arrived at the destined place before him, having taken, by accident, a more rugged but shorter road.

The Chevalier Giovan Franchò, a rich Venetian, received his countrymen with great kindness. For fifteen days they were treated as if they had been in their own houses. Their host was desirous they should attend an indulgence given at the Church of St. Bridget, in Wadstena, which a great number of persons usually frequented from all parts of the country. Franchò wished to find out whether there were any ships in the ports bound for Germany or England, through one of which countries it was necessary for the party to go on their way home. There was also, in addition, the benefit to be derived from the religious ceremony. Franchò set out with them, having a hundred and twenty persons in his suit, all mounted at his own expense, and lodged in the villages on their route for five days, during which time they were on the road.

At Wadstena there was a great assemblage of persons from all parts of the Danish dominions, many of them persons of consideration, with their attendants, as well as foreigners from different countries in the north of Europe. Quirino learned there, that two vessels were ready to sail from a sea-port, about eight

days' journey distant, called Lodese—one bound to Germany and the other to England. On the first of August their indulgence was bestowed upon them, and on the third they took leave of their kind host and countryman, the Chevalier Giovan Franchō, who placed them under the care of his only son, named Matteo, with whose escort they set out for the place of their embarkation. Observing Quirino to be very weak, and scarcely able to bear the journey, he gave him his own horse, which went with great gentleness of pace, or the unfortunate man could else hardly have borne the fatigue of the journey. At Lodese, the port where they were to embark, they were generously lodged in a house belonging to the Chevalier, and treated with the same kind attention as at Stichimbourg.

On the twenty-second of August, Fioraventi, Ghirardo da Lione, and Nicolo di Michiel, embarked in a vessel bound to Rostock, and voyaged from thence to Venice, which they reached on the twelfth of October, 1432, with the exception of Lione, whom they left at Vaserech, from whence he went to his own country, not being a native of Venice.

The other eight of these unfortunate mariners, having been kindly entertained by the son of the Chevalier, until the fourteenth of September, embarked for England, and in eight days reached Ely. The master of the vessel which carried them, hearing their story, presented them with four nobles. From Ely they went by water to Cambridge, which they describe as a large place with a college. They there

repaired to a celebrated monastery to hear mass, during which a Benedictine monk, judging Quirino's rank to be that of a gentleman, being superior to the rest in manners and appearance, told him in Latin that he wished to speak with him when the religious service was over. He then took him aside, asked his name and country, and presented him with sixteen crowns, saying he was soon going on a pilgrimage to the holy sepulchre, and would stop at Venice, and find him out. This opportune gift enabled Quirino to pay the expenses of himself and companions at their lodgings; and his heart felt grateful to heaven, that, destitute as they were, they had until now been supplied with food, wherever they had been, notwithstanding they were strangers, from the hour they had quitted the rocks in the northern ocean.

On the following day they left Cambridge for London, at which city Bernardo da Cagliari, the pilot, and two others, who set out first, had already arrived, and informed Nicolo Capello and some Italian merchants of their companions coming. Capello and his friends went from London to meet Quirino, whom they thought dead. They embraced him with tears of joy, received him and his companions into their houses, and treated them as brothers. Quirino, being unable to go out, was visited by John de Marconova, who took to his own house two gentlemen of Candia out of their number—Francisco Quirino and Pietro Gradenico, his nephew—because, in the dangerous condition of their health from their past fatigues, they were more easily attended there. Quirino lived with

Victor Capello and Jerome Bragadin, who left nothing undone to restore his health.

The first of the eight who left London quitted it to fulfil a religious vow. These were Bernardo di Cagliari, and Andreo di Piero. The first when he sailed from home, in April, 1431, had not been long married. From the time which had elapsed since his departure, and the general belief in the destruction of Quirino's vessel and crew, the supposed widow married again at Treviso, and had resided several months with her second husband, when her first made his appearance. On discovering her mistake, she retired to a nunnery, to expiate an error which, it must be confessed, was of a very venial description. Bernardo, like a sensible man, making allowance for her conduct, reclaimed her, and they lived happily together afterwards.

The rest of the party abode in London two months, though much against their inclination, but they recovered strength so slowly that their friends would not suffer them to depart earlier. They were clothed and entertained according to their respective stations in life, and their hospitable entertainers would not hear of any remuneration for what they afforded them. Quirino left London with Jerome Bragadin, his friend, and crossed the Channel. There some of the mariners separated to perform religious vows. While Francis Quirino and Peter Gradenico took another road, Quirino and Jerome Bragadin reached Venice by Basle, in forty-two days. Quirino's constitution had been naturally weak and delicate; but after the hard-

ships he underwent it became strong and robust. On his way, he learned at Brugia, that the vessel which he saw off the Irish coast, on the eleventh of November, 1431, was lost very soon afterwards.

This shipwreck is remarkable on several accounts. The island on which Quirino was so hospitably received would, at this hour, perhaps, be found to differ little from what he has described, either in appearance or in the hospitality and peculiarities of the inhabitants, if indeed it be still inhabited. Too insignificant an object for modern curiosity to explore, the manners of the people of Roest, if any remain upon its solitary shores, would be worthy of contemplation, as affording, in all probability, a picture of society four hundred years old; while the rest of Europe has undergone numerous mutations in habit, language, and appearance. The Norwegians who now dwell in the highest parts of Norway, northward and remote from foreign intercourse, are, it is well known, very similar to these islanders, who called their rock the "Outskirts of the world," and their primitive manners may yet be traced on the mainland. So true is it that purity and singleness of heart, with the simpler virtues, must not be sought for in countries of high refinement, however great, in other respects, may be their advantages.

CHAPTER II.

The brothers Cortereals, 1500; sufferings of the crews of the *Mirion* and *Trinity* from famine, 1536; Sir Hugh Willoughby frozen to death, 1553; Loss of Sir Humphry Gilbert, with the *Delight* and *Squirrel*, 1583; Barentz, Heemskirk, and De Veer's shipwreck in Nova Zembla, 1595; fate of John Knight, 1606.

COAST OF BAFFIN ISLAND

IN the year 1500, Gaspar Cortereal, a Portuguese, animated with the desire to emulate Columbus in making discoveries in the western world, set sail for that part of the globe, and reached the latitude of 50° north, whence he appears to have run as far as 60° . The account given of his voyage is very vague. After entrapping on board no less than fifty-seven of the natives of the western continent, there can be very little doubt for the purpose of making them slaves, he returned to Portugal, carrying them away with him. He arrived at Lisbon on the eighth of October, 1501. He sailed again the next season with two vessels, when in entering a strait, supposed to be that known since as Hudson's, the ships were separated by a storm. One of them returned home in safety, but, as if it were a retribution for his kidnapping the unfortunate aborigines of the country on his previous voyage, neither Gaspar Cortereal nor his crew returned again, nor could the slightest trace of their fate ever be disco-

vered. Gaspar Cortereal had a brother named Miguel who was much attached to him, and full of the same spirit of enterprise—he determined to set out in search of Gaspar.

In the early part of the spring of 1502, Miguel sailed from Lisbon with three vessels. On reaching the numerous straits and islets about Hudson's Bay, the ships separated with the intention of exploring each of them a particular inlet. This was an impolitic measure, as their union would have enabled them to give each other aid in case of distress, or to bring off the crew should either of them chance to be shipwrecked on any of the numerous islands, either rock or ice, which abound in that dangerous navigation. The result was an unfortunate one. Two of the ships met at the point of rendezvous, and returned home in safety. The third, with Miguel Cortereal on board, shared the melancholy fate of the navigators of whom it had gone from Portugal expressly to get tidings,—it never returned. The place where it perished, whether by storm, rock, ice, or famine, was never known. The two vessels which were so fortunate as to reach Lisbon, reported the disaster, in addition to that which had been previously known. There yet remained a third brother, Vasco, who endeavoured to obtain leave of the king to set out and [try to discover his two absent brothers. The king refused him permission, upon the ground that the loss of two out of such an adventurous family was much greater than he could afford to sustain, in servants so enthusiastic and noble-minded. Thus died

the brothers Cortereal ; and this is all that is known of their fate to the present hour.

A gentleman of London named Hore, in the year 1536, a man of influence, " of goodly stature, great courage, and given to the study of cosmography," as we are told, engaged several others to make a voyage of discovery upon the north-west coast of America. Some gentlemen of the Inns of Court, and their friends, accordingly volunteered to go with him. Several of them were men of good fortune. Having been resident at home upon their estates, they were hardly the best adapted for such an arduous undertaking, but the thirst for adventure in discovery was then abroad. A vessel, called the *Trinity*, of one hundred and forty tons, was fitted up by Hore for himself and his friends: a second, called the *Minion*, was in like manner fitted out by gentlemen, having a competent crew for the purposes of navigation. They repaired to Gravesend, where they took the sacrament with great solemnity, and went on board about the end of April, 1536. From this time, until they saw Cape Breton, above two months afterwards, they never made the land. From Cape Breton they sailed to Penguin Island, which was full of rocks and stones, and " grey fowls as large as geese." They caught a good many of these birds, which they found excellent eating, and carried away their eggs. They saw both white and black bears, of which they killed some for food. On the main of Newfoundland they saw several bears, but no inhabitants, at least for a considerable time. At length, one day, they observed

a boat or canoe, with Indians on board, coming off, and sent out one of their own to meet it. On seeing them approach, the strangers fled towards an island in the bay, whither they were pursued by the English, but escaped. A fire was found which they had left, and part of a bear, which they were cooking upon a wooden spit. They also picked up a part of the leather dresses of these Indians, which are now called moccassins, together with some gloves or mittens. The land which they saw was covered with fir and pine-trees.

They soon found themselves straitened for provisions, and were glad to rob the nest of an osprey of the fish which she had brought home to feed her young. The scarcity increased untill they were forced to eat the raw roots and herbs which they found growing wild upon the land ; but these were too scanty in quantity, and too poor in quality, to supply the dreadful cravings they endured in the stomach. At last, when two or three went out in company together to pick up roots, one of the crew watched his opportunity, and killed his comrade while stooping to gather them. He then cut pieces out of the body, and, broiling them, devoured the flesh in the most ravenous manner.

Amid this dreadful state of famine, the officers observed that the number of the crew decreased, without being able to tell what became of them. It happened that one of the officers, going out himself in search of something to appease his appetite, smelt in the woods the odour of broiled meat ; and finding out

the man who had it, began to abuse him for his selfishness, in keeping to his sole use the provision he had obtained, and leaving the rest of his comrades to starve. This censure gave rise to a severe altercation, and high words ensuing, the man who had been accused of such selfish conduct said—"If you must know, the broiled meat I had was part of ——'s body." Upon this speech being carried on board to the captain, it was soon guessed what had become of those who were missing out of the ship's company, and whom the officers had persuaded themselves had fallen into the hands of the wild natives of the country, or been destroyed by the bears. The captain addressed the crew against such a horrible practice, telling them how they offended the commands of God, for that God had told them in the Scriptures, when in distress, not to commit such atrocities, but to call upon him for relief. That God was as great then and as able to relieve them as he ever had been, and that it were better they should die of their sufferings than be guilty of such horrid practices,—that it was true hunger might destroy their bodies, but it could not injure their souls, which they had by such acts committed to the unquenchable fires of hell. He exhorted them all to repent and pray to heaven for relief.

No relief appeared, and, notwithstanding the recommendation of the Captain, the famine increasing, and their sufferings also, they agreed among themselves that, rather than they would all perish, lots should be drawn for one of their number to be put

to death to satisfy their perishing bodies. Before this horrible intention was carried into effect, a French ship, well victualled, came into the bay, which they attacked and took, like so many wolves, ravenous as they were with hunger. Victualling their own vessels, they left them for the Frenchmen, and set sail home in the foreign ship which they had thus furtively obtained.

On their voyage they encountered several islands of ice covered with wild fowl, to some species of which they appear to have been strangers. About the end of October they reached the harbour of St. Ives, in Cornwall. One of the company, a Mr. Butts, was so changed by his sufferings, that his own father and mother did not recognize him for their son. To a secret mark on his knee they were obliged to have recourse for a token to ascertain his identity. This was told to Hakluyt from his own mouth, he being at the time the only man alive of those who had gone out in the expedition, about fifty years before.

The Frenchmen who lost their vessel complained to Henry VIII., who so pitied the English that he made a full recompense to the Frenchmen for their loss out of his own purse, and forgave his subjects the outrage they had committed.

An expedition was fitted out, in the year 1553, for the purpose of discovery towards the north-east of Europe. Edward VI. was then king of England; and the curiosity of the public began to be greatly excited about a passage to the north of Asia. Sir Hugh Willoughby was nominated to the command,

a most gallant officer and accomplished man. He had Richard Chancellor, an officer of experience, under him. Sir Hugh led the expedition in the *Bona Esperanza*, of one hundred and twenty tons. The second ship, called the *Edward Bonaventura*, was commanded by Chancellor. There was also a third and smaller vessel in company, called the *Bona Confidentia*, of ninety tons, commanded by Captain Durfoorth. Instructions for this voyage were furnished to them by the celebrated Sebastian Cabot; and nothing was wanting, as far as human foresight was concerned, which could contribute to their security and comfort, everything being provided on the most munificent scale. The ships were victualled for eighteen months. They left Ratcliffe on the fourteenth of May, 1553, being towed down to Greenwich with a good deal of ceremony, after an oration delivered to them by "one Master Henry Sidney, a great favourite of King Edward." The king himself would have been present, but he was then on the bed of his last sickness. After some delay, the squadron sailed from the river, and finally from Harwich. Many of those embarked often looked back, and "could not refrain from tears, considering into what hazards they might fall," says the narrator. They were, alas! too truly the last tears many of them were doomed to shed in sight of their native land. To the melancholy fate of Sir Hugh Willoughby a very great interest has always been attached; and his story was long in the mouths of seamen on the midnight watch.

The little squadron proceeded to the northward, touching in its way at the island of Rost, which is no doubt the island of Roest, in the Laffœden group, on the coast of Norway, called Rustene in the narrative of Quirino's shipwreck. They soon passed some other islands named the "Cross of Islands." Sir Hugh Willoughby then called a council of officers, and fixed, as a place of rendezvous, the port of Wardhuys, in Norway; arranging, that they who chanced to arrive there first should remain until the others came in. On the very same day a storm arose, about four o'clock in the afternoon, which scattered the ships and exposed them to great peril. Sir Hugh, during the gale, spoke to Chancellor, in the *Edward Bonaventura*, not to go far from him, but it was not possible for the latter to comply, as Willoughby's ship sailed faster than Chancellor's, and was borne out of sight. The smaller vessel also soon disappeared. From this time Chancellor saw no more of the commander of the expedition. His boat was observed to go down by striking against the side of the ship, while yet in sight. After this, Chancellor steered for Wardhuys, the intended place of meeting in the event of a separation. There he remained seven days, and getting no tidings of Sir Hugh, with his two ships, who, it is probable, had overshot the port, he determined to prosecute the voyage alone. He discovered the northern part of Muscovy subsequently, and brought a Russian envoy to England, but he himself perished, with his ship, at Pitsligo, in Scotland, and nearly the whole

of his crew. The Russian envoy was saved, and afterwards introduced at the British court, but his attendants were among the drowned.

To return to Sir Hugh Willoughby. From a document found in the *Speranza*, which, with the smaller vessel, was frozen up in the harbour of *Arzina*, in Lapland, it appeared that they remained at *Rost* three days. They then visited other islands. After Chancellor lost sight of them, their narrative states, that they looked about for him in vain, when the storm was over. The *Confidentia* was in sight, but getting no view of the other vessel, they sailed north-east and by north, hoping to fall in with *Wardhuys*, as had been agreed upon in case of parting company. They found that they were on the wrong course. They changed their course south-east and by south; the land evidently not making as it was laid down on the globe. In this direction they ran forty-eight leagues. They were thus sailing about, evidently at a loss for the port they were seeking, until the fourteenth of August, when they saw land, but could not get on shore for ice and shoal water. It lay from *Seynam*, east a hundred and sixty leagues, and was in lat. 72° . They continued to beat about, often in sight of land, until the fourteenth of September, when they were desirous of entering some harbour, to overhaul the *Confidentia*. They were now near two or three havens, with high, rocky land around them. They went on shore in the boat, but could see no inhabitants. Upon this they again set sail, till, finding no better place, they returned and

anchored, on the eighteenth of September, in six fathoms water. The harbour which they were in was their last anchorage. It was in breadth about half a league, and ran inland southerly about two leagues. There they saw a good many large fish, seals, and whales, with bears, deer, foxes, and various animals described as "strange" to them. They had remained a week only, when they found the weather get very cold, with frost, snow, and hail; and the season being far advanced, they determined to winter there. Parties of three men were then dispatched in three different directions, to see if they could discover inhabitants; but, having gone as far as three days' journey off, they returned unsuccessful, neither people nor habitations being seen. Thus ends their own journal. The unfortunate crews of the two ships were found frozen to death, in the same harbour, by the Russians. The name of the haven is Arzina Reca, not far from Keger, in Lapland. Not one survived to tell the history of their sufferings. A will was found in Sir Hugh Willoughby's ship, which, from its date, proved that Sir Hugh and his company must have been alive in January, 1554.

This is all which is left upon record respecting the loss of these two gallant crews. It is impossible to say whether they wanted fuel, or whether the scurvy was the immediate cause of their melancholy end. They had an abundance of provisions. The tradition of their fate informs us, that they were frozen to death; and that in this state they were found, the following year, by some Russians. It is impossible to conceive

a more melancholy doom. They were well provided with everything which human foresight could suggest, to guard them against the accidents of the sea; their ships were entire, and in harbour. Under all the circumstances, the deplorable end of Sir Hugh Willoughby has come down to posterity among the most lamentable and melancholy which the nautical annals of the world record.

Sir Humphrey Gilbert was not dissimilar from Sir Hugh Willoughby, either as regards the character, enterprise, or misfortune of the individual. He was one of those distinguished naval commanders that adorned the Elizabethan age, when talent of every kind was so happily called forth for the protection and glory of the empire. He was descended of a Devonshire family, residing not far from Plymouth; and, being a second son, had to track out his own path to fortune. He was distinguished for his intellectual acquirements, his courage, and bold actions, before he became noted as a commander, or promulgated to the world any of those enlarged views in his profession for which he was subsequently distinguished. He was nearly related to Sir Walter Raleigh, and was knighted for his public services in Ireland. Among his other designs, that of founding colonies seems to have been foremost, and in 1578 he obtained full power from Queen Elizabeth to undertake a voyage of discovery on the continent of America, and to settle such parts as no Christian prince or his subjects could claim from previous possession. A

discourse, written by him, and creditable to his talents, upon the practicability of a north-west passage, is extant in Hakluyt.

In 1583, Sir Humphrey left England, on his second voyage, with five ships, sailing out of Plymouth Sound on the eleventh of June. On the thirtieth, four vessels were in sight of Newfoundland, one of the ships, commanded by Captain Butler, and the property of Sir Walter, then Mr. Raleigh, having returned home on account of a contagious disorder breaking out on board. On the third of August they landed in Newfoundland, and took possession of the harbour of St. John's, in the name of the Queen of England. A discovery was made at the same time of a supposed silver mine, by a Saxon miner, brought out on purpose in the squadron. The vessels remaining with Sir Humphrey at this time, were the *Delight*, *Golden Hinde*, *Swallow*, and *Squirrel*. The largest vessel was but one hundred and twenty tons, while the smallest was only ten. The *Swallow* was sent home with the sick. Sir Humphrey then embarked in the *Squirrel*, of ten tons, because she was light and best adapted for entering shallow creeks and places where there was but a small draught of water. To brave the stormy seas of a high northern latitude in a similar vessel would seem, to modern seamen, an unwise act; but it is probable, that in those days the management of ships of a small size was much more perfect than when the tonnage was more considerable.

Sir Humphrey left the harbour of St. John's on the

twentieth of August. On the twenty-seventh he was in latitude 44° , with fair weather. On the twenty-ninth, a storm arose, and the *Delight*, the largest vessel of the squadron, was lost. Sixteen only made their escape in the boat. The crews had been amusing themselves the day previous with their drums, trumpets, and hautboys, in great mirth and gaiety. The first appearance of change was a dense fog, which enveloped the ships, followed by a gale of wind, south by east. They could not see beyond the head of the vessel. The *Golden Hinde*, all of a sudden, got entangled among rocks and shoals. The *Delight* beat still farther in among them. Finding the soundings constantly varied, a signal was made to the *Delight*, by the *Golden Hinde*, to stand out, but it remained unnoticed. She soon afterwards struck on a shoal, and her stern was quickly beat to pieces. This was a fatal blow to the prospects of Sir Humphrey; the value of the ship, the lives of the crew, a Saxon miner, and even the specimens of silver ore, which latter were to be his recommendation for a fresh loan of money at home, to complete his enterprise, were all lost to him. At this time, the precious metals were always associated with the American continent; probably from the riches the Spaniards had obtained in the southern parts. It is singular that specimens of rich ore are said to have been found in places, on their first discovery, where a better knowledge of them has proved that even traces of the precious metals do not exist.

The *Golden Hinde* and *Squirrel*, all now left of the

five ships which originally set sail from Plymouth, stood east by south. The water shoaled, and then deepened from four to seven fathoms, and then shoaled to four or five again, with a very high sea. At the time the *Delight* went on the rocks, her boat was afloat at the stern, it having fortunately been hoisted out the day before, when the weather was fine, to pick up some birds which had been shot. Into this boat a part of the crew were, by great exertion, enabled to get, and to pick up others. The captain and a hundred of the crew perished with the ship; and besides the Saxon before mentioned, who said he had discovered the silver ore; a learned man from Buda in Hungary, called Budæus on board, but whose name was Stephen Parmenius, who had written a Latin poem in praise of Sir Humphrey, and had gone out to write an account of the voyage, and what he saw, in the Latin tongue, was among the sufferers. The bearing of Captain Browne, who had been transferred from the *Swallow* into the *Delight*, was, upon this occasion, of the most heroic character. When the fate of the vessel was seen to be inevitable, he was advised to save himself by the boat, or at least to make the attempt. He spurned the counsel, refusing to set the example of deserting the ship and abandoning the larger portion of the crew, who could have no hope of escape. He continued to the last to exhort those on board not to give way to despair; and firmly upon the deck of his vessel he awaited, with magnanimous resignation, the termination of the catastrophe. He could not

endure the apprehension of a reproach for leaving his ship, even when hope was extinguished. The master, named Richard Clarke, was one of those preserved in the boat. At first they had little chance of prolonging their existence but for a very short time. They every moment expected to be swallowed up by the sea. They had but one oar, their boat was very small, and the storm was so violent that no sail could be carried even by a ship.

During two days, in this destitute situation, and without provisions of any kind, they drifted before the tempest. It was feared the boat could not live much longer in such a sea unless lightened, and one of the party, by name Headley, proposed that lots should be drawn, and those who drew the four shortest of the number should be thrown overboard. Thus a better chance would be afforded to the survivors of keeping afloat and reaching land. The master nobly answered, "No, we will all live or die in company!" The master was then interrogated by Headley, whether his memory was correct, for he had intimated they might soon make the land. He replied that he was certain of the fact, and they might hope to make it in two or three days. Dissimulating, to keep up their spirits, he assured them it was only about sixty leagues off, though he knew it was as much again. The conduct both of the captain and master of this vessel exhibited that striking heroism to which bravery in the field of battle is but secondary, and yet too many such examples have passed away upon the great waste of waters, unno-

ticed and unknown ; while inferior deeds have been blazoned in history as worthy the laurel wreath : thus partial is the distribution of human glory !

The third and fourth day passed over the heads of these unfortunate men without sustenance. They picked up the weed borne on the surface of the foaming waves around them, and eagerly devoured it, drinking the sea water. Their strength was rapidly leaving them, and death, in its most fearful form, was before them. The man called Headley and another died on the fifth day. All wished it would please God to take them out of their misery. Since they had left the ship, the sun had been but once visible. All the nights but one had been starless, so that the darkness augmented their sufferings. They were all, except the master, Richard Clarke, praying for death. On the sixth day after the wreck, Clarke, calm and collected, still endeavoured to comfort them with the hope of soon making the land. They expressed their doubts that they should ever again cast their eyes on the welcome shore. He told them to throw him overboard if they did not make land on the seventh day, and this rallied their spirits, for they seem to have reposed great trust in his skill and knowledge.

The seventh day broke, and one hour before noon they got a sight of the shore. In the afternoon, they landed, but were so weak that it was with difficulty they could assist each other out of the boat. They fell on their knees and thanked God for their deliverance. The stronger then helped the more

feeble to a brook, where they refreshed themselves with the water, and quenched their intolerable thirst. They gathered and ate of some berries they found growing wild near the spot. During the whole time they had been in the boat, they remarked that the wind had blown from the south, which was upon the land. After they had got on shore, within an hour it shifted to the north. Had this happened while they were at sea, they never could have made the land, and must all have perished.

The next day, Clarke divided them into parties of three, to search for food; being to rendezvous together at noon, with what they could collect, for the common stock. They were fortunate enough to find a great quantity of peas growing wild; left originally, perhaps, by former visitors to the same shore, better provided than they were. For three days they lived on these peas and on berries, and at night sheltered themselves in a hut, rudely constructed of the boughs of trees.

They had preserved their boat, and, being a little recovered from their former feeble state, they rowed along the shore, with the design of making the Great Bay of Newfoundland, which was then annually frequented by Spaniards engaged in the whale fishery. When hungry, they landed to eat berries and peas. They had not proceeded far in this way when a Spanish ship fell in with them, the captain of which proved a kind friend. He took them to St. Jean de Luz, in the Bay of Biscay; and when the Spaniards came on board, told them they were poor fishermen

cast away at Newfoundland. He set them on shore in the night, only ten miles from the French frontiers, which they reached before day broke, and thus having escaped, travelled to England through France, where they safely arrived about the end of the year 1583.

Their history having thus terminated, it will be proper to go back to the *Golden Hinde* and *Squirrel*. The crews of these ships, dispirited at the loss of the best vessel of the squadron, still continued to beat about in those thick fogs which are so common on the shores of Newfoundland. They were daily in hopes of better weather, and sailed up and down in this expectation and the belief that they were near the land, until a scarcity of provisions on board made them impatient of their situation. The crew of the *Squirrel* was already on short allowance, and besought Sir Humphrey Gilbert to return to England. The crew of the *Golden Hinde* joined in the same request. Sir Humphrey Gilbert, whose enthusiasm did not seem abated by his disasters, engaged them to accompany him again in the following spring. The commander of the *Golden Hinde* was of a different opinion from Sir Humphrey, and in engaging to return, was solely influenced by his determination. On the thirty-first of August, they altered their course, during a fresh breeze and high sea, and directed it for their native land.

Sir Humphrey had hurt his foot, and, on the second of September, went on board the *Golden Hinde* to get it dressed by the surgeon of that ship. He

repeated the visit to partake of an entertainment with the captain, master, and crew. He spoke of his disappointment on losing his papers and the ore which the Saxon refiner had procured in Newfoundland, which, as before remarked, had been lost in the *Delight*. The *Squirrel* was overloaded, having heavy artillery on board, and things on deck so much above her tonnage, that her situation at that season of the year was considered dangerous by those on board the *Hinde*. They advised Sir Humphrey to shift into the larger vessel. He generously replied in the negative: "I will not," said he, "now desert my little vessel and crew, after we have encountered so many perils and storms together."

The *Golden Hinde* supplied the boat of the *Squirrel* with what provisions were necessary, and Sir Humphrey returned in it to that ship. They were then about three hundred leagues on their voyage to England. A vessel of ten tons, laden like the *Squirrel*, was too small to resist the waves in the Atlantic. On the ninth of September she foundered, and Sir Humphrey perished, when they were in the latitude of England. The *Squirrel* was near foundering in the afternoon of the same day she went down; at which time, and when they were in imminent danger, Sir Humphrey was seen from the *Hinde*, sitting in the stern of the ship with a book in his hand, and was heard to call out, "Courage, my lads! we are as near heaven at sea as on land!" It was about twelve o'clock at night when the ship went down.

Mr. Edward Hayes, one of those who accompanied Sir Humphrey in his last voyage, has left several

interesting particulars of Sir Humphrey Gilbert's projects and proceedings before his shipwreck,—they would be out of place here.

In the year 1594, three vessels, and a small bark for the purpose of fishing, were sent out from Holland to discover a north-east passage, but returned unsuccessful. The Dutch, about that time, were the most enterprising maritime people in Europe; traffic alone was their object, for the Dutch, of all nations, seem to have deviated least in their operations from the absorbing end of acquiring wealth. Of all existing communities that have made the acquirement of gold the stimulus to activity, and have been least scrupulous about the trouble of effecting it. Neither science nor maritime power were with them any other than secondary objects, estimable just so far as they administered to profit. A trade to Japan had long been thought practicable by a north-eastern passage between Asia and the Pole; and they hoped to save time in their voyages to their eastern colonies. It is remarkable, that rich capitalists, who will not expend a farthing on a call of hazardous adventure where gain, though probable, will be small, will risk large sums on the contingency of a remote chance, improbable in success, but brilliant in hope of profit. This is the spirit of traffic, and this encouraged the Dutch in their days of early adventure to form companies for objects beyond the power of individual exertion. The government often joined in these undertakings. Individuals of hardy frame, gifted with great powers of endurance, were easily found in a country like Holland; and

perseverance, amounting to obstinacy, being inherent in the Dutch character, none could be better adapted to combat the dangers of icebergs and the baffling navigation of arctic regions in search of new openings for profitable speculation. In genius they might be wanting—in dogged labour no one could ever accuse them of being deficient.

Notwithstanding the failure of all who had attempted to reach $77^{\circ} 45'$ north latitude, and described the icy barrier which obstructed a further progress, the Dutch still clung to the vain hope they had indulged, of trading by the north-east to China. They sent seven vessels in the following year, all but one loaded with goods for the east, so confident were they of a new source of wealth by the path which the genius of lucre had brightly depicted in their imagination. They set sail only to be foiled near Waygatz Straits, and to find the ice too pertinacious even for Dutch perseverance. Hope was not extinguished by this fresh disappointment. Again in 1596, the city of Amsterdam fitted out two more vessels, though we are not informed whether they were as richly laden as their predecessors had been, upon the strength of anticipated success. These vessels were commanded in chief by Jacob Von Heemskirk, who is said by some, after his return, to have been killed at Gibraltar in an engagement at sea, in 1607, holding the rank of admiral. William Barentz joined the squadron—an excellent pilot, who had gained both reputation and experience in former voyages to the north. Gerard de Veer, who wrote the history of the enterprise,

sailed with Barentz and Heemskirk. The second ship was commanded by John Cornelius Ryp.

On the twenty-second of May, 1596, they left Holland, and had not long set sail before they saw two parhelia, one on each side of the sun, and traversed by two rainbows. Two other rainbows were seen in the heavens at the same time.

They fell in with floating ice on the fifth of June, and took it at first for a flock of swans. The sea was of a deep green colour. They were now in lat. 74° , sailing through the ice as if among islands. They soon after discovered an island five miles long, in lat. $74^{\circ} 30'$, upon which they made good their landing. Here they encountered a white bear swimming in the sea, and pursued it in their boat with a noose, but its size and ferocity made them pause until they obtained additional assistance. It was a thing not much to the credit of their prowess, that for four hours they were engaged with the animal, endeavouring in vain to destroy it. So strong was the bear, that it swam away with an axe struck into its back, was again pursued, and at length the contest terminated by one of the men cleaving its head down with a hatchet. The flesh was not good eating, but they gave the island the name of Bear Island from the circumstance of their meeting the animal there. It lies about half way between South Cape, Spitzbergen, and Hammerfest, south east of the former land, and was afterwards called by the English Cherry Island.

They sailed as far north as $80^{\circ} 11'$ to the shores of Spitzbergen, of which they were probably the first

discoverers; they had there another combat with a bear equally formidable and obstinate with that at Bear Island. The Dutchmen were again the victors, and bore off the skin, which measured thirteen feet in length. They found a great number of red geese on the land hatching their eggs; their cry when driven off was "rot, rot, rot." They also discovered a good port or harbour, and leaves and grass were seen, which will not grow at Nova Zembla, though farther south. They were arrested by fields of ice in their progress to the northward. They therefore proceeded in their discoveries more to the south, and getting again in sight of Bear Island, the pilot Barentz and Cornelius Ryp disagreed about the course, and the two ships parted company.

On the seventeenth of July, they reached the coast of Nova Zembla, not far from Loms' Bay, and encountering the ice, anchored at Cross Isle. On the twentieth they were in lat. $76^{\circ} 15'$. Eight men had a narrow escape from two bears at this place, and but for the resolute conduct of Heemskirk, who made them rally in a body, they having taken to flight, the rearmost would have fallen a prey to the animals. Their terrible accounts of combating the northern bears speak little for their resolution. By the narrative of eight English seamen, who were at Spitzbergen a few years afterwards, and who had only half a dozen lances for arms, these bears were killed without any imminent risk.

They were now in the midst of extensive plains of ice, and among icebergs which obstructed the ship's

progress. Some of these were afloat, and others aground in deep water. Barentz calculated one of these icebergs to be more than three hundred feet from the base to the summit. In the commencement of August the ice-fields began to break up with the noise of thunder. They fastened the ship to one of those which had grounded, and saw hundreds of smaller ones drive past them. They now sailed nearer the coast, and shifted their mooring ground to avoid incidental danger, as the necessity of the moment demanded. They landed on Nova Zembla, close to which they now lay, and ascending a high mountain, discovered that the sea was open to the south-east as far as the eye could command. This gave them hopes of still succeeding in the discoveries on which they were sent, and they prepared to avail themselves of the opportunity. They were on the north-east side of Nova Zembla, near the shore of the northern Cape. There they lost a boat and their ship's rudder by floating ice, and on the twenty-seventh of August were completely beset with it. At intervals it broke up, but the vessel could not proceed, and was soon finally frozen in, on the west side of Ice Haven. The crew went on shore, finding they had no alternative but to winter on this land of horrors. They found a fresh-water river two miles from the shore, and discovered traces of animals. They also met with vast quantities of drift wood, a fortunate circumstance for men in their circumstances.

The ice now accumulated about their ship, her bows were lifted up on it, and her stern was sunk and

crushed, so that they feared she would be entirely destroyed. They got their boat on shore first, and next secured provisions, arms, and ammunition. On the fourteenth of September, they began to collect drift wood to build a hut, and drew it on sledges over the snow and ice to a spot near where the ship lay. They employed thirteen men in bringing the wood on sledges, and three in preparing it, but they only accomplished two trips a day owing to the shortness of daylight, and to fatigue. On the twenty-third of September, the carpenter died, and was laid in a fissure in a hill, the ground being too hard to dig a grave. Others of the company now began to feel ill. There were sixteen persons in all left on this melancholy shore. They got the rafters of the hut fixed, though the cold would scarcely allow them to work. If they put a nail in their mouths, it stuck to their lips with the cold, and the blood followed its removal. They tried to thaw the earth round their hut in vain, that they might dig it up and close the bottom more securely, but they consumed too large a portion of their firewood in the vain attempt; the ground was frozen too hard and deep. They shot a bear about this time, and set it up on its legs that it might freeze, hoping to take it to Holland. A bear pursuing a seaman towards the ship soon afterwards, seeing his fellow beast, stopped to look at it, and allowed the man to escape. Their sufferings and forlorn state were out of description miserable, and almost beyond hope.

Their hut was not finished till the twelfth of

October, 1596. Part of the crew then went on shore to sleep, and suffered dreadfully from the cold. Their chimney was not completed, neither had they bed-clothes in sufficient quantity; the smoke too was intolerable to their eyes. They now got their launch on shore, and made haste, before daylight disappeared altogether, to land the remainder of their provisions. They succeeded in completing their preparations while the sun was yet above the horizon.

On the thirtieth of September, they contrived a lamp from oil which they extracted out of the fat of the bears they had killed. The cold continued to increase. On the second of November, only part of the sun was seen; and on the fourth it entirely disappeared. The allowance to each man in provisions, was four pounds five ounces every eight days. Two small cups of wine were allowed to each daily, the beer having been injured by freezing; and sixteen cheeses were served out to the company, every man being left to his own discretion as respected their use. Not a word is said of animal food, but it is presumed they had plenty from the ship's stores, for they did not eat the bears they took, though they devoured the foxes. These last they easily caught in traps; they found them plentiful, and the flesh was as good as that of the rabbit. The bears disappeared when the sun went below the horizon, but the foxes fortunately remained in plenty. They placed the traps in such a manner that the captured fox could be drawn into the hut at once, to prevent going out into the cold. The surgeon contrived a bath in a

cask for the people, who found it of great use and highly salutary.

Snow-storms soon blocked up their hut, and the cold became so intense they could barely endure it. Linen froze in an instant taken out of warm water. The closeness of the hut nearly suffocated them from the smoke, and if the fire became low the walls were soon covered with thick ice, even the beds were lined with it. Except when employed in cooking, they lay constantly in their beds. Oftentimes they heard tremendous noises like thunder break the fearful stillness of the unbounded frozen waste around them—it seemed like the bursting asunder of mountains, and the dashing them into atoms. This sound was probably caused by the fracture of the ice at sea. Their clock stopped from the cold, but they managed to know how time went by a twelve-hour glass. On the sixth of December they found the cold so intense they had no expectation of surviving it. They could keep themselves warm by no resources they could command. Their wine froze, and they were obliged to melt it every two days, when half a pint was served out to each man. They knew not day from night, the moon shining brightly; there was no distinction at the time their clock stopped, and they were perplexed to know what time of the twenty-four hours it might be when they set their hour-glass. On the seventh of December they went on board their ship for some coals, and made up a good fire in the evening, which gave them much comfort. They had a narrow escape, however, from the vapour;

for closing every aperture of the hut to keep in the heat as much as possible, a seaman, who was indisposed, first complained of not being able to bear it, and then they were all attacked with vertigo, and could scarcely stand, until the door was opened, when the first who reached it fell down faint on the snow. Gerard de Veer recovered the fallen man by sprinkling his face with vinegar, and the fresh air rushing in restored them again. A glass of wine was then served out to each man to recover him completely. On the nineteenth of December they comforted themselves that half the time of the sun's absence was over. The seamen's shoes were now frozen so hard that they could not be worn, and they made themselves slippers of skins, and put on several pairs of socks together, to keep their feet in heat. The ice was an inch thick on the sides of their hut, and when they went out in clear weather, their clothes became white with frost and ice. They increased the size of their fire, but from their recent warning kept an opening for the smoke. They had used all the wood laid up in their hut by the middle of January, and they were obliged to shovel away the snow on the outside to get at a fresh stock. This they found a task of great difficulty, from the excessive rigour of the climate. A party also proceeded to the ship, but found her frozen up as before, and the ice accumulated within. They caught a fox in the cabin, which they took to their hut and ate.

They had been economical of their wine, but they kept Twelfth night with savings from their scanty allow-

ance, thus making as merry as their dismal situation would permit. They fancied themselves at home in Holland. They made pancakes with meal and oil, and soaking biscuit in their wine, drank to the three kings of Cologne, and comforted themselves as if they had been at a "great feast." They drew lots who should be king of Nova Zembla, and it fell to the gunner to be the monarch of that domain of cold and desolation. In short, they made themselves as happy as if they had been in their own houses among the dykes of Holland. Thus does enjoyment, even in the most adverse times, come to the very portal of misery at the mind's bidding.

They had stormy weather for several succeeding days, till about the fifteenth of January, during which they confined themselves to their hut. They heard the foxes running over their heads, but could not catch them, which they regretted, as their provisions were beginning to run short. The intense cold absorbed every other sensation. They applied hot stones to their feet and bodies to keep them warm: comforting themselves, that now the sun was about returning to them, with a little patience he would warm and gladden them again with his beams. Even sitting before their fire, their backs would become white with frost, while their stockings would be burned before they could feel the heat to their feet.

They visited their ship a second time, and found traces of bears, and going below, discovered the ice a foot higher in the hold than it had been originally.

They had little hope now that their vessel would ever float again, and resolved to spare their coals, lest they should be obliged to set sail in their launch. The return of the bears indicated that the foxes would disappear, for the latter were never seen when the bears were roaming about in any number.

Gerard de Veer and Jacob Heemskirk, going with a third person to the sea-side towards the south, on the twenty-fourth of January, the day being clear, saw the edge of the sun above the horizon. They imparted the welcome news to their friends, but Barentz was incredulous, as the return was thought too early by fourteen days. For two days afterwards they had no opportunity of verifying the fact, owing to the weather being thick and cloudy. It appears that they had the Ephemerides of Joseph Scala with them; and they had the sand-glass of twelve hours: so that many of them insisted the thing was impossible.

They lost one of their number on the twenty-sixth; he had been long ill; they interred him seven feet under the snow, though they had great difficulty in digging a grave, from the severity of the cold. The last office of the living to the dead being over, they retired within their hut to breakfast, and talking of the prodigious quantity of snow that fell, they said that if their door was blocked up they could get out through the chimney. The captain would needs climb up to try the experiment, and another man going outside to observe if he succeeded, saw the entire orb of the sun above the horizon. The light

soon enabled them to take exercise, though the weather still remained as severe as before. The snow fell at times as heavily as ever, so that it blocked up their door, and they were forced to make use of their chimney, for their place of ingress and egress. The bears now returned to the neighbourhood of the hut. They managed to kill one which served them with a hundred weight of grease for their lamp. A number of foxes coming to devour the carcase, they feared the bears would visit the place in consequence, and they buried the remains of the animal deep in the snow. They had provided too little wood for fuel, and were now obliged to go and bring home more, dragging it all the way as they had done at first. Their bodily strength was so much reduced, that the labour was found [deplorably onerous. A slight relaxation of cold in February was followed in the next month by cold of increased rigour. They were totally blocked up in their hut by snow on the twenty-fourth of March.

On the sixth of April, they attempted to shoot a bear which approached close to their dwelling, but their guns missed fire, and the animal came down the steps they had cut in the snow directly against their door. The captain, frightened and confused, could not fix the bar of wood which usually constituted the fastening, but they contrived to hold the door home so fast that the animal could not enter, and it then walked away. The creature soon returned again, roaring around the hut to the great terror of its inmates: at last it got on the roof, which they

feared it would have broken, being quite furious. A sail hoisted on the outside of the hut, the bear tore to pieces in his anger. No other injury ensued, and the darkness of the night, which now fell in, prevented them from attempting a second time to shoot the animal.

It is impossible not to see that the sufferers in many things did not display a sound judgment. They conveyed, at immense labour, the trunks of trees nearly two miles over the snow to build their hut on the part of the shore nearest the ship; the delay in getting it erected was therefore very considerable. They had to bring their fuel the same distance, an exhausting task, instead of building themselves a hut where the materials were at hand, and merely erecting a slight shelter on the spot nearest the ship for the stores, whence they might be fetched away easily as they were wanted. A few sails would have sufficed for such a shelter.

The sea began to open, as early as the middle of March, to within seventy-five paces of the ship; though a new frost came on and increased the distance to five hundred on the fourth of May. They did not wait to see whether their vessel might again be serviceable. They preferred the chance of going in their boats, and of venturing to cross a sea three or four hundred leagues in them to trusting an uncertain event. As they had no doubt been well accustomed to the Polar shores, they must have been aware of the season at which the land became clear of ice, and no doubt acted for the best. Their vessel

was still hemmed in by the frost, the ice lay in hills around her. Perhaps their sufferings augmented their desire to depart at any hazard.

On the twenty-ninth of May, they attempted to dig their boats out of the snow, but they made a very dilatory progress, owing to their bodily weakness, and they were forced to desist. A second time a bear drove them all to flight. They were at last enabled, after six days' labour, to get out their launch and drag her to the ship. There they cut away her stern and built another, more lofty, and better adapted to resist the waves. They then dragged the boat to the vessel, and put into her the various articles which were in their hut on shore. They were a long time occupied with these labours, owing to the severity of the weather and their own debility. The twelfth of June was spent in clearing the ice for the boats down to the water, and the next day all was ready to launch them.

Barentz, the pilot, now wrote an account of their shipwreck, and put it into a musket barrel, which he hung up in the chimney of the hut. He stated the purpose for which they left Holland, namely, that of finding a north-eastern passage; the freezing up of their ship; their being compelled to winter there, and the hardships which they endured at Icy Haven. This was done that, should any mariners visit this forlorn shore, and experience a similar fate, they might learn they had predecessors in suffering. There was also the probability that they might never be heard of again, setting out, as they were about to

do, in open boats on a Polar sea, and thus one portion of their history, their dangers and distresses, might some day reach Holland. The whole of the sufferers signed this narrative.

They now conveyed such stores as were necessary to take with them to the edge of the sea. Barentz and Andriz, having long been ill, were drawn over the ice on a sledge. The sick were divided between their two boats. On the fourteenth of June they set sail, after being ten months on those inhospitable shores. A westerly wind blew at the time. On the seventeenth, their departure before the season was sufficiently advanced, became evident in their getting among icebergs and floating fields of ice, which struck them so hard, that they nearly foundered. At length they reached a large field of ice, and drew their boats upon it, Gerard de Veer, at great hazard, first venturing with a rope from piece to piece until the main field was attained. The sick were then carried upon the ice and laid on blankets, while the boats were hauled up into a place of security. They had passed Icy Cape two days before, when Barentz asked if they had yet reached it, and on being told it was in sight, requested he might be lifted up to see it once more, the ruling passion of this adventurous seaman being strong in death. About nine o'clock on the morning of the twentieth, it was communicated to those who were in the launch, that Claes Andriz was near his end, he being in the other boat. Barentz then told his companions he should not long survive Andriz. He was at the



DEATH OF BARENTZ AT ICY CAPE.

moment examining a chart of all the countries and objects they had seen on their voyage, made by Gerard de Veer. No one suspected that what he said was so immediately to be fulfilled. Putting the chart on one side, he asked De Veer to give him something to drink. Barentz swallowed what was given him, and found himself worse immediately; his eyes moved rapidly about for a moment, and he died so suddenly, they had not time to call the captain who was in the other boat. Andriz expired at nearly the same moment. The death of Barentz was a severe blow to his companions. Upon his experience and knowledge in navigation they relied for their safety in the future conduct of their navigation during a perilous voyage in boats, they hardly knew whither.

They found it necessary to repair their boats while on the ice, and then to drag them a considerable distance to the water. From thence they were taken out a second time, and dragged a hundred paces more. Again they got involved in drift ice, and then were driven out to sea in a storm, in which the mizen mast of the launch was broken, besides being very nearly sunk. This danger was scarcely past before they were again environed by drift ice, which threatened their destruction, solid pieces closing upon them. To add to their dangers, as if those from the elements were not enough, they were visited by bears, which had no doubt been carried off by the ice from the main land. Three of these animals approached them at midnight. The sentinel on the look out gave the

alarm, and they discharged their muskets, which were only loaded with swan shot, at these ferocious animals, which made them retreat. One was afterwards killed with ball, when the others ran away. Returning on the following day, the bears carried off the dead carcase to a considerable distance, and began to devour it. A discharge from a musket frightened them away again, leaving the carcase half eaten. Four of the seamen could scarcely lift the remaining portion of the dead animal from the ice, and yet one of the bears had borne the entire carcase off from the place where it was killed, thus astonishing the Dutchmen by its prodigious strength.

The launch had received so much injury in concussions with the ice, that they were once more obliged to haul it upon a field, to give it the necessary repairs. The operations were attended with great danger, for they found that pieces of brittle ice frequently gave way under them. They all escaped after dragging the boat three hundred and fifty paces from the water, and making, for some time afterwards, but little progress. At last they reached Cross Island, where they procured a number of eggs, which they ate, and found of great benefit in their exhausted state. While eating these, the last of their wine was served out, yielding three glasses each. The sea soon became obstructed with ice again, and they were obliged to get upon it in one instance, and drag their boat a thousand paces across, an operation more and more difficult to them, from their increasing

bodily weakness. It is probable that they did not keep out enough at sea, as they seem to have fallen in frequently with the land. Out at sea, they would probably have encountered less ice.

Towards the end of July they came to Cape Cant, where they were lucky enough to kill a good many birds, and meet with a quantity of eggs. The birds they killed with stones. From never having seen man the destroyer, they were so tame, that they suffered themselves to be taken from their nests. They observed that but one egg was deposited by a female bird on the bare rock, and they thought it wonderful how it could be hatched amid such rigorous cold. At another cape they killed one hundred and twenty-five birds, and found its position, by taking an altitude, to be $73^{\circ} 10' N$.

At last they reached the bay of St. Lawrence, and there found two Russian vessels at anchor. The crew were the same they had seen the year before. They could only communicate by signs, but they expressed great concern at finding the Dutchmen had lost their ship. They alluded to the good cheer they had met with on visiting her. The Russians were the first human beings whom the Dutch had beheld for thirteen months, or since Cornelius Ryp separated from them. They soon took leave of the Russians, endeavouring to make either the coast of Lapland, or of Russia. They shortly afterwards fell in with several vessels, which informed them that they were steering a wrong course. Their error arose from placing their compass on a chest bound with iron hooping,

which affected the magnetism. The first land they made was Kildwyn, on the coast of Lapland, upon the twenty-fifth of August, 1597. They were hospitably received at a Russian settlement there, and were informed that some of their countrymen then lay at Kola, not far distant. A Laplander accompanied one of the seamen as a guide thither, and he discovered, to his astonishment, Cornelius Ryp, who returned with him to his comrades. Cornelius (whom they supposed to be lost with all his crew, after he parted from them) received them on board his ship amid mutual joy, and thus terminated their dangers in the boats in which they had made a voyage over unknown seas, and by shores equally unknown, of not less than four hundred leagues—one of the most extraordinary upon record.

Ryp set sail for Holland on the seventeenth of September, and arrived there before the conclusion of the following month. The survivors appeared before the people of Amsterdam, in the dress they wore at Nova Zembla. Curiosity was awakened everywhere respecting them. They were taken to the ministers of foreign states, at the Hague, to relate their perils and give an account of the frigid land, which none of the southern natives had visited before. Their treatment on their arrival home must in those days have been an ample compensation to the survivors for their past sufferings. Of those who left Holland with De Veer, twelve only arrived again in that country.

Notwithstanding the discoveries made by Parry, Lyon, Franklin, Beechey and others, which leave little

to desire in regard to our knowledge of the northern part of the American continent, Nova Zembla still remains unexplored on a great part of the eastern side, from the straits of Hindelopan to the southern coast opposite Waygatz Island. The Russians have made discoveries, and well defined the cape or noss which stretches northward towards Beloi Island opposite the strait of Hindelopan. The intermediate sea is that of Kara. There is nothing to tempt discovery in these inclement latitudes. From Cape Sportovoi on the south, northward to the straits, remains to be explored. The northern part of Nova Zembla, called Cape Zelania, lies in 77° N., while the southern extremity is in latitude 68° , the strait of Hindelopan dividing it into two large islands. The whole region is desert and inclement, beyond that of Spitzbergen, which is so much farther to the north. It is a land of frost and ice, a howling waste, which has no parallel in desolation, where intense cold holds the sceptre over a lifeless domain.

Among the adventurers to the north, several commercial companies, stimulated by the hope of a lucrative trade, fitted out voyages of discovery. In the year 1606, the Muscovy Company, as it was then called, prepared for sea a vessel called the Hopewell, to search for the north-west passage. It was commanded by Captain John Knight, and was of the burthen of forty tons. Captain Knight had commanded a Danish vessel on a former voyage made from Denmark to Greenland, and was considered a stout and bold seaman. He sailed from Gravesend on the eighteenth of April. The

ship was detained for a fortnight in Pentland Frith, and was taken by able pilots into a harbour on that coast, called, in those days, St. Margaret's Hope. There Knight remained until the twelfth of May. He set sail on a course very nearly due west, for the American coast, and had a very tedious passage; having reached the latitude 58° , the winds and currents bore him to the southward. On the nineteenth of June, he was in latitude $56^{\circ} 48'$, and first saw the coast of America, somewhere about Cape Grimington, on the shores of Labrador, rising like eight islands from the sea. A northerly gale now came on, and brought down vast quantities of ice. The ship was surrounded by it, and the crew was distressed with heavy fogs. The ship was injured by contact with the ice, besides having the rudder carried away, and it became necessary to haul up into a cove to refit, as well as to examine the stores and provisions, and save the clothes and other articles belonging to the sailors, from the action of the salt water.

Captain Knight landed in a boat well armed, on the twenty-sixth of June, and with the mate, his brother, and one of the crew, endeavoured to discover the best place for repairing their damages, and laying up the ship. Three hands were left in the boat, and the captain and his party proceeded over a hill, which lay not far off from the shore. There they disappeared. Hour after hour passed away, and they did not return to the boat. The men waited from ten in the forenoon until eleven at night, but they waited in vain. They fired their muskets, blew

their trumpets, and did all in their power to make their friends sensible of their anxiety, but it is probable they were then beyond the power of hearing mortal voices. The boat returned to the ship with the tidings, and the crew, officers as well as men, were struck with fear, at being left without the two principal officers of the ship, in such a lamentable situation. Early in the morning, the boat was manned and armed, to make a search on shore for the missing party, and set off with great eagerness, but they could not reach the shore on account of the ice, which had accumulated during the night. After two days of distressing anxiety, respecting the fate of the captain and his companions, they erected some tents on the shore. The boatswain had the watch during the night of the twenty-eighth of June, when he was suddenly alarmed, during the darkness, by a body of men, who seeing him watch, let fly their arrows at him. He instantly fired, and gave the alarm. Before the crew could start from their beds and muster, their boat was filled with savages to the number of fifty, who, with ferocious shouts of defiance, and the most threatening gestures, appeared determined to challenge, and not avoid the combat. There were only eight Englishmen and a large dog. The rain fell heavily. They drew up, determined to sell their lives dear, and to attack, rather than await their cruel enemies. They advanced upon them with the dog in front. The savages were appalled at their determination, and ran to their own canoes, which lay near, which were soon filled, and they made

off with all speed. They were detained a considerable time, by getting entangled among the ice, and the sailors kept up a continual fire upon them, during which they were heard uttering lamentable cries. They appeared to be a small race of men, tawny in colour, and thin in frame. They had little or no beard, and their noses were flat. They were accused by the crew of being cannibals, but for this there does not seem to be good ground of accusation.

Such was the disastrous fate of Knight, a name, as will be seen subsequently, marked, in a peculiar manner, by misfortune in the annals of maritime discovery. Nothing more was ever heard of these unfortunate men. The crew made all haste to get their vessel ready for sea. They were obliged to cut a channel through the ice, but they were still without a rudder, and the sailors were never able to quit the pumps for one half hour, for two or three weeks. They endeavoured to stop as much of the leak as they could at sea, and by dint of rowing and pumping, with a bad substitute for a rudder, and the benefit of the current, in about three weeks they made the coast of Newfoundland at Fogo, on the 23rd of July. There the fishing vessels lent them such effectual aid, that, after a sojourn of twenty days, spent in getting their ship in order, they made a tolerable passage to Dartmouth, sailing from Newfoundland on the twenty-second of August, and reaching England September the twenty-fourth, with the melancholy tidings of the fate of their captain and comrades.

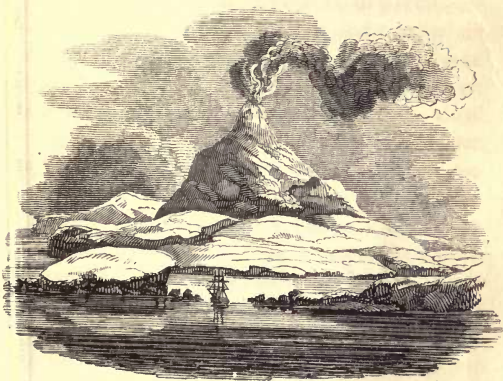
CHAPTER III.

Hudson abandoned by his crew, and lost, 1610—Munk's disastrous voyage, 1619.

ONE of the boldest of early navigators, and one of the most successful, was Henry Hudson, the discoverer of the immense bay which will carry his name and unfortunate end to the latest times. This intrepid mariner first distinguished himself in 1607, being sent out by the Muscovy Company on a voyage, with instructions to penetrate directly to the Pole. He succeeded in pushing north, as far as latitude $81\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, and returned home, after coasting Spitzbergen, with the conviction, which modern experience has not impugned, that a passage to the Pole was completely barred out by the ice in that direction. In 1608, he again set sail, to decide the practicability of a north-east passage, then a favourite subject of debate in the maritime countries of Europe. He saw North Cape on the third of June, and reached latitude 75° , when he got among the ice. Two of his crew, on this voyage, averred that they saw a mermaid. He now pushed on in the parallels of 74° and 75° to the eastward, and made the coast of Nova Zembla in latitude $72^{\circ} 25'$, but finding a farther course impracticable, he returned with the conviction, that there was no hope of a north-east passage, and here again time has proved his judgment to have been correct. The

Dutch sent him, in 1609, to try this passage again, but he gave it up, after passing Wardhuys, and returning past North Cape, crossed to the coast of America, where he searched for a passage, and discovered the bay on which New York now stands, and the magnificent river named after him, the Hudson. Hudson may justly be ranked with the greatest navigators of any age, and the unhappy termination of his last voyage, when he perished in the very heart of his noblest discovery, neither by storm nor iceberg, has something in it which attaches a melancholy interest to his name. This third voyage is detailed in the following narrative drawn up by one of the persons on board his vessel. A very scanty journal, left by himself, up to a certain date, is all which contains any circumstances relative to this his last voyage, besides the present account, which, in some points, has been esteemed a doubtful authority. The relater's name is Habbakuk Pricket. He was one of those who came home in the vessel, and it has been imagined he might give a wrong colouring to many things in Hudson's conduct, who was governed by motives which vulgar minds could not appreciate. From the narrative of Pricket, it is quite clear the crew had none of the high and daring feeling which characterised their leader.

It was on the seventeenth of April, 1610, that Hudson set sail in a vessel called the *Discovery*, of fifty-five tons burthen, fitted out in the Thames, at the expense of Sir John Wolstenholme, Sir Dudley Digges, and other distinguished persons, and victualled for six



HUDSON IN SIGHT OF MOUNT HECLA.

months. They did not reach Harwich until the twenty-eighth of April, having made a communication in the interim to the owners. They sailed from Harwich on May-day. The ship touched at the Orkney and Faro Islands, and on the eleventh of May, the crew descried the south-eastern part of Iceland, but a dense fog coming on, and hearing breakers, they cast anchor. They now found themselves embayed. Weighing anchor, they next proceeded northward along the western coast, taking a quantity of fine fish during a day's calm, which overtook them. A south-east wind then arose, and they reached the Vestmanna Isles, where the Danes had a fort, and passed the grand and awful mountain called Snow Fell, which towers to a vast height over those inhospitable and desert shores. They saw mount Hekla in the blaze of an eruption, surrounded by eternal snows, and fell in soon afterwards with a mass of ice, stretching far to the westward from the northern part of the island. Here Hudson entered a port in the north-west side, where they killed a quantity of wild fowl. They sailed, but were again obliged to put back, without being able to make the harbour, but fortunately fell in with another haven, where they found some hot springs, and bathed. The water of this spring was so hot it would boil a fowl. On the first of June they set sail for Greenland, and soon fancied they saw land to the westward, but it proved to be fog. It was not until the fourth that Greenland appeared in sight. The coast was lined with a vast barrier of ice. "This day," says

Hudson, "we saw Greenland perfectly, over the ice; and this night the sun went down due north, and rose north north-east, so, plying the fifth day, we were in 65° ."

Greenland is characterised by the voyagers as very mountainous, full of round hills, like sugar loaves, covered with snow. Their course lay mostly west and north-west, till Cape Desolation appeared on the western side. Here they saw a great number of whales. They now made their course north-west, the wind preventing them from sailing more to the north, and here they first fell in with the icebergs, of which they afterwards had no want. At the end of June they saw an island, perhaps Resolution Island. Hudson would still have sailed more to the north, but the wind would not permit, so he went south of the island and found the current setting to the west. They entered the stream, and were carried north-west, until they fell in with ice, which was attached to the shore. Hudson then kept to the south and west again, through floating ice, upon which they found numerous seals. They now had a clear sea, and sailed until they again encountered icebergs, and floating pieces of ice, keeping north-west. They saw an iceberg overturn, and took warning from it not to approach too near them in future, yet they were soon obliged to take shelter between two masses, owing to a storm, and there lie snug. Some of the crew now began to be ill, though the narrator Pricket seemed to think it was more through fear than anything else.

On the cessation of the storm, they stood on, as they found it clear enough of ice around them to venture. Their course lay with the ice, and whenever it permitted them to make a passage, they moved with it, though still inclosed. Hudson, trying to get clear of it by steering south, found the more he tried the worse they were off, until he could go no farther. Here the navigator himself was in despair, thinking they should never get out of it. He, therefore, brought out his chart, and showed the crew that they had sailed a hundred leagues farther than any of their countrymen had gone before, and left it to them to say whether they should proceed farther or not. Some seem to have replied one way and some another, but there was evidently much growling and discontent among them. One said, if he had a hundred pounds he would give ninety to be at home. The carpenter replied, if he had a hundred he would not part with ten, for he should have as good a hope of taking it home, and think it as good money as any he ever had. At last, after much labour they got clear, and shaped their course north and north-west, but it does not appear that any general system of operations was decided upon. It is most probable that the commander, seeing the discontent of a part of his crew, ended the conference and took his own course. He still seems to have relied upon his own resources and courage, and to have continued to pursue the object of his voyage, sometimes environed by the ice, yet often in a clear sea. He found a harbour among some

islands, which he named the 'Isles of God's mercy.' Here some of the crew went on shore to make discoveries towards the north and west, and they sprang a covey of partridges, but succeeded in killing only one. They found the place full of pools and broken rocks, as if riven by earthquakes. They saw a bay to the north, with a large iceberg aground, which afterwards floated away. Here they took in drift wood, which they found cast up on the shore.

After a good deal of sailing to the south and north-west, and west, and then south, as the intricate navigation of that latitude required, they stood to the westward in a clear, open sea, and saw three headlands, which Hudson named Prince Henry's Cape, King James, and Queen Anne's. They now proceeded north to double the headlands, until they saw the north shore, on which Hudson put about until he made the south land again, but very much to the west of what he expected, owing to a strong current, which arose, no doubt, from the set-in of the tide to the great bay which bears his name. They now saw a hill on the south shore, which they named Mount Charles, and soon after a cape, which was christened Cape Salisbury. Still proceeding along the south shore, they came to an island, distant from the main land about two leagues, one point of which they named Deepe's Cape, the other Wolstenholme's. At this island the boat was sent on shore to make discoveries. Those in it were overtaken by a storm, but they succeeded in landing and climbing up the rocks, when they came to some level ground, in

which they found a herd of deer, but could not get within musket-shot of them. On this island they found plenty of fowl, and some excellent herbage, also sorrel and scurvy grass. They saw some hollow cells of stone, in which they found a quantity of fowls hung up by the necks. The ship now fired a gun to call off the people who had landed, for a fog had come on. Upon returning on board, Hudson would not stay to refresh on the island, as some of the crew recommended, but proceeded, his mind, no doubt, contemplating the discovery of the great sea on which he was about to enter.

At this time it was that the discontent which had no doubt been increasing on board, was visited by an act of the commander's authority. The truth cannot be known, it is sealed in everlasting silence. Pricket, evidently, does not say all he might upon the subject. Some discussion it appears took place about entering a bay, and going out of it. On this occasion, Hudson is said by Pricket to have revived some old grudge, and to have displaced one Juet from the situation of mate, and degraded the boatswain for words which had been spoken some time before, making Billet, or Bylot, his mate, and William Wilson his boatswain. It is evident, according to Pricket, that the crew thought it harsh in Hudson to revive this old affair. However this might have been, they were obedient, and sailed again in a northerly direction until they saw land, and then to the south, and so on from land to land on the opposite side the straits. On Michaelmas day they

entered a bay, which Hudson named Michaelmas Bay. They afterwards stood to the north until they came into shoal water with thick, foggy weather. They were now obliged to anchor, and so remained for eight days, when the wind dropping, Hudson insisted on heaving the anchor up against the opinions of those on board. While the crew were lifting the anchor, a sea struck the ship, and knocked all hands from the capstan, several of whom were much hurt. They lost an anchor, and would have lost all their cable, had not the carpenter fortunately been by with an axe and cut it.

They now stood to the south and south-west, through a sea clear of obstructions, but changing in soundings and in colour. After sailing farther, they came into shallow water, so shallow, that their boat could not reach the shore which they saw at some distance, and to which they were obliged to wade. There they discovered the marks of a man's foot in the snow, and plenty of wood, of which they shipped a good stock and returned on board. Soon after they saw a ledge of rocks, upon which they ran, and remained fast for twelve hours, but at length got off not wholly uninjured. They now began to look out for a place where they might winter. The nights were become long and cold, while the snow covered all the country. The party sent to explore were at first unsuccessful, but on the first of November they found a place where they might haul their vessel aground. By the tenth day they were frozen in, and began to look at their stock of provisions. According

to Pricket, Hudson might have been victualled for a longer period than six months, had he chosen to be, and thus Pricket seems to wish it should appear that longer delay was dangerous. They were now to be fed upon such an allowance as, without additional aid, would hardly keep in life, or last them to the headlands where fowls might be captured for their supply. Hudson regulated the present allowances in the best way he could, and offered a reward to those who added to the general stock, by killing or capturing anything serviceable for food. In this they must have had success, or their subsistence from April the seventeenth, even as far as Christmas, is a miracle, upon six months' victualling.

It was about the middle of November, that John Williams, the gunner, died. Pricket insinuates that Hudson had behaved harshly to this man, and says that his conduct to Williams was productive of the mischief which followed, and the disgrace it entailed upon those who arrived home. Pricket might be a partial narrator, and his testimony is to be received with the recollection, that he was one of the company of whose conduct on the occasion there are no means now of judging ; but it must be noted, also, that at home the crew were not punished, nay, the officers were employed again. He declares that, before God, he delivers the truth to his readers, as nearly as he can, and, in depicting the conduct of Green, he does not spare his ingratitude to Hudson. The truth seems to be, that the ship's company were ill assorted. There were bad men among them, which prevented

anything like harmony. There was no sympathy with the commander in the great object of the expedition. Hudson was ardent in the pursuit of discovery, and made less than he ought of those obstacles which, in the eyes of the crew, involved even self-preservation. To have wintered where they did, with only the remnant of their supply of provisions, seemed like madness. But Hudson was no ordinary man, and his ardour was not to be repressed, any more than his views circumscribed by vulgar intellect; still, had he remained in the command, his fate, and that of all the crew, would most probably have been alike unfortunate.

It is impossible to discover the truth now, but it is clear there were many things contributed to aid Green in rendering the crew discontented, and Hudson himself might have been a little too imperious in his conduct under those peculiar circumstances of privation in which the crew were placed. In truth, the existence of the crews to the spring season is little short of a miracle, if the ships were really victualled for so short a time as Pricket states. There is nothing like it in the annals of human suffering.

Hudson had taken into his house in London, and befriended, a spendthrift young Kentish man named Henry Green, whose friends had abandoned him for his previous bad conduct. He could write well, and Hudson took him to sea at his own expense, thinking he might be of service; his name was not borne on the owner's books. Procuring four pounds of Green's mother, towards the sum required, Hudson

fitted him for sea, but Green was so ill-worthy of trust that the money was expended for him by a third party, and he was not suffered to finger it. This fellow went on board at Gravesend, and no sooner was the ship at Harwich than he misbehaved. On their voyage out, off Iceland, he quarrelled with the surgeon, and they had difficulty to get the latter on board again. Hudson, on being informed of it, screened Green, by blaming the surgeon's tongue. Robert Juet, the master's mate, being drunk, told the carpenter, that Hudson had brought in Green to "crack his credit that should displease him." When Hudson was informed of this, he wanted to put back forty leagues to Iceland, that he might send Juet home in a fishing vessel. He was persuaded to the contrary, and did not take this step. Green unfortunately was still a great favourite of the commander, and was very serviceable to him, though in religious or moral principle he was anything. When the gunner died, according to custom on board ship, his things were brought to the mast, and sold. The deceased had a grey cloth gown, which Green begged Hudson to let him have, upon paying for it as much as any other person would give. Hudson promised him he should have it, and told others who asked for it, that it should be Green's.

It appears that, on taking up their winter quarters, it had been proposed to Hudson to erect a house on shore, which he would not hear of being done, while it was practicable. The severe northern winter had set in, when he altered his mind, and desired the car-

penter to put it in hand. The latter said he neither could, nor would set about it. Hudson pursued to strike him, calling him names, and threatened to hang him. The carpenter made his rejoinder by telling Hudson he knew his duty, that he was no house-carpenter. The house was ultimately built, but proved to be of no use. The day after this dispute the carpenter took his musket, and Henry Green went with him ashore, for there was an order that none should go unarmed. Green having gone with the carpenter, it offended Hudson, who ordered, in consequence, that the grey gown should be given to his mate, Robert Billet. Green hereupon reminded Hudson of his promise, who answered him reproachfully, saying all his (Green's) friends would not trust him with twenty shillings, and why should he do so? —that he had no wages, and should have none if he displeased him. Hudson had promised Green wages, equal to any one of the others on board, and to get him among the prince's guard on his return home. Green upon this was enraged, and did all he could to discredit and undermine his benefactor with the crew.

The winter was intensely cold, and the ship's company ill provided with necessaries. Their sufferings were great, and most of them were lamed, or someway injured. They eked out their provisions by wild fowl of several kinds, having taken more than a hundred dozen of "white partridges," as they styled them. When these birds left in the spring, they had swans, geese, ducks and teal. When these had

gone away, they devoured moss, frogs, and buds. One of the crew having brought the buds of a tree full of some substance like turpentine, a decoction of it was made by the surgeon for drink, and much ease was experienced by applying it hot to their frozen limbs.

While the spring lasted, about the time the ice was breaking up, the savages visited them, and they trafficked with them, and gave the crew furs in exchange for knives, looking-glasses, and buttons. The ice being sufficiently clear for a boat to navigate, eight of the crew were appointed to fish. Among the party was Green, and it is extremely probable that the design they afterwards carried into effect against their captain was planned at this time. They were successful in fishing for several days, and it appears that, while thus employed, a party of them, among whom were Henry Green and William Wilson, proposed to take the net and one of the boats, which the carpenter had set in order, and to go and make shift for themselves. But in this they were disappointed, for Hudson took the boat himself, to see if he could find any of the people of the country towards the south, for the woods had been seen on fire in that direction. Hudson set out with a few days' provision for this purpose, while those left behind were to take in wood and water. He came back without meeting with any of the inhabitants. He now prepared to return home. He delivered out the last pound of bread to each man, just as they were preparing for a long and perilous voyage, without provisions for the entire crew for

more than ten days ; and also gave what Pricket calls a "bill of returne," that if ever they got home, they might show it,—and he wept as he gave it to them. Fourscore small fish, taken just afterwards, were a seasonable relief to them, though but little towards satisfying their hunger beyond the moment. They now set sail, and came to anchor in the sea of that immense bay, in which the discoverer, having undergone so much suffering and danger, was to find his grave. They were without bread, five cheeses only were left, and were equally divided by Hudson among them, though some of them advised a different conduct—this, at least, is a proof of Hudson's integrity towards his crew, where he, as commander, might have made some exception. That their hunger and suffering were extreme, is manifest. Green the traitor gave his fortnight's bread to another to keep for him, and begged he might not have it till the following Monday, but before the Wednesday night he got it back, having eaten up his week's allowance by that time. The boatswain in one day ate his fortnight's bread, and was ill for two or three days from the effects. The cheeses left were not all of equal goodness, and Hudson was desirous that fairness should govern all his conduct, and that every man should share the bad and good together. The allowance was but three pounds and a half for seven days.

A report calumnious of Hudson, for secreting bread, was now spread among the crew. The discontent, ripened by Green and Wilson, took place on the twenty-first of June. The boatswain, Wilson and

Green, together came to Pricket's cabin, where he was lying lame from the effects of the cold. They told him they had determined to turn the master and the sick into the shallop, and leave them to shift for themselves, as there was not fourteen days' provision left of their miserable allowance. The ship still lay there, the master not caring anything about her, nor going one way or other. That for three days they had eaten nothing, and were determined rather to die, or to get out of their present condition into a better. Remonstrances were tendered in vain. Green said the worst that could happen was to be hanged when they got home, and he would rather be hanged at home than starve abroad. Green, finding he could not succeed, left Wilson trying to persuade Pricket to join them. It is conjectured, that the latter being in the service of Sir Dudley Digges, it was thought they might, through him, obtain pardon for their conduct. Pricket endeavoured in vain to get them to delay the prosecution of their scheme. Juet and others declared they would justify the deed when they got home, and they swore Pricket by an oath, which itself was not harmless, it being that they should act true to God, their king and country, and the good of the action in hand. Green seems to have spent the night after the plot was arranged, in company with his unfortunate benefactor. On leaving him, he came to Pricket, and told him the carpenter and John King should be put out with the sick men. King was in disgrace with the mutineers, because he was in Hudson's favour. He had displaced Billet by being made a

mate, when he could neither write nor read. By this means they said that Hudson would take the ship where he pleased, for he forbade any man to keep an account or reckoning, having deprived them of everything that could be used for such a purpose. Pricket at last got leave for the carpenter King to remain in the ship, by whose means he hoped something might be done towards getting Hudson into the vessel again. The ship's company, both sick and well, were in berths dispersed generally two and two about the ship. King was up, and in the morning they secured him in the hold, by fastening down the hatches. Green then went and held the carpenter in conversation to amuse him, while two of the crew, keeping just before Hudson, and one named Wilson, behind him, bound his hands. He asked what they were about, and they told him he should know when he was in the shallop. Another mutineer, Juet, went down to King in the hold, who kept him at bay, being armed with his sword. He came upon deck to Hudson, whom he found with his hands tied. Hudson was heard to call to the carpenter, and tell him he was bound. Two of the devoted party, who were sick, told the mutineers their knavery would be punished. They paid no attention; the shallop was hauled up to the side of the vessel, and the sick and lame were made to get into it. Hudson called to Pricket, who was lame in his cabin, and he went to him as well as he was able, and on his knees besought the crew to remember what they were about, and do as they would be done by, but in vain. The

sick were put into the boat. The carpenter, whom they had agreed to retain in the vessel, asked them if they would not be hanged when they reached England, and boldly refused to remain with them, preferring to share the fate of Hudson and the sick men. He demanded his chest, which was given him, and put into the boat. He then went and took leave of Pricket, who endeavoured to persuade him to stay on board, that in the end they might contrive to make matters right again. The carpenter said he thought they would be glad to receive them again, as Hudson believed there was not one of them able to take the vessel home,—a fatal mistake, as it subsequently appeared. The carpenter then begged Pricket, that, as they should follow the ship, if he chanced to get to the Capes before them, to leave something that might indicate the ship had been there. This token was to be left at the place, near which the wild fowl bred, and he, the carpenter, promised to leave the same, if there first. The intention of the carpenter, if not that of Hudson, and the rest in the boats, is thus clearly shown. The ship was now ransacked by the crew. The names of the persons put out of the ship were Henry Hudson, John Hudson, Arnold Lodlo, Sydrack Faner, Phillip Staffe, Thomas Wodehouse, Adam Moore, Henry King, and Michael Bate. The carpenter contrived to get a musket, powder and shot, some pikes, an iron pot, some meal, and a few other necessaries. The crew then cast the boat off the ship, loosened the topsails, and stood out to sea, steering to the eastward. They then took in their

topsail, and lay under the foresail, until they had turned over the ship for provisions. They found a cask of meal whole in the hold, and another half-finished; two firkins of butter, twenty-seven pounds of pork, and a half bushel of pease. In the captain's cabin they discovered two hundred biscuit cakes, a peck of meal, and a butt of beer. It was now reported that the boat was in sight, on which they hoisted their mainsail and topsails, and made all haste away. Pricket urged them to recollect what they were about; but Wilson, one of the ring-leaders, would not hear of it, being more adverse than the rest to such counsel. Making the eastern shore, they then came about, stood to the west, and reached an island, where they anchored, and sent a boat and net on shore to fish, but were unsuccessful. They took two fowls and found a quantity of cockle-grass, which they carried on board. The boat in which were Hudson and his companions, was seen no more, nor was it ever heard of again. Green now came to Pricket, and told him it was the desire of those on board, that he should take command of the vessel, at least of the navigation. Pricket said that Juet was the proper person, but Green said he should not enter Hudson's cabin, nor touch the chart or journals. Green then gave Pricket the key of the captain's chest, and told him he had laid all the things together, which he intended for his own use. They now stood to the north-east, contrary to Juet's opinion, who was for steering north-west. The next day they had a storm, and ran into ice, where they

remained fourteen days, locked up. In that storm it is most likely the intrepid commander and his forlorn party in the boat perished. If Hudson and his companions had been able to follow the ship to the place where it entered the ice, their boat could not have gone farther, as the vessel was among fields of a mile and more over, which closed in around her. It is not said by Pricket, whether the boat had a sail or compass; and no mention is made of finding any token of her crew at the Capes, where the ship went to kill wild fowl. It is probable they either died of hunger at sea, or got out of their course, and perished in the storm. They might indeed have been starved on the shore or killed by the aborigines. The end of Hudson is a melancholy and affecting incident. His talents, courage and perseverance rank him among the first navigators of any age. In the comparative infancy of discovery in the northern regions, he deserves to take the lead. Left in the great bay which he brought to light, the victim of treachery, he has not been forgotten by posterity, like many of his contemporaries. The mystery of his fate causes his name to be pronounced, even now, with pity, while his skill and courage make the man an object of our admiration, even in these times, when a northern navigation and wintering are not considered such extraordinary perils by the navigator.

The ship continued her navigation homeward. The crew saw four islands, and landed upon one of them, where they found nothing but cockle-grass, of which they were glad to take a quantity on board

for sustenance. Pricket saw, while here, that he had been retained against Green's will, who endeavoured to get him into discredit with the crew. He accused him of deceiving the ship's company respecting the provisions, and endeavoured to saddle upon him the disappearance of things which he, Green, had himself purloined. Green, it appears, was the leader, and he was for keeping the sea until they could get the king's pardon—a thing which a wise retribution prevented his ever attempting to put into execution, as the sequel explains. They now stood to the north-east, and came in sight of the islands formerly named by Hudson, Rumnies' (perhaps, Romney Islands), and sailed into the first great bay there. They kept the east shore still in sight, after various disputes about the right navigation, until they came to the capes or headlands, where the wild fowl frequented which they saw on their outward passage. In making for them, they ran aground, and remained fast for eight or nine hours, but got off again and anchored. It was now the twenty-seventh of July. They sent their boat to catch wild fowl, but they only succeeded in killing about thirty gulls. They then went to Cape Dudley Digges in search of fowl, for their situation seems to have been nearly desperate. On making the land in their boat, they saw seven canoes filled with the natives, who trafficked with them. It appeared that they had sought the cape upon the same errand as the Englishmen, namely, to catch fowls. They took them with a long pole, having a snare at

the end, for pulling them from their nests. The seamen showed their superior skill by shooting seven or eight birds at a time. They exchanged a hostage on each side, as a measure of good understanding, and the people were so peaceable, that, the next day, Green went on shore, full of confidence, and took no precaution against surprise. On the twenty-ninth of July, they ran the ship in as near to the shore as was practicable. Pricket, being lame, was to go in the boat, and carry goods to exchange with the strangers. Besides Pricket, Green, and Wilson, three others, John Thomas, Michael Perse, and Andrew Moter, completed the party. As they drew near the shore, they saw the natives on the hills, dancing and running about, their canoes being drawn up on the shore. The boat was brought near some rocks, and made fast to them; those in her preparing to barter. Green would allow nothing to be parted with until venison was brought by the strangers, insisting they had promised a supply. They replied, by pointing to their dogs and the mountains, and then to the sun, as if they intended it should come on the morrow. Green, Thomas, and Wilson were standing near the bow of the boat on the shore; Moter and Perse were gathering sorrel upon a rock close by. None of them were armed, there not being even a stick in the hands of any except Green, who had part of a pike; nor did Pricket observe that the strangers had any weapons. Green and Wilson were showing jew's-harps and looking-glasses to them. While they were standing round, one of the savages

came into the bow of the boat, to show a bottle to Pricket, who signified to him that he must go out of her, which he pretended not to understand, on which Pricket got up and pointed to the land. Pricket had scarcely seen the first out of the boat, and was sitting down again, when he observed close to him the foot of a man, and looking up, observed a savage behind him, with a knife in his hand, in the act of striking him over the shoulder; on which he put up his arm, and received the blow partly upon that and partly in his body; a second blow was aimed at his breast, which he warded off with his left hand, which got terribly cut, but the knife entered his thigh notwithstanding. At this moment Pricket got hold of the string to which the knife was attached, and wound it round his left hand, the savage still struggling to drive it into his body, but he was weak in the grasp, and Pricket also getting hold of the sleeve of his left arm, kept him off. His left side was defenceless; seeing this, Pricket got the sleeve, as well as the string of the knife, into his own left hand, still not knowing what to do till he happened to look down and saw he had his dagger by him, which he drew, and stuck it into the body and throat of the savage. In the mean while, those of the crew on shore were attacked. Thomas and Wilson were stabbed in the bowels; Perse and Green, both dreadfully wounded, fell together into the boat; Moter jumped from the rocks into the sea, and swam to the boat, where holding the stern, he begged to be taken in; Perse beat off the savages with a hatchet, and

Green with his piece of the pike. The savages then took their bows and arrows. Green was killed on the spot; Perse received many other wounds, as did all the others, but he pushed off the boat, having taken in Moter. Perse and Moter then rowed away, while Pricket received a bad wound in his back from an arrow, as the boat came round. The savages ran to their canoes, but did not pursue the crew. The ship was not in sight. When the boat was some way off the shore, Perse, who had behaved so well in the contest, fainted from his wounds, and could not row any longer. Moter then stood in the head of the boat that he might be seen from the ship, which, in the end, took them up. Green being dead, they flung him into the sea from the boat. The rest, with the wounded but insensible savage, were got on board. Wilson died that day, as well as Thomas and the savage. Perse lived only two days afterwards. There were now scarcely enough hands left to work the ship through the entrance of the strait. No anchorage was near; and the same men who worked the ship were obliged to go in the boat and kill fowls for subsistence on the passage home. One day, while they were absent, the ship was in danger of running on shore, the wind having risen. With great labour, they killed two hundred fowls on the South Cape; and the wind becoming contrary after they sailed away, they bore up again and killed a hundred more. They then set sail, and came to an anchor at the Queen's Foreland, from which they sailed to the Cape of God's Mercies, and, after much

baffling navigation, and meeting with fogs, to add to their difficulties, they anchored. They were now obliged, few as they were in number, to restrict themselves to half a fowl a day with the pottage. They were driven to such shifts, that Juet burned the feathers from the fowl's skins, for they would not pull them, but flayed and so cooked them. Their garbage was thus consumed. Clear of the navigation among the islands at the entrance of the straits, they bent their course for Cape Desolation, in Greenland, designing from thence to make sail for Ireland. They had now been six weeks getting into the ocean, and the wind was adverse to their making Cape Desolation, though they continued their course east-south-east and south by east for some days. Juet would have persuaded them to make Newfoundland, where, if the fishing-vessels had left the coast, they were still sure of finding both bread and fish. This was, perhaps fortunately for them, not attempted. They stood to the south-west and west almost to 57° ; the wind then blew favourably, and they shaped their course for Ireland. The wind was fair for a good while together, but their meal was gone and their fowls dry and musty. They had salt broth for dinner and half a fowl for supper. They made messes of their candles and the bones of the fowls, frying them with the grease till they were crisp, and eating them with vinegar. A pound of candles was delivered to each man for a week's allowance, and a mess of vinegar. These were accounted a great comfort, and devoured as a dainty.

Juet had calculated they were only sixty or seventy leagues from Ireland, when they had two hundred to make. They were so weak that they steered unsteadily, and at last were obliged to sit at the helm from debility. Juet now died from want. Despair was on every face; their last fowl was in the pot. The remnant of the crew began to succumb. They were indifferent to their fate, and would sit and see the sails flap or fly up, and the sheets loose or broken, without energy to remedy the evil themselves, or to call on others to do so. In this their extremity, they were fortunate enough to descry the Irish coast, over against Galloway. They then stood along by it to the south-west. At last they saw a bark belonging to Fowey in Cornwall, at anchor, fishing, and the owner took them into Bere Haven, where they remained a few days, but could procure neither bread, drink, nor money. John Waymouth, the master of the Fowey bark, agreed at last to furnish them with money, receiving the best anchor and cable in pledge for what he advanced, and with this money they bought victuals. The seamen, of whom they stood in need to navigate their vessel, would not go with them, unless their wages were secured to them, and it was only by a threat to press them, that a Captain Taylor prevailed upon them to conduct the emaciated crew to Plymouth, for three pounds ten shillings per man, and the pilot five pounds. They got to Plymouth in safety, and anchored under the castle.

It is not stated how long they remained at Ply-

mouth, but they sailed from thence for the Downs. Most of the crew went on shore at Gravesend, but Pricket and Billet, the acting master, anchored about Erith, and then went together to Sir Thomas Smith in London.

A good deal of doubt has been thrown on Pricket's relation of the cause of Hudson's abandonment. Pricket gives the copy of a note found in the desk of Thomas Widhouse, one of the persons put into the boat with Hudson. It may be gathered from that document, that there was more than one discontented man among the crew a short time after they set sail. In sight of Iceland, mutinous expressions were used, and the principal blame is there thrown upon Juet. Several displacements of inferior officers took place in consequence. Yet it must be observed, in justice to Pricket, that Billet, Moter, and Wilson, who were under obligations to Hudson as well as Green, were, according to Widhouse's statement, among the leading mutineers: they too had been advanced by their unfortunate commander. On the whole, it seems most probable that Widhouse's statement is only evidence of a temporary discontent, and that all which took place after the ship went up the straits into the bay was a new affair, arising out of other causes, increased by the severe sufferings of the crew, owing to the winter, and the knowledge of the very small chance there was of their ever reaching home again. In fact, had the crew of the ship set sail with her full strength from their wintering-place, they could hardly have survived beyond the passage of the straits.

Famine would have done the work of destruction. Even had Green and the others not been killed, the increased consumption of their scanty, miserable fare would, in all probability, have prevented the ship ever being heard of more. As it was, they never could have reached Ireland with four or five additional mouths. This knowledge of the state of the ship and her want of provisions to take her home, was evidently the cause of the fate of Hudson, from the mutineers having said to Pricket, as some apology for their conduct before the mutiny, that only fourteen days' victuals were left, and they had not then eaten anything for three days, and they were resolute either "to amend or end," that the master cared not to go one way or another. Now all Hudson's nautical skill could not victual the ship, and this his crew must have known. His not setting sail while they had anything left to eat, arose no doubt from his hope of getting a supply of some sort from the shore, or by fishing, or else from his judging that they might as well perish on the spot, as in the straits among ice-fields. He was in great despair himself, that is clear; for when he gave out the "last of the bread, he wept." He doubtless felt that to sail would hardly increase the chances in their favour. Another proof that the state of famine operated strongly upon the crew may be found in their putting away even their sick friends, evidently because they knew these must, by remaining, diminish more rapidly the scanty remnant of provisions on board, or "fourteen days" allowance for all. The head and chief of the ship, a noble-

spirited, brave man like Hudson, kept his despair to himself, upon a matter, the truth of which it did not need one of his own powers of mind to descry, any more than the consequences. Some discontent among the crew from other causes there might have been, but the desire of self-preservation among the mutineers was the immediate cause of the deplorable fate of this intrepid and persevering navigator. When the fourteen days' provision is alluded to, it must be remembered that this refers to the scantiest possible fare on which the crew could live for fourteen days. They had left England on the seventeenth of April, with only six months provisions on board. They must have been on short allowance long before the six months expired, and then they must have fed on fish or wild-fowl, before they were frozen up. They must have lived eight months longer, or fourteen months, on the six months provisions originally laid in ! What discipline could restrain a crew in such circumstances ? Their suffering from the severity of the winter was terrible, and this they must have borne in their ship on the scantiest fare. At last they had no hope but in getting to the headlands where the wild-fowl bred. They had to sustain themselves until they arrived there and to catch birds enough to last them to England, a very precarious trust for supporting the lives of so many. Without the addition from fishing and fowling, they could not have lived so long on six months provisioning. Hudson did not set sail on his return, and make the most of his passage, because, perhaps, he hoped

to obtain venison from the natives of the continent, or to lay in a stock of fish, for which he considered, in their desperate circumstances, it would be wisest to remain until the last moment. The wintering and its horrors sustained by Hudson's crew on a very limited sustenance, and the famine which was before the crew, afterwards, urged the chance as they thought of reaching the headlands for fowls, while there was yet enough provisions left to carry them there, and was a plan as feasible as any which could have been proposed, but its success depended on sailing immediately. Hudson's hope lay in the chance of procuring food where the ship then lay, yet his efforts had, up to the time of the mutiny, failed. The crew determined to save themselves their own way, and, to facilitate self-preservation, cruelly got rid of their commander and of the sick. The question of their own starvation was one on which most of them could judge as well as their master, and, after all, they can only be said barely to have succeeded in preserving life, even with the few who reached England. Had the ship possessed her full complement of men, nay, had not Green and the others been slain, she would never have arrived at all.

This is the only rational view of the subject, though perhaps novel, and it is borne out by facts much more conclusive than the ridiculous reasons given by some authors for the conduct of the crew, or the still more absurd, not to say cruel charges, made against a brave navigator, by others. Hudson's

crew no circumstances could justify in their conduct ; but in the tenor of their acts it is easy to see the motive. Provisions they had no more to give Hudson, than they really gave him. Some of the mutineers fancied they could justify the act—by what? Self-preservation no doubt. On no other ground could the abandonment of the sick men with Hudson be palliated even by the crew, some of whom declared they were justified. The joining in the deed of several of the officers of the ship shows that mere discontent with the commander's discipline was not the sole cause, and by the foregoing mode is the melancholy end of the intrepid navigator alone satisfactorily explained.

In the year 1619, an able navigator named Jens Munk was sent out on a voyage of discovery towards the north-west coast of America, by Christian IV., king of Denmark. Sailing from Elsineur on the eighteenth of May, he succeeded in reaching Hudson's Bay. In passing through the straits, after leaving Cape Farewell to enter the bay, he conferred upon them the name of *Fretum Christiani*, in compliment to the king of Denmark, although they had been discovered and named before. Munk had two vessels, one of them of small burthen, manned with only sixteen hands ; the largest had a crew of forty-eight. He met with a great deal of ice, which forced him to seek for shelter in what is now called Chesterfield's Inlet. It was the seventh of September when he entered

he inlet, where, from the lateness of the season, it was but too obvious he must winter. The ice closed in around him, and every prospect of returning home the same season was shut out very speedily. Munk now began to construct huts on shore for himself and crews, which being completed, his people set out to explore the country around, and employ themselves in hunting for their future subsistence. They fell in with an abundance of game. Hares, partridges, foxes, bears, and various wild-fowl, were equally applied to secure them a winter stock of provisions.

On the twenty-seventh of November, they were surprised by the phenomenon of three distinct suns, which appeared in the heavens. On the twenty-fourth of January they again saw two, equally distinct. On the eighteenth of December they had an eclipse of the moon. They also saw a transparent circle round the moon, and what they fancied a cross within it, exactly quartering that satellite. These particular appearances were regarded, according to the spirit of those days, as omens of no future good fortune. The frost speedily froze up their beer, brandy and wine, so that the casks burst. The liberal use of spirituous liquors, which, in high latitudes, are doubly pernicious, was quickly productive of disease. Their bread and such provisions as they had brought from home were exhausted early in the spring, and the scurvy having reduced them to a most miserable condition, they were unable to pursue or capture any of the multitudes of wild fowl which flocked to the vicinity of their miserable dwellings.

Death now committed frightful ravages amongst them. They were helpless as children, and died in great numbers. In May, 1620, their provisions were entirely consumed, and then famine aided disease in the work of death. Never was the waste of life in such a situation so terrible. Summer had nearly arrived, but not to bring hope and consolation to those who had lived through the dark and dreary winter, but to show the survivors the extent of the havoc death had made among them. Munk was among the living, but so weak as to be unable to indulge a hope of recovery. In despair, and perfectly hopeless, he awaited the fate which seemed inevitable. He had been four days without food. Impelled at length by hunger, and ignorant of the fate of his companions, he gathered strength enough to crawl out of his own hut to inquire after the others, and try to satiate his appetite. He discovered that, out of fifty-two, only two remained alive among the dead bodies of their comrades, who lay unburied around. Seeing they were the remnant of the crews, and hunger-stung, they encouraged each other to try for food. By scraping away the snow, they were fortunate enough to find some roots, which they devoured with ravenous eagerness, and then swallowing some herbs and grass which happened to be anti-scorbutic, they found themselves better. They then made corresponding efforts to preserve life. They were soon able to reach a river near, and to take fish, and from that they proceeded to shoot birds and animals. In this way they recovered their strength.

The two vessels lay in a seaworthy state, but crewless and untenanted. On seeing the ships, which were a few months before well appointed and exulting in anticipated success, and observing the number to which their crews were reduced, what must have been their sensations! They nevertheless took resolution from despair. They made the smaller vessel ready for sea, taking what stores they had a necessity for, from the larger, and a crew of three hands embarked in a ship to navigate her in a perilous voyage, which had sailed from home with a complement of sixteen. They succeeded in repassing Hudson's Straits, enduring dreadful hardships. Their passage was stormy. Day and night they were necessitated to labour until the vessel was almost wholly abandoned to her own course. Nevertheless they succeeded in making a port in Norway, on the twenty-fifth of September. The sufferings of Munk and his crews have perhaps never been equalled in the fearful catalogue of calamity, which the annals of the early northern navigation present to the pitying reader. No fiction has ever painted a scene so horrible as the gradual death of forty-nine persons in such a situation, before the eyes of three survivors, whose constitutional strength kept them alive, the witnesses of misery, to the sight of which death must have been far preferable. The escape of the survivors and subsequent navigation to Europe, amid ice and storms, is one of the most extraordinary circumstances on record.

Upon reaching Denmark, the whole nation viewed

them as men who had risen from the tomb. The sympathy displayed towards them by their countrymen was universal, and must have poured balm into their minds, and repaid them for the hardships they had sustained. A subscription was set on foot for another expedition, arising out of the interest the narrative of these unfortunate men had created. Everything was ready for sailing. Munk, not dismayed by his past sufferings, offered his services again to command the new ship, and search out the north-west passage. He attended at court to take his leave of Christian IV., and the misfortunes of his former enterprise coming upon the carpet, the king admonished him to be more cautious than he had been on his former voyage, conveying to the brave seaman by implication, that the loss of the lives which had taken place was ascribable to their commander. The soul of the blunt navigator was stung by this unmerited reproof. He was not the courtier who licks the hand that deals the ungenerous blow. Munk made a reply such as the ear of royalty was not accustomed to hear from the sycophants that generally address it. The king, possessing no sense of the dignity and decency which become a crowned head, struck the inferior, who could not return the blow. The grossness of the indignity pierced Munk to the heart. He who had spirit enough not to bear an insult in words, even from a monarch, who had borne hardships beyond parallel in his profession, could not survive the disgrace of a blow from a quarter where

non-resentment was an act of duty, and the aspersion remained on the ungenerous hand that dealt, rather than on him who received it. Munk in a few days died of a broken heart. There is another statement extant, respecting the end of this navigator, but no authority is given for it, and the present is the account most generally believed to be authentic.

CHAPTER IV.

Pelham's Narrative of the Eight Seamen of the *Salutation*, 1630.

THE following, compiled from a narrative by one of the survivors, named Edward Pelham, has been frequently alluded to in northern voyages, and is not more remarkable for the hardships which the unfortunate seamen underwent, than that, with so many privations, they survived to tell their tale. In 1596, the Dutchmen under Barentz and Heemskirk, wintered in Nova Zembla in 76° north, and the greater part of their number returned home, but they had access to their ship and her stores. The seamen in the present relation were without any resources but those which were supplied by their own ingenuity. They were really at Spitzbergen on the west side, though they styled the spot Greenland, in latitude $77^{\circ} 40'$ north. Captain Parry has shown how easy it is to winter in high latitudes in a ship well provided with necessaries, and the Dutchmen had their vessel and its provision at command : the present is therefore one of the most extraordinary instances of preservation on record. It must be granted, however, that the mariners so perilled, must some of them have been men of sound judgment, from the steps they adopted to guard against cold and famine, as may be observed in the course of the narrative. They yielded not to despair, but determined to meet the danger

by corresponding efforts, and if they perished, to die with the reflection, that human prudence had done its utmost for self-preservation. In 1633, seven Dutch sailors, left in Mayen's Island in 71° or 72° north, provided with a hut and most things they required, perished of cold. The truth seems to be, that the real nature of the evils with which man has to cope in these high latitudes was not understood in those days. Scurvy and excessive cold seem to be the two terrible enemies they had to combat. Yet a store of lemon-juice and moderate exercise would have prevented the first, and burying their hut, as the Esquimaux do, under a few feet of snow on its first setting in, contriving a passage with an angle in it through the snow, and covered in with a thick snow roof also, would have enabled them to bear the cold, especially when keeping up a good fire. These resources were unknown to the Dutchmen. The English seamen, who built one hut within another, perhaps unwittingly, hit upon the best mode that could be adopted, of warding off the external cold. How they succeeded in escaping the scurvy does not so well appear. That these things are true, may be learned from a sort of preface to the relation of Pelham, wherein he says that, while the Dutch had bread, beer, and wine, (he refers to those who wintered in Nova Zembla, in 1596 and 1597, and reached Holland alive,) victuals and clothes, the English seamen had filthy whale fritters, bears, and anything they could get. With the bears that the Englishmen killed it was frequently a question who should be master. The

Dutch had coals, and baths, and wine, and though they complained that the nails they used stuck to their flesh from the cold, the Englishmen were forced to keep two fires to prevent their mortar freezing while they used it. The Dutch complained that their hut walls were frozen two inches within side; the Englishmen state theirs were not so, from their pains and industry in building them, which they seem to have managed with great skill, making them in fact double. If the Dutchmen's clothes froze upon them, it was owing to their own ignorance, from not knowing how to manage to prevent it under their circumstances. The Englishmen were farther to the north, but the reason Pelham gives, that they had abler bodies than the Hollanders, is hardly satisfactory; the real truth was, they had a vast deal more sagacity. In comparing the two narratives, and seeing the conveniences of one party, and the privations of the other, the conclusion in every enlightened mind must be, that superior instruction and knowledge, or both, were on one side, and these are not only strength, as is commonly remarked, but safety.

The names of the seamen who were left in Greenland nine months and twelve days were, William Fakeley, gunner; Edward Pelham, gunner's mate (the narrator); John Wise and Robert Goodfellow, seamen; Thomas Ayres, whale-cutter; Henry Bett, cooper; John Dawes and Richard Kellet, landsmen.

The foregoing eight men were in the service of the Muscovy Company of merchants, and sailed in the *Salutation of London*, for Greenland, on May-day,

1630. They arrived at their destination on the eleventh of June, moored their vessels, and got ready their boats for the fishery. There were three ships in company ; they were to remain together until the fifteenth of July, when, if they did not succeed according to their wishes, they were to separate. Two of the ships were then to sail, one about eight leagues off, where whales resorted in great numbers, another to Greenharbor, a place about fifteen leagues to the southward, while the *Salutation* was to remain at the Foreland until the twenty-sixth of August. They now appear to have sent out their boats to fish ; and the captain of the *Salutation*, having succeeded to his wishes, ordered a boat to direct the ships to a place called Bell Sound, that they might take in train oil. They would thus be more united by sailing in company, and better able to secure themselves from capture on their return, the privateers of Dunkirk being on the look out to capture the returning whale-ships. On the eighth of August, they set sail to the southward, in order to make Greenharbor, and take in some men belonging to the ships, who were on shore there.

The wind blew contrary, and the ship could not make way. On the fifteenth of the month, upon a calm and clear day, the ship being about five leagues only from a place noted for good venison, the master sent ashore eight men with two dogs, a matchlock, two lances, and a tinder-box, that they might hunt deer for the ship's provision. They succeeded in killing fourteen deer, the weather being fine and

favourable. They were now tired, and ate their meal, agreeing to rest where they then were for that night, the next day to hunt again, and then go on board. But the following morning was thick and foggy; the ship, from a southerly wind coming on, was obliged to stand off to sea, and was not in sight. The weather continuing the same, they agreed to hunt along the shore towards Greenharbor, where they expected to find their ship. They killed eight deer more, loaded their boat with the venison, and reached Greenharbor on the seventeenth, where they found their ship gone, together with the twenty men who had been left there. Knowing the ships were short of provisions, they wondered at the cause of their departure, but there was no help for them at that place.

The time had arrived, within three days, when the vessels usually left the coast. The seamen now thought it best to get to Bell Sound, where they imagined they should find the ship. To lighten their boat they hove the venison into the sea, and proceeded as rapidly as possible towards the spot they intended to visit, about sixteen leagues off. They were compelled to lie to in a cove, owing to the thickness of the weather, from the night of the seventeenth, until noon on the eighteenth, when they again steered, as they supposed, for Bell Sound, but overshot it at least ten leagues to the southward. They now, judging they were wrong, returned northward, and the weather clearing up, they saw the top of the mountains, yet one of the boat's crew insisted they

were wrong, contrary to those who judged better, and by his influence the boat was again put round to the southward. This was on the twentieth of August, and they now began to feel what miseries they must endure if they were left behind. They ran as far to the southward as before, and at last providentially discovered they were again in error. Vexatious as it was thus to be delayed, when every moment was of so much importance, they put the boat's head to the northward again; an easterly wind sprung up, and hoisting a sail, they ran so swiftly before it, that the next day they made Bell Point, and soon entered the sound, but no vessels were there. Their prospects were now gloomy indeed. The shallop was secured, and two of the party went in vain, over land, to see if the ships were at a place called the Tent. They next searched for them at Bottle Cove, three leagues on the other side of the sound, without success. All now seemed to be hopeless. They had neither pilot, chart, nor compass. Their fears, as they reasonably might do, now grew stronger. They debated whether it was best to stay where they had now landed, or to set sail. The ice was an obstacle to the latter step; yet at Bottle Cove nothing could be expected but a lingering and painful death, for the place was no way habitable.

The minds of these unfortunate men were now terribly distracted. They felt they were alone upon a spot where man had never dwelt; where winter was a scene of darkness, horror, and desolation, only to be imagined by those who had witnessed

its frightful aspect approaching, on board the last of the whale-ships. They had heard that the merchants had offered great rewards to those who had expressed a willingness to remain a winter in that climate, to pay them handsomely, furnish them provisions, and all the necessaries required, and yet that, when it came to the point, none would encounter the hazard—the boldest spirits had shrunk from the undertaking. Even condemned criminals had preferred returning home to execution, rather than venturing on perils which they had volunteered to meet, and which, in the present day, have been encountered with so little danger. It cannot be wondered, that these reflections among themselves, if they were little calculated to allay their fears at the view of their situation, made them more cautious in their conduct, and more inclined to exert a resolute perseverance in the measures to which they were ultimately indebted for their safety. They saw all and much more than the dangers they must dare, but they met them like men. What most affected them, was the fate of nine men left in the same place before, and by the same barbarous master who had now left them behind. The poor fellows had all perished miserably. This had happened at Bottle Cove, where they now stood like men overcome with their calamity, and not knowing what to do. They looked into each other's faces with an expression of pity, at the inevitable end of him whom they beheld. They considered their destitute state, the want of everything necessary to keep themselves alive during the approaching winter, lacking even

clothing and every kind of shelter. Silent they stood for a short time, as if combating inwardly with their despair. At length they reflected that what little hope remained for them, must perish by delay, and that they must endeavour immediately, or not at all. Their passage to England was now out of the question. They wisely determined to shake off all fear. God having given them the hearts of men, they determined to be resolute, and resist despairing thoughts. They agreed to go to Greenharbor, and to hunt venison for their winter's subsistence.

On the twenty-fifth of August, they set sail for Greenharbor, and in twelve hours reached it in safety. They landed, and made a sort of tent with the boat's sail spread upon their oars, designing, after taking sufficient rest, to set out hunting. They rose early and steered in their boat for a place called Cole's Park, well known to one of them as abounding in deer. It was about two leagues distance. There they killed seven deer and four bears that day, after which, the sky not looking favourable, they returned to where they had slept the night before, rigged up their tent again, and spent the night. The next morning, the weather being fine, they left two of their number behind, to cook their provisions, and returned to their hunting ground. On their way, seeing deer feeding on the shore, they landed, and killed twelve in the whole, when it began to rain and blow, and they determined to return to their tent, and proceed no farther. The following day the weather would not admit of their hunting again. They therefore loaded

their boat with bears and venison; and finding a second boat, which was drawn up to be ready for the whalers the next season, they loaded that with greaves of the whales, which had been left in heaps on the ground, by the last ships, and dividing themselves into two companies, manned both boats, and set out for Bell Sound, at which place they intended to winter, in a building used by the whalers, and called the "Tent." They there purposed to lay up their present stock, and then set out again to hunt more, that they might be under no apprehension on the score of their winter-provision. Night came on them before they could get ready to set out, and the following day being Sunday, they determined to do no work, taking the best mode they could to show their devotion to the Almighty, though Bible or book of prayer they had none. On the Monday they arose early, but from foul weather they could only get half-way to Bell Sound, before the evening came upon them; but they lay to in Bottle Cove that night, going on shore and anchoring their boats in the cove. In the night the sea blew right into the cove, owing to a south-west wind; the grapnel that secured the boats came home, and both were driven on shore, so that their stock of provisions was part wetted, and part beaten out of the boats into the sea. This was a fearful accident at such a time. The only hope upon which depended their lives was well near being lost, or rendered unfit for food. They got through the surf to the boats; got a hawser on shore, and with a purchase, by main force heaved them upon

the land. They then collected such of their provisions as had been washed out of the boats. They determined not to venture afloat again, until the weather would allow them to go over to Bell Sound.

On the third of September, they launched their boats, and reaching their destination in safety, secured their provisions, taking them into the shed called the Tent, already mentioned. This shed or house, in which they designed to winter, was built very substantially of beams and boards, and covered with Fleinish tiles, having been formerly erected by the Fleinings at the time their ships came thither. It was eighty feet long and fifty broad. The coopers of the whalers used to live and work in it, while they made the casks for holding the train oil.

The weather now began to change; the nights lengthened, and the frosts set in upon them. They were afraid to venture by sea upon another hunting excursion, lest the Sound should freeze up and prevent their return. On land, the country was so mountainous, there was no travelling that way. They therefore deemed it best to remain at the "Tent," and provide for the coming winter. They determined with great sagacity and sound judgment to build themselves an apartment within the large house or tent, close to the south side of it. A smaller house had been built for other labourers from the whalers, hard by the large one already mentioned. This they took down. With the materials they proposed to build that which they had resolved upon, within the large building, by which means their

walls would be double. The materials thus obtained furnished them with deal boards, rafters, and posts, while the chimney furnaces used for boiling the whale oil, supplied them with bricks. They found three hogsheads of fine lime hard by, and knowing another was stored up at Bottle Cove, three leagues off, they fetched home that also. This lime they mixed with the sea-sand and formed excellent mortar for laying their bricks, but the weather was already so cold they were obliged to keep up two fires to prevent their mortar from freezing. Two of the party employed themselves in raising a wall a brick thick against the inner side of the large shed, which was of wood. While these two were thus employed, others were bringing in bricks or cleaning them, some at the same time were making the mortar, or hewing the boards intended to be used. Two hands at the same time flayed the venison, so that all proceeded together, as fast as it was possible, a plan reflecting great credit upon the judgment of these men. There were only bricks sufficient for two of the walls, and a few to spare. The other two walls, within the large building, they built of boards nailed close together, upon stanchions a foot in depth, the space between they filled up with sand, and it was found so tight, that not a breath of air passed through to inconvenience them. The chimney they made about nine inches wide, and four feet long, opening into the large building. Their apartment thus ingeniously constructed, was twenty feet long, by seventeen wide, and ten high. The ceiling was composed

of deal boards doubled five or six times over the joints of those beneath, the middle of one board pressing on the joining of two beneath, so close that no air could enter. Their door they lined with a bed, which they found in the place, lapping over the opening and shutting of it. They made no windows, but removing two or three tiles in the roof of the outer building directly over their chimney, it gave them all the light they thought it needful to admit while they had the sun in the horizon. They next built up four cabins, to hold two in each cabin, and made their beds of deer skins dried, which they found very warm and comfortable.

Their next object was to provide themselves with firing. For this purpose they examined the boats which had been left on shore by the whalers, and finding seven of them too crazy to be used the ensuing year, they broke them up, and stowed them over the cross beams of the outer house, in the manner of a floor, to prevent any snow which might drive in between the tiles, from getting into the outer shed, and incommoding them when they wanted to reach any of their stores, which were laid up there. When the weather began to get colder, and the day almost to disappear, they stove some empty casks which had been left behind by the shipping, and used several other things for fuel, always endeavouring to injure, as little as possible, anything which would be of service during the ensuing fishing season, for they could easily have rendered abortive the next year's voyage, by any wanton waste. They determined to husband

their stock of fuel, as they seemed still to have one too small for the long and cold season which had just begun. They also hit upon the expedient, at night when they raked up their fire and it had a good quantity of ashes and embers, to place in the midst of it a piece of elm wood, and after it had been sixteen hours thus covered up, they found in it a good body of fire and heat. By this means their fire never went out for eight months, and they found it a plan of great economy in fuel.

On the twelfth of September, drift ice came floating into the sound, on which they espied two sea-horses, a young and old one asleep, and taking an old harpoon iron which they found in the shed, they fastened a grapnel rope to it, and launched their boat in pursuit. Approaching warily, they struck the old one, and secured it. The young one, unwilling to abandon its parent, was also killed. This was a fortunate addition to their stock of provisions, with which these two animals were speedily placed. A third was captured on the nineteenth of the same month. The nights now began to be so long, and the weather so cold, that there was little hope of their getting any addition to their provisions, unless a chance bear might stray near them. They therefore took a survey of their stock, and found it not more than half the quantity which they estimated they should need. They therefore agreed to stint themselves to one reasonable meal a day, and to keep Wednesdays and Fridays as a sort of fast, upon the loathsome greaves of the whale, which are the scraps

of fat flung away after the oil is extracted ; this mode they pursued for three months.

They had now done all which human prudence could suggest in their situation to provide for their future wants. The coming time appeared dismal and gloomy enough to them. Their clothes and shoes were nearly worn out, and they endeavoured to repair them with rope yarn for thread, using whale-bone needles. The sea was frozen over by the tenth of October, and the cold was so severe, that it might bend down the boldest spirit. Now came the moment of trial, when they could be no longer active, and they were to be left to the reflections and imaginations of a situation where solitude was rendered more painful by idleness, and the mind, no longer employed in casting about for the means of preservation, was flung back upon itself. Their heads were filled with a thousand troubles and complaints. Their wives and children appeared before them in affliction, at their supposed unhappy fate. Some had parents, whom they fancied to be broken-hearted at their doom. Thus they in their leisure intermingled their apprehensions and bewailings, until hope would for a time again revive, and a prospect of surviving and returning home would cheer them. At one time they would complain of the conduct of their master, who had left them to their fate, and then they would find excuses for him, imagining he and his ship had been lost among the ice, and even lament his miserable end.

At length tormented in this manner, and suffering

from cold and privation, they seemed on the point of giving way to despair. They endeavoured with some success to resist their grief, and they supplicated God for strength and patience to bear their miseries. Soon they would cheer up again, fancying their prayers were heard, and determine to use the best means in their power to prolong their lives.

They now apprehended their firing might fail them before the winter was over, and they every day roasted half a deer, which they stowed away in hogs-heads, leaving only so much in a raw state, as would furnish them a quarter every Sunday, and also one for Christmas day.

■ This employment finished, again they began to dwell upon their miseries and their hardships, that, though they were preserved, they must still be as banished men bereft of all society. They thought of the hunger they might have to sustain, and in examining the greaves of the whale they had in store, discovered they were most of them injured by the wet they had taken from the sea water, having grown mouldy. Their bear and venison they found would not allow them so much as they had before estimated, so that they could only feast upon it three days a week, and were obliged to eat the spoiled greaves the other four, or go without food. They had now no more light: from the fourteenth of October to the third of February, the sun did not appear above the horizon, though the moon shone as bright as in England both day and night, except when, during the thick and dark weather, which was fre-

quent, she could not be seen. The day which had seemed to glimmer for eight hours in October, did not appear at all from the first to the twentieth of December, and prior to that time, the light had shortened with great rapidity. From the twentieth of December to the first of January, a little white glare appeared in the south, but no light, though, on the first of January, the day seemed to approach. The darkness rendered the times of day and night uncertain. Pelham tried to keep an account in his mind, by first recollecting the number of the epoch. He then made his addition by the supposed, though uncertain daylight, from which he judged the moon's age; and this enabled him to make a rule for the passing time. He was so correct as it happened, that, on the arrival of the ships in the next whaling season, he told them the day of the month correctly.

The continual darkness became so irksome to them, and the time hung so much heavier on their hands, that they endeavoured to find means of preserving a light. A piece of sheet lead which they found, they shaped into three lamps, rope-yarn serving them for wicks. Train-oil they found in sufficient quantity in the outer building, left by the ships. These lamps they kept constantly burning, and they found them a great relief in their dreary situation. Yet all could not secure them from desponding thoughts at times. They accounted themselves dead men, and their hut the dungeon where they awaited their doom. They would burst out into repinings at their state of suffering, and in their impatience arraign the causes of

their misery. Then their consciences would tell them it was in consequence of their own former loose lives, and that they were either reserved as examples in their punishment, or else to be objects of divine mercy in their deliverance. Then they fell to prayer, and humbling themselves two or three times a day. The same course they followed during the whole time of their confinement in the hut.

When the new year commenced, they found the cold increase so much, that at last it raised blisters on their skin, and on touching iron, it stuck like bird-lime to their fingers. When they went out to fetch water or snow, the cold would so chill them, that they felt as sore as if they had been beaten. Until the tenth of the month of January, they found water issuing out of an ice cliff, in a hollow near the sea shore, which they obtained by digging through the surface of the ice with a pickaxe. When the cold became too intense for this, they had recourse to snow water, which they melted by putting red hot irons into it, and this they were obliged to do until the end of May.

At the end of January, the days were several hours long; this enabled them more conveniently to survey their stock of victuals, when they found, to their dismay, it could not last them more than six weeks longer. They now began to dread that they were reserved to perish of famine, and they saw no hope of relief. On the third of February, they once more beheld the sun, the day was fair, clear, but exceedingly cold. The tops of the lofty mountains near them

once more reflected the glorious beams of the orb of day. The bright appearance of the light upon the dazzling white of the snow filled their hearts with the liveliest joy ; “ it seemed enough,” they said, “ to revive a dying man.” By this welcome light they perceived a bear and her cub approaching the Tent. They took their lances, the bear rushing upon them angrily, and they succeeded in destroying her very quickly : the cub, on seeing the fate of its dam, fled. They were driven into their hut by the cold, and obliged to warm themselves before they could cut up the animal. This served them for twenty days’ provision, and they found the flesh better than their venison. Some of them, however, ate the liver, after which they observed that their skins peeled off. Still they were afraid of being straitened again before the ships should arrive from England. The bears, however, continued to visit them, and they were fortunate enough to kill seven. One of these, which they despatched on the tenth of March, was of enormous size. They flayed and roasted them upon wooden spits, for their only cooking utensil was a frying pan, which they had found in the hut. Having now so good a stock of provisions, they ate two or three meals every day, and found their strength and spirits increase.

The season soon became more cheerful. One of their two dogs left them on the sixteenth of March, and never returned, having perhaps been devoured by bears. The wild fowl that resorted to the coast in Spring to breed, and feed on the small fish, began to appear, and the foxes to come forth from the holes

in which they burrow, and remain during the winter. The fowls being the food of the foxes, the seamen prepared three traps, baited with their skins, having caught some of these birds on the snow, where they had fallen and were unable to rise on the wing again. In these traps they caught fifty foxes, which they found good food, and with another kind of trap they captured sixty of the fowls, so that they were no more anxious about provisions.

On the first of May the weather got so much warmer, that they were able to go to a distance in search of their food: they met with nothing until the twenty-fourth, when they saw a fat buck, which their dog, from his idle life during the winter, could not hunt down, he being grown fat and lazy. They succeeded in getting about thirty bird's eggs, but the cold coming in again suddenly, prevented their obtaining more. The twenty-fifth of May, the cold being very severe, they were obliged to keep in their hut all day. They had been accustomed after the fine weather commenced to go frequently to the top of a mountain, to see if they could discern the water of the sea; the outermost ice had broken up and been carried away, but the sea was still three miles out from the shore near the hut, when it was last observed. The very day they thus remained in their hut, two vessels from Hull entered the Sound. The master well knew that the men had been left there the year before, and was anxious to discover if they were alive. He sent his boat from the ship, with orders, in case they could not reach the shore, to haul up the boat on the ice, and

walk over it to the hut or Tent. These men saw the boat belonging to the seamen in the Tent, and that it was prepared for sea the moment it was practicable, being dragged down to the water for that purpose. The sight of the preparations inside made them think, though they could not at first believe it, that those they came in search of were alive. They took the lances out of the boat, which had been put there with the intention, when the owners could go out, of searching for sea-horses. The sailors newly landed came towards the Tent without being perceived by its inmates, who were just about to go to prayers. They hailed it with a seaman's "Hoy!" and were answered with a "Ho!" which startled them, and made them halt, not crediting their senses. The men from the inner hut now appeared, in tatters and black with smoke. The Hull men were yet more amazed at the uncouth figures they cut: but soon recognising them for comrades, they went into their dwelling, drank a glass of water, and eat some of the venison cooked four months before.

The seamen now accompanied their old friends to the ship, where they remained until the London fleet came. They were impatient for news from their friends and relations, and their inquiries were earnest and reiterated respecting them. After fourteen days' nursing and good treatment on board ship, they grew perfectly well. Four of them went into the vessel again that had left them behind, the captain of which, notwithstanding their sufferings, treated them unkindly. Pelham, from whose narrative the

present is taken, remained in the vessel they first boarded, commanded by William Goodler; and leaving the coast of Greenland on the twentieth of August, reached the Thames in safety. The Muscovite Company treated them very kindly on their return home, as the feat they had performed was almost without precedent.

CHAPTER V.

Captain James's Narrative of his Sufferings in 1631.

THE following is the narrative of Captain Thomas James, when in search of a north-west passage in the reign of Charles the First. It was one of the earlier attempts to explain the mystery which Parry and Franklin have at last elucidated. The place where Captain James's vessel was frozen up, is in the southern end of Hudson's Bay. He was a bold and intrepid navigator, though he does not seem to have had much nautical experience. The expenses of his outfit were borne by a body of merchants, and James went under the patronage of Sir Thomas Roe. He chose one ship rather than two, and of no more than seventy tons. A good ship-boat and long-boat completed his equipage. He found that at ordinary allowance he could victual twenty-two men for eighteen months with this tonnage. This number was double what was needful to navigate the ship, which had been built as strong as possible. The victualling department was well served, and the crew were picked men, unmarried, sober, and active. He would not suffer any to join him who had been in the Polar Seas before. He provided himself with all journals and works which might help him, and with "staves, quadrants, compasses, and semi-circles," made by the best workmen. Every thing being put on board,

upon the second of May, 1631, Captain James repaired to his ship at Bristol, with a divine who preached them a sermon, and on the third of the same month they set sail for Milford. They did not leave Milford until the seventeenth. On the fourth of June they saw Greenland, and got among the ice. There they were beset, and one of their boats crushed, which they afterwards repaired. On the sixth they beat fearfully amongst huge masses of ice, and saw their blue angles projecting under their keel, fathoms below. At length, after much beating and tossing about, they got through them. Having passed Cape Farewell, they encountered a heavy sea, and saw ice-mountains higher than their mast-head. In the night of the seventeenth of June, they imagined they heard the break of the sea upon the shore, but it really broke upon an island of ice that lay aground. The noise was described as singularly hollow and frightful, like the deep roar of a cataract. It was so foggy they could not see beyond the ship. When day broke they discovered the Island of Resolution. The night had been so cold, that their sails and rigging were frozen. The fogs continued to envelop them, and the ice gathered round the ship. A strong tide ran into the strait. The fog spoiled their compasses, making them so heavy that they would not traverse (probably the card was exposed to the air, for Captain James recommends that they should be covered with Muscovy glass, or something that would keep out the moisture). They were now a second time hemmed in with ice,

though they could find no bottom with two hundred and thirty fathoms of line.

The wind set upon the shore, and the ship, as well as the floating ice around her, was driven towards it. The motion of the sea was new and strange. While they were thus situated, they were hurried among frigid masses, some of which were aground in forty fathoms of water. Pieces projected from these masses so far over the vessel, that they feared they would fall upon the deck and crush them. In this perilous situation, they contrived, by means of ropes and grapnels, to attach a couple of large pieces of ice to their sides, of such a depth under water, that in case of their approaching near the shore, the ice might get aground first. The floating ice, however, meeting and rubbing against the pieces which were attached to the sides of their ship, tore them away, together with the ropes and grapnels. These they contrived to save by means of their boats. They were still driving towards the shore, in such shallow water, that they could see the points of the rocks under their vessel at one time, while at another they were borne out into deep water again. At last they were constrained to let go an anchor, with only fifteen feet of water between their keel and the rocks. A piece of ice helped to bring them up, and they were at last able to warp out into three fathoms of water, under shelter of a piece of ice that had run aground, which served to break off the drift ice during the ebb tide, though at the flood they were very much distressed to keep clear of it. At full

tide, too, they found the mass that sheltered them afloat, and at length it drifted away from them, leaving the vessel exposed until ebb, when they regained its friendly shelter. All night they were employed in fastening their hawsers and cables high on the rocks, that the ice might float past under them. At length it began to blow and snow hard, and the ice was driven in again towards the shore. The flukes of their anchors were broken, and they were obliged to toil hard to repair the injury they had sustained. At the next ebb the loose ice drove the ship upon a sharp rock, and as the tide fell, she heeled over so that they could not stand in her, though they made cables fast to her mast, and strained them tight with their tackle to prevent it. All now seemed to be lost, and the crew getting upon a piece of ice, fell on their knees, praying God to be merciful to them. It was just an hour to the time of low water, and a foot and half of ebb was wanted to the level it had fallen the preceding tide. The ship lay so far over, that part of the forecastle was in the water; and at one time the cables gave way so, that she sunk half a foot lower at a slip. All at once they perceived the flood tide, and then the ship rose. As soon as the vessel was afloat, the crew laboured to move her further out, but the ice, which came driving in, put them to great distress. They were obliged to content themselves with getting as many pieces as they could between them and the shore. One piece, of three hundred paces in circumference, came upon their quarter, but luckily took the ground before it

could touch them. In a short time they were so hemmed in, that the ice might be walked over to a great distance. The next day the tide ebbed two feet lower than before: had it occurred while they were on the rock, their wreck would have been certain. The next ebb tide, the ice, stopped by the large piece which was on shore, gathered close around them; so that, with axes and iron bars, they were obliged to break away the rough angles, and to make way for it to drift by them. Their labour was not in vain; and they got so much of the ice between them and the rocks, that they remained for some time in tolerable security, though at low water the pieces on shore breaking asunder made a fearful thundering noise. The same day, Captain James went on the land, and they built up a large heap of stones, put a cross upon it, and called the place the "Harbour of God's Providence."

On the twenty-third of June, Captain James went on shore upon the eastern side where the ship lay, in hopes of finding some spot in which she might be safer than in her present position, and he succeeded in discovering a place among the rocks, which he thought might answer. Here he heard a terrible noise which arose from a large mass of ice breaking up. He feared that the vessel might have been ruined by it, and hastened therefore to the ship, but found all safe. He then sent his boat to sound the place he had seen; finally they unmoored and warped the ship away from the icebergs, of which they had scarcely got clear when the ice broke up. They were fortunate enough to get their vessel safely

into the cove which they had found, and making fast to the rocks, remained in comparative safety. On shore all was rocky and barren. Neither tree, herb, nor grass, grew there. The traces of foxes were discovered, but those of no other animals. This cove was in latitude $61^{\circ} 24'$.

A gale of wind springing up on the twenty-fourth, they set sail from the cove, which they named Price's Cove, and steered between great pieces of ice which were aground in forty fathoms of water, and twice as high out of it as their top-mast head. By noon they were again caught in the ice, which grated on the side of the vessel with so much violence, that they feared it would tear away the planks. Thus they were driven about from day to day, until the twenty-sixth. Not an acre of sea could be seen from the mast head. The weather was calm with sunshine, and bottom was found at one hundred and forty fathoms. The nights were very cold, and the rigging froze. The ponds of water upon the ice were frozen half an inch thick.

Until the fifth of July, they sailed continually through the ice, the weather sometimes foggy and oftentimes fine. They were in latitude $63^{\circ} 15'$, in the strait between the Island of Resolution and Digges Island. On the sixteenth they found it impossible to shape their course to the north-west, which was the great object of their voyage; and they then steered west-south-west, for Mansfield Island, the ice still besetting the ship and striking violent blows. They were now obliged to go upon half allowance of

bread, and two of the crew complained of being ill. On the evening of that day, they came to an anchor close to Mansfield Island, and some of them went ashore, but they had difficulty to recover their boat again, on their return, the weather had become so thick. The twenty-seventh they had clear weather, but on the twenty-eighth and ninth they were again enclosed by the ice, so that with all their sails set they did not move. They now left the ship with her sails set, and got upon the ice to recreate themselves. One piece was a thousand paces long. For the first time the crew began to murmur, thinking it impossible to get clear. Some conjectured the bay was covered over in a similar manner, and that it was doubtful if any land could be reached to winter upon. The nights were long, and so cold that they could not sail, and by day it was the same. Captain James encouraged the crew in the best way he was able, and they drank his Majesty's health upon the ice, not a soul being left on board, though all sail was set. But while endeavouring to cheer their spirits, Captain James felt that their murmuring was not without reason. It was but too probable they might be frozen up on the ocean, and in fear of it he ordered a fire to be made on board but once a day, lest in such a case the fuel should fall short. On the thirtieth they made some way through the ice, by breaking the angles of the shoals, and heaving the ship forward by main force. On the sixth of August they succeeded in getting into the open sea, tolerably free of ice. They now stood to the north-west, wishing to get

as high to the northward as possible, and on the eleventh saw land in latitude $59^{\circ} 40'$. The space they had crossed was from Digges Island to the western shore, a bay about one hundred and sixty leagues wide.

On the thirteenth of August, during foggy weather, they saw breakers ahead. They were then in nine or ten fathoms of water, but on luffing to clear them, they suddenly struck on the rocks, and were in great consternation, the ship having several sails set. They had scarcely taken them in, when two or three heavy seas lifted them over the ledge into three fathoms and a half of water. They now let go their anchor, and tried the pumps, but found the ship made no water, although she struck so violently three times, that they feared the mast would be carried away, and that the hull must have bulged. They now hoisted out a boat to find a channel by which they might free themselves, but there arose such a fog, that all sight of the vessel was lost: the wind subsided; by dint of firing the artillery, they recovered the vessel, and brought word they had found a passage where there was two fathoms and a half of water, and that it soon became deeper. They were surrounded where they lay with rocks and breakers, and gladly weighed anchor. They sailed over two rocky ledges, on which there were only fourteen fathoms of water; it then deepened to three, four, and fourteen, and again shoaled. They came to an anchor that night, and the next day prepared every thing on board to meet the exigencies of their

situation. On the seventeenth they stood to the southward, and at noon were six or seven leagues on the southern side of Port Nelson. On the twentieth they saw land in latitude 57° , and named it "The New Principality of South Wales." This is the territory on the south-western side of Hudson's Bay, where York Factory is at present situated, and terminates on the south shore of James's Bay, opposite East Main. In the evening they came to an anchor, and rode all night, and the next day and night, owing to a contrary wind. The ship laboured much. At nine p. m. it began to blow hard, and the vessel drove. They manned the capstan to heave in the cable, fearing they had lost their anchor. The latter now hooked the ground again; and the sea chopping, threw the men from the capstan. A small rope got foul of the cable, and about the leg of the master, who cleared himself only after a severe bruising. Two mates were hurt. One man barely escaped with life, and another was struck down by a blow on the breast. All were sorely bruised, but the unfortunate gunner's leg was caught between the cable and the capstan, his foot torn off, the flesh stripped from his leg, and the bone crushed to pieces. He lay crying in anguish, until the crew had recovered themselves, and were able to clear him. Eight men were hurt at this most critical moment; and while they were conveying the gunner below to the surgeon, the ship drifted into shoal water. A second time the anchor hooked fast, and they rode out the night safely. The gunner's leg was taken off near the

knee, and the wounds of all the men hurt were dressed. In this miserable plight, the crew comforted themselves as well as they could.

On the twenty-second, they found themselves in a little bay, out of which they immediately stood, and on the twenty-seventh came to high land. They anchored and sent a boat to the shore, well manned and armed. When the boat came back, the crew reported that they had seen a great deal of drift wood on the shore, and some trees, also tracks of various animals. On the twenty-ninth, they saw the vessel commanded by Captain Fox, which had been sent out to seek the north-west passage. Fox and some others from his ship went on board, and were entertained by Captain James, as well as he was able. They took their leave, and were seen no more. The weather, though but the end of August, now became very cold; they were still coasting along the land, when the surgeon announced that several of the crew were tainted with scurvy. September the third, they saw a headland, which they named Cape Henrietta Maria, in latitude $55^{\circ} 5'$. On the morning of the fourth they saw land, and it soon began to blow very hard from the south-east, with lightning, snow, and rain, such as none of them had ever before seen equalled. They shipped several very heavy seas, one of which they feared would cause them to founder, and they had great difficulty to keep things fast in the hold. On the fifth the wind shifted, but did not abate in violence; then it went back to its old quarter of the north-west, and blew with unabated

fury. The vessel laboured fearfully ; they were in an unknown sea, and the distress of all on board was pitiable. At night the storm broke up, and they had a little rest.

On the seventh they saw an island, named it Lord Weston's Island, and anchored at night among rocks and breakers, in a most dangerous spot, but fortunately the weather was calm. The next day Captain James went on shore. There he could not find either sorrel, scurvy-grass, or any kind of herb that would refresh the sick. They were now in latitude $52^{\circ} 45'$. On the twelfth it blew hard again, and the ship began to drive. They hove in the anchor, and sailed under courses, when soon after, by some blunder, the ship ran upon the rocks. The shock roused Captain James in his cabin, who sprang upon deck, thinking all was lost. They struck their sails, tore down the stern to bring the cable through the cabin to the capstan, laying out an anchor to heave astern. All the water was staved in the hold, and pumped out, and the coals thrown overboard, the ship still beating hard, and some of the sheathing of her bottom swimming by them. The cable broke with the purchase, and they then put out another, though from the water they had staved in the hold, they could not tell whether the ship leaked or not. It seemed to be taken for granted that she did ; and the carpenter's tools, a barrel of bread, one of powder, six muskets, some match, a tinder box, fish-hooks, lines, pitch, and oakum, were put into the boat, and taken on shore in the miser

able hope of prolonging life for a few days more. The vessel beat for five hours, and did not strike less than a hundred times, the crew thinking each blow must be the last ; yet they did not perceive that she made any water, and at length she beat clear over the rocks. The pumps were now tried, and she proved leaky. They got farther from the shore, and came to an anchor, but it began to blow fresh again, when, had they been still on the rocks, they must inevitably have perished.

On the thirteenth they were completely beleaguered with rocks in the midst of fog. Captain James resolved to go down to the bottom of Hudson's Bay, and see if he could discover a passage into the "river of Canada," and, failing of that, to winter on the main land, which was better than to perish among rocks and shoals. On the fourteenth they saw land, which scarcely cheered them with a glimpse than it came on to blow a storm again, and they gave themselves up once more for lost. Again it cleared, and land appeared once more, for which they bore up, and rode safely in a good anchorage all night—a thing necessary to give them rest from their incessant toils. They lost one of their boats before they could make the anchorage, and that which they had left was much damaged. On the nineteenth they anchored under another island, and the carpenter repaired their only boat. Captain James went on shore, but found neither herb, flesh, nor fowl, and returned "comfortless" on board. The wind still continuing northerly, so that they could not get round into the bay,

they began to deliberate on the best course to be pursued. Some were for going to Port Nelson, where there was a safe cove for the ship, but Captain James thought it a very dangerous spot on account of the ice. It was then so cold that the rigging froze every night, and in the morning they had to clear the deck of snow half a foot deep. To shape their course towards a colder climate, did not seem advisable. It was resolved, therefore, to steer to the southward in search of some place of security for the ship. Miserably tossed about until the twenty-second, they were rejoiced to see another island, which they made, and went on shore to look for some creek to lay up the vessel. This was now become necessary, as she leaked much, and the crew were sick, dispirited, and exhausted from incessant labour. They had great difficulty in getting to their boat again, being obliged to wade in the sea, while it froze and snowed bitterly, and not without peril they regained their ship. The island they named Sir Thomas Roe's Island; it lay in latitude $52^{\circ} 10'$.

On the twenty-fifth, the weather being stormy with snow and hail, they were encompassed with shoals and obliged to anchor; and in much the same state, expecting every day to terminate their miseries, the time passed until the first of October. They were still in the midst of rocks and shoals, from which it seemed as if they would never be disentangled. They got out their boat to find a channel, and after unparalleled hazards, they at length freed themselves. On the second they landed upon an island,

which they called the Earl of Derby's Island. Traces of savages were seen upon it; it was well wooded; from the high ground nothing but rocks and shoals could be seen to the southward, worse even than those they had already passed. It was now the setting in of winter in a frigid climate, and the prospects of the crew were full of gloom. Captain James attempted in vain to find a creek or river to bring the vessel into, that she might lie in some sort of security; he regained his ship with great difficulty. The weather continued severe and stormy till the sixth, when they stood in nearer to the shore, and came to an anchor. On the seventh, it snowed all day, blowing a storm, and they were obliged to clear the deck with shovels. It froze so hard that the bows of the ship and her figure-head were cased in it, and the cable became as large round, from accumulated ice, as a man's body, so that they were forced to hew it away. The sun shone clear, yet they were obliged to tear the topsails out of the tops, they being one entire lump of ice, nor had the sun the least power in thawing them. The bows of their boat were covered with ice half a foot thick, which they were obliged to beat off; and when they attempted to reach the land, they could not get through the water nearest the shore, it was so thick with the snow which had fallen on the sands at low water. With four oars they found it difficult to land at all. They now cut a large quantity of wood, and took it on board, fearing that in a short time they would be unable to perform such a necessary duty. On board the ship every-

thing froze even in the hold, and by the side of the fire.

The sails were now found to be useless; and this circumstance, which clearly showed that the vessel could not be navigated any longer during the cold season, convinced them that they must winter where they had now anchored. Wood for three months' consumption had been got on board, and it seems to have been still doubted what course to take, when the sick men implored that some hut or hovel might be built for them on the shore, where they would find a better shelter, and recover more rapidly, than in the vessel. This request was complied with. The carpenter and assistants were landed, and went to work immediately. Captain James and others set out into the woods to see if he could find any trace of savages, in order that they might be on their guard against them, but they found none. The snow now lay half way up the leg in depth, and they returned to where their companions were at work upon their house in a most comfortless plight. In the mean while the topsails were taken down and thawed before a large fire, and then stowed away. The next day they took down the mainsail, thawed it, and took it ashore to cover their house, which was accomplished the same evening. Six of the crew, who were employed in erecting it, slept that night within its shelter, having two dogs with them, and also fire-arms. The next night the hut was ready to receive its inmates.

On the fifteenth of October, a party that had gone out to hunt returned with a lean deer which they

had brought twelve miles, and reported they had seen others. This party consisted of the six men who erected the house. They had wandered above twenty miles, and had slept the night of the fourteenth in the woods. They did not recover the suffering from the cold for several days. They met no wild beasts, nor did they see any harbour for the ship. Notwithstanding their sufferings, six others set out on the seventeenth to explore the island. They encountered more misery than the preceding party. They returned much disabled with the cold, having lost the gunner's mate, who to save distance had attempted to cross a pond about a quarter of a mile over. The ice gave way near the centre, and closed upon him, so that he was never seen again. Up to the last day of October the cold was very severe, and the month ended with a snow-storm.

On the first of November they surveyed their provisions, which they found as much in quantity as they could expect, owing to careful management and saving. A similar survey Captain James made every month. On the third the boat could not get ashore through the congealed water, but on the fourth they succeeded in getting it to the land, but were only able to do so afterwards once in two or three days. On the ninth they carried a barrel of beer ashore to the men in the hut, where in one night it froze through. When thawed in a kettle this beer did not taste well, and they were obliged to break the ice ponds to obtain water to drink, but it was bad in smell; and at last they were forced to sink a well

near the house, in which the water was found good ; they thought it had the taste of milk.

The carpenter now set about making a small boat, which might be carried by hand over the ice. The latitude of the place was found to be 52° . Traps were set to catch foxes. On the twelfth their house took fire, but it was fortunately extinguished before any serious mischief had occurred. They were forced to keep up a large fire day and night, but afterwards a watch was continually kept over it, for if their house and clothing had been lost, there was no chance of their surviving the rigour of the season. Captain James slept on shore till the seventeenth of November, during which period their sufferings continued to increase, and it was constantly snowing and freezing. The ship appeared like a lump of ice ; the snow around her was frozen, and shoreward it was firm ice. Captain James now went on board, where the long night was spent by him in bitter and anxious thoughts on their situation, for in the day there seemed no hope of saving the vessel. Indeed he began to think there was little hope for their lives, and that nature could not endure the miserable state in which they were much longer.

The gunner, whose leg had been taken off in consequence of the accident at the capstan, was now grown very weak. He saw he had but a short time to live, and begged that he might be allowed to drink unmixed sack, most probably, to lessen his misery. Captain James granted his request. On the morning of the twenty-second, death put an end

to his bitter sufferings. A close boarded cabin had been allotted him in the gun-room, and as many clothes as were needful, together with a pan of coals and a large fire. Notwithstanding this, the plaister froze at his wounded stump, and his bottle of wine at his head. His companions committed him to the sea a considerable distance from the vessel.

On the twenty-third the ice began to increase. The snow lay in flakes in the water as it fell, and a good deal of ice drifted by the ship, which fortunately escaped without receiving any fresh injury. In the evening, after the watch was set, a very large piece of ice came down, at least a quarter of a mile broad, followed by four other pieces, each of equal size to the first. They now feared the ship would be forced upon the rocks by the pressure. The anchor and cable bore the stress of these floating masses, sometimes even stopping them, without breaking. On board they fired off their muskets as signals of distress to those in the house, but in vain, for they could not afford them assistance. The ice, at length, drifted past without doing any material injury. The next day a piece came foul of the cable, and the ship drove. Captain James now determined to run the ship aground; neither anchors nor cables could hold her where she lay. The weather was fine and the sun shone warm; the wind blew upon the shore. The ship was brought into twelve feet water, and preparations were made to run her on the shore when it became necessary. They were in hopes some rocks which were near would keep off the floating ice.

They then lay a mile from the dry land. In the night, however, the ice driving down upon them, the anchors came home, and the ship drove two cables length. The wind fortunately blew upon the shore, and the ship running aground stopped the ice, which, notwithstanding, did no fresh injury. The following day the wind again changed, and brought down much ice upon them. At flood-tide they toiled hard, drawing home their anchors by main strength, and endeavouring once more to run the ship aground. Still she drove to the eastward, and they had great fears she would drift on the rocks. The weather for two days had been fine warm sunshine, or they could not have borne the exposure. The wind now coming round to the south, the topsails were brought up from below, where they had been stowed away, and being hoisted, the ship was forced ashore when she had drifted within a short distance of the rocks; they then broke a channel through the ice, and put out an anchor towards the shore in five feet water, to keep the ship firm. They feared being driven out to sea and starved, as they supposed was the fate of Sir Hugh Willoughby, the recollection of whom added greatly to their depression at such a moment.

About nine o'clock the same night, the wind blew a storm from the north-west, which sent away all the ice. A rolling sea came in with a surf, and the ship was still aground. She soon began to roll and then to beat. The crew stood, some to the capstan and some to the pumps, expecting every blow would break her up. They hove with all their might to keep her

bottom to the ground, till, from the wind making a high flood-tide, they were doubtful if they should ever be able to get her afloat again, even if she were able to swim. About two in the morning she seemed to settle from the tide falling. The crew, exhausted by toil, now endeavoured to restore themselves by sleep, with the miserable expectation of having to renew their labour again the next tide. In the morning, however, they found the ship remain stationary, and thus they had an interval of rest. They went to prayers, and the captain held a consultation with his officers, and proposed that as they were in the utmost peril, all the provisions should be taken ashore, and that when the wind came from the north they should draw the ship further off the shore, and sink her. By this means there was a better chance of preserving her. They all agreed to it and communicated the scheme to the crew. They then got ashore their provisions with a great deal of labour, owing to the frozen snow and water.

On the twenty-seventh, the bay in which they lay became again full of ice, which they hoped would freeze, and thus prevent the necessity of sinking the vessel. In the mean time the carpenter prepared a place towards the keel to sink the ship at a moment's notice. On the twenty-ninth it blew hard; and expecting it might shift to the northward, the cooper was ordered into the hold to stave the casks, or get up such as were empty, to coil the cables on the lower tier, and get all ready. It soon began to blow a storm from the north-west. The ship was already

bedded two feet in the sand, and yet she rolled so that they could scarcely keep their feet. The captain now let in the water, but she would not sink as fast as they hoped and expected, but continued to beat in such a manner that they thought no ship could have borne it without going to pieces. At length the lower tier rose and beat about the inside of the vessel, knocking the bulkheads of the bread and powder rooms to pieces, the chests and casks rolling about wildly; and the water dashing and flying in such a manner from side to side, that they expected to see the ship's frame break up every moment. The rudder was soon gone; the sea at last came to the upper deck, and the vessel settled down. Unfortunately they had none of them preserved their clothes, nor the surgeon his medicine-chest. A part of the crew were already on shore looking upon these operations, almost dead with cold and misery, and pitying the sufferings of those on board. Night closed the miserable scene. Those in the ship got into the boat, expressing their attachment to their commander, as loth to part from him, but he informed them he should accompany them to the land. There were seventeen in the boat, all fearful that they had but exchanged one misery for another. The ebb-tide had set in, and the water was so thick with snow, that they feared they should not be able to make head against it, but, being carried out to sea, perish miserably there. With much labour, double manning four oars, they got to the land and hauled up their boat. They now greeted their comrades on shore, who scarcely

knew them by their voices or appearance, they were frozen in the face, hair, and dress.

The party now went along the beach towards the house, where a good fire was made. They thawed themselves, and took for refreshment bread and water, being all they had to comfort them. Their conversation turned principally on the fate of their ship. The carpenter thought she had foundered, and would never again be serviceable. He contended she had been so shook and beaten, that her beams must have opened, and that as there was no creek or cove near, where she could be laid up, he could devise no mode of repairing her. Moreover, the rudder was gone, and he had no iron to hang another. Some said she had been hove so high on the sand that she was already docked three feet in it, and could not be got off, others that the ice would destroy her, that her anchors which were under the ice would be broken by it, and there would be none on board for use if they were able to get her off. Captain James bade them be of good heart and trust in God; that if they were to end their days there, they were as near Heaven in that spot as in England; that they were by no means past hope—they might, as others had done, build a boat, and recover their friends again; that nothing was too hard for courageous minds, which they had so far shown, and he doubted would not fail to show again. They all protested they would do their utmost, and obey the captain even to their deaths. To the carpenter, in return for his willingness and spirit, Captain James promised a fixed re-

ward, and 'also that he would not forget those who distinguished themselves if he got to England. It was then resolved to build a new boat frame with the wood which they might obtain on the island; and if the ship should not be found serviceable in the spring, to plank the boat with her timbers. Matters thus decided, they all huddled round their fire, and went to sleep.

On the thirtieth, the captain made the surgeon cut his hair short, and take off his beard, for icicles hung from both, and gave him intolerable pain. The crew followed the example.

They now prepared themselves for their future labours. They were anxious to get some clothes and provisions, for when the tide fell, there remained of course but little water in the vessel. The master was appointed with those under him to go on board and get the things out of the hold, the coxswain and others to bring them ashore, while the captain and the rest were to carry them nearly half a mile to where they proposed building a storehouse. The heavier things were to remain upon the beach. The party succeeded in getting on board, and made a fire there as a signal. They also got some things out of the hold upon the deck, but as night came on speedily they dared not venture to come on shore, but were nearly starved to death with cold on board, being obliged to remain all night in the ship. The next day it was so cold that they walked on the ice to the ship, where the boat had gone the day before, and carried back in bundles a good quantity of food, and

much of their bedding and clothes, which they dug out of ice within the vessel. The next day the weather fell mild again, and some of the crew venturing on the ice fell through, and were with difficulty recovered. No visit could, therefore, be made to the vessel, and they began building their storehouse. The third of December, numerous large pieces of ice were stopped by the ship as they floated by, but they afforded no passage across. The boat reached the vessel, and was loaded; but as it then drew four feet of water, it could not come within a good distance of the shore, and the men were obliged to wade through the freezing water to carry the things upon their backs—a sight extremely painful, from the misery they endured. The boat at length got frozen in the tackles; she could not be lifted upon deck from the weight of ice about and within her, and it was left.

On the tenth the carpenter found timber to make a keel and stern for the new boat. The crew were principally employed in getting the provisions on shore until the thirteenth, when they dug their boat out of the ice with great toil, and then got her upon it. In this service many had their noses, cheeks, and fingers frozen as white as paper. The cold increased, and on the nineteenth they could get nothing more out, leaving five barrels of beef and pork, all their beer, and other things, frozen up in the hold.

The twenty-first was so cold that none of them could venture out of the house. They attempted on the twenty-third to drag their boat ashore, by running her over the oars; but by ten o'clock in the

morning the fog came on so thick that it was dark as night ; and though they made haste to the shore they discovered it with difficulty, losing each other in the gloom. At last they all met in their house dreadfully frozen. Upon some the cold raised blisters, which they imagined arose from coming too quick to the fire out of the freezing atmosphere. Their well too was frozen up, so that they could get no water. Melted snow they found unwholesome, and fancied that it made them short-breathed. Wine, vinegar, oil, and everything liquid, were frozen hard as wood, and were cut with a hatchet. Their house was iced over on the inside, and things froze within a yard of the fire. Yet the latitude differed but little from that of London, a proof that two centuries ago the American continent had the same severity of winter temperature that at present distinguishes it so much from the " Old World."

They were fortunate enough to find a spring under the snow, about three-quarters of a mile from their house, which did not freeze so hard but that by breaking the ice water could be obtained. They had great difficulty and toil in getting a stock of wood for their fuel at this time, owing to the depth of the snow through which they were obliged to carry it. Their bedding and provisions being now all arranged, they determined to keep Christmas-day as joyfully as possible in their circumstances, and also St. John's day. They named the wood in which they were wintering, " Winter's Forest."

The house which they constructed was placed in

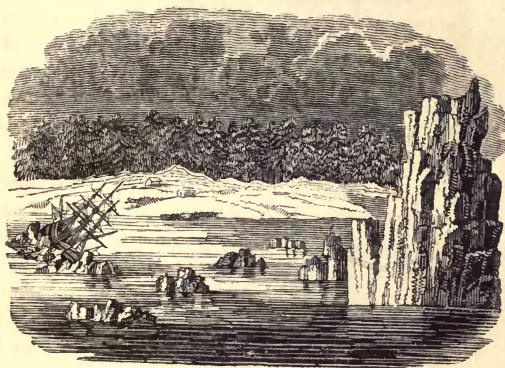
the warmest situation they could find, yet as near to the ship as possible. It lay among a tuft of thick trees, under a southern bank, a short distance from the shore. They could not dig to sink this house in the ground, which had else made it warmer, for they found water within two feet of the surface. The soil was a fine white sand, so they could not construct a mud wall if the frost had allowed. Stones there were none, nor had they boards. They therefore marked out a spot twenty feet square, being the size their main canvass would conveniently cover. Then they drove strong stakes into the ground; these they wattled with boughs, beating them down very close to the height of six feet. The gable ends were ten feet high, and left open at the top corners for the smoke to pass out, and the light to come in. At both ends three rows of thick bushy trees were placed on end quite close. Then trees, cut as far as possible from the house, in lengths of two yards, were piled up to the thickness of six feet at the sides, and ten at the ends. A very small low door was left to creep in at, and a porch was erected before it, made of piles of wood, that the wind might not blow in. A rough tree was placed lengthwise over all, upon which rafters rested, and then the main course upon them, which reached the ground on both sides. Within, other sails were made fast to the walls; and on three sides, stakes driven into the ground formed a double tier of bedstead frames, the lowest being a foot from the ground. These were first filled with boughs, then some spare sails were laid upon them, and then each

man's bedding and clothes. The hearth for the fire was made in the centre, and some boards were placed round it to stand upon, and keep the cold from their feet. Some made their waste clothes serve for canopies and curtains, and others the small sails.

The second house was erected about twenty feet distant from the first, somewhat smaller, made also of wattling, and covered with the fore course. It had no piles on the south side, but the wall consisted of the chests of the crew piled up: the heat reflected from the fire upon them and back again, made it warmer than the other house. Here the victuals were dressed, and the common sailors generally remained during the day. A third house, made of a rough tree, rafters resting against it from the ground, and covered with a new set of sails, was built at some distance, for fear of fire. On the inside, upon small trees covered with boughs, the stock of bread and fish was laid about two feet from the ground, to preserve it more carefully. The other stores lay about less regularly. The two inhabited houses long before Christmas were covered with snow, which nearly reached the roof from the ground. The storehouse was buried in it. This made both houses warmer. They could not go out unless they made paths in the snow, middle deep in some places, treading down the snow after shovelling a good quantity aside: by this means it made a hard walk for such of the sick as could venture forth on a fine day. These walks they extended by degrees farther and farther. They succeeded on the twenty-seventh

of December in getting their boat on shore, and they brought up their provision from the beach to the storehouse, but not without excessive labour and suffering, having to make a path with shovels through the deep snow from the sea-side to the hut.

In this hut they saw the close of the year 1631. The first of January set in extremely cold. By an observation of the latitude, the weather being clear sunshine, it was found, no doubt owing to refraction, to be $51^{\circ} 52'$. Every day in this month the cold was extreme. On the twenty-first they remarked that the sun appeared to rise of an oval figure along the horizon. It was twice as long as it was broad, but as it got higher it assumed its usual circular form. On the thirtieth and thirty-first, early in the night, there appeared more stars in the heavens than they had ever seen by two-thirds at least. The lightish nebulous appearance in Cancer was full of stars. The "via lactea" consisted of nothing but small stars, while the Pleiades were clouded with them. When the moon got up, about ten o'clock, they were not to be seen in greater numbers than usual. The wind had been northerly, and the cold was extreme, yet at intervals they worked upon their boat and fetched wood. The sea was frozen over as far as the eye could see early in the month. It was remarked that the men found it less painful to wade through the water in December than in June, when the sea bore floating ice, notwithstanding the severer degree of cold. The ground was now frozen to the depth of ten feet. In February the cold continued as severe as



CAPTAIN JAMES'S WINTERING PLACE.

in the preceding month. The unfortunate seamen now began to complain of sore mouths; their teeth became loose, their gums swollen, and the black flesh which increased upon them was obliged to be cut away daily. The pain was so great they could not eat their ordinary food. Some had pains in their heads and breasts, others in their backs, others swellings of the legs, and aching pains in the knees and thighs. Two-thirds were soon under the surgeon's care, and yet in this deplorable state they were forced to go daily to fetch wood, though most of them had no shoes to wear. Their store shoes were all sunk in the ship, and those they had, upon coming to the fire out of the snow, were burned. They bound clouts about their feet, and laboured by that means to perform their duties. They seem to have been an excellent set of men, cheerful in privation, and obedient in suffering. The carpenter next fell ill, to the dismay of all, for his skill was a main prop to their hope of seeing England again. Neither clock nor watch, though kept in a chest of clothes by the fire, would go. The cold in any open spot, such as that upon the ice in the way to the ship, was sometimes not endurable at all; no clothes were proof against it, no exercise resisted it. The hair on their eyelids was frozen, so that they could not see if they attempted to brave it at those periods. The cold in the woods was not so severe, though it would bite any joint or exposed part of the body. The inside of the house was now hung with icicles. The clothes on the beds sparkled with hoar frost though near

the fire. The cook's tubs, which stood not a yard from the fire, and in which melted snow-water was poured in the day, were frozen to the bottom if he slept but one watch at night.

On the first of March they kept holiday, it being St. David's day. On the fifteenth, one of the men, thinking he had seen a deer, set out with others in the pursuit, but they returned in the evening so disabled with the cold, that it was a fortnight before they recovered their former state of health. Blisters of the size of walnuts came upon their legs and feet. On the twenty-sixth, three others set out on the same errand, and returned still worse, and more disabled. That evening the moon was observed to rise of a very long oval in the horizon, as the sun had done once before. The carpenter, who was so weak as to be led to his work, had contrived by the end of the month to set up seventeen ground timbers, and thirty-four straddles of the projected boat. These timbers were not obtained without vast toil and labour. Three men were sent with a mould of the crooked piece of timber required. They were forced to wade and scramble through the snow in the terrible cold of the climate. When they saw a tree likely to do, they were first obliged to clear away the snow round it, and then try the mould. If it did not do after all, they were obliged to go in search of another that did. When they found one fitting, they were obliged to thaw it with a fire, or they could not cut it, and it was then to be got home a mile through the snow. Under the circumstances in respect to cold, scanty

food, and the ill health of the greater part of the crew, such labour must have been almost beyond human strength. They were obliged to search out dry trees for fuel and fell them; for green wood made a smoke so thick that it could not be borne, and the men would rather have perished of the cold than sat by it. The trees too which they procured so abounded in turpentine, that they were blackened all over. Their clothes were scorched, and hung in pieces. Their fuel was still to be brought home through the snow, and all that was selected for the carpenter's use it was necessary to thaw. The healthy had to wait upon the sick, of whom by Easter day there were five unable to do anything, and one of these was unfortunately the carpenter. The boatswain was very weak, and only five retained enough appetite and strength to devour their daily allowance of food. In fact, though they kept Easter-day, which was that year the first of April, with religious solemnity, and talked around their fire of their situation, it seemed they were never in a more fearful state, nor hope more distant. The weather was still intolerably cold, not the slightest mitigation of its intensity had taken place. The boat was not half finished, and the carpenter was growing worse. The ship appeared to be full of solid ice, which they imagined must have opened all her seams, especially after the blows she had received. As the result of a good deal of discussion, it was agreed, notwithstanding their miserable and helpless plight, that the first moment the warm weather would allow of it,

they should endeavour to clear the hold and ascertain her state, that they might afterwards be enabled to take some other step in the event of her proving inefficient. They took the first opportunity, therefore, of mustering such tools as might be useful for that object, more particularly to dig the ice out of the hold. They had but two iron bars and two damaged shovels, yet they planned to throw it out over the larboard-bow, to serve as a defence against the floating ice when breaking up, fearing else it might tear the ship to pieces.

On the sixth of April the snow fell deeper than ever it had done before. All their paths to the wood were filled up; its nature was moister than that which had fallen earlier in the season, which was dry as dust, and drove before the wind like fine sand. The weather did not alter until the fifteenth. It was observed by Captain James, that in the clear fine weather he could not see a little island about four leagues off, but if it was misty, he saw it from the lowest ground; this he ascribed to refraction.

On the sixteenth, they had a day of comfortable sunshine, and began to clear the snow off the deck of the ship. They made a fire in the cabin, (which it appears the water had not reached,) to dry and warm it. On the seventeenth, they dug down through the ice to get out an anchor which had been in shoal water, and succeeded in taking it up and putting it on board. The next day they tried to dig down to the place near where they thought their rudder might be. They came to the water, but could not

meet with what they sought: they judged that, if the ice broke up, there would be no chance of its recovery, as it would be driven to sea with the ice. On the nineteenth, they continued to mine in the ice, and the master and two men, who had supped on shore, requested that they might be allowed to sleep in the ship's cabin, by which they would escape hearing the groans and sufferings of the sick during the night, who were now enduring intolerable anguish.

They laboured so hard on board, that by the twenty-first they reached a cask, and could perceive there was water in the hold, which they knew could not arise from thaw, as it then froze hard both day and night in the ship as well as on land. Two days afterwards they were able to get at some beer, which proved good, except tasting a little of bilge water. It greatly refreshed them all, particularly the sick. They now thought the water they had found had stood in the ship all the winter, and that the holes they had cut to sink the ship were frozen up. The following day they found, on going to work, that the water had risen above the ice. It had blown hard during the night, and in the morning blew off the land, which led them to hope that the water would fall to its lowest point at ebb-tide. They began outside to cut through the ice down to the lowest hole they had made in the ship's bottom. For this purpose they toiled all night, and found the place unfrozen; the water within having fallen to a level with the hole, and without, a foot below it. They secured

the hole as tight as they could; the others they had made they found frozen. By this means they were easier able to discover if the water came in by a leak, when the flood-tide rose. This irksome labour was undertaken that, in case the vessel were a wreck, and escape by her became hopeless, they might get to the main land, from the island, over the ice, before it broke up. There were now but four who were able to travel over the snow. Their only boat was too small, and too much injured to carry them. The one they had laid down was not finished, and the carpenter was dying. Thus gloomy and fearful were their prospects, as the season which should bring them hope was advancing.

On the twenty-fifth of April, the water was observed to rise above the place they had closed up on the outside where they had dug down, but not within the ship. This encouraged them greatly, and those who could, fell to work with alacrity, to clear the ice out of the hold. They tried to thaw the pumps, by pouring hot water into them continually, and succeeded with one of them the next day, as it delivered the water very freely, which did not rise upon them in the hold. Rain fell on the twenty-ninth of April, by which they knew that the rigorous season was breaking up. The last day of April was very cold, with snow and hail, which made the sick suffer more than they had ever done before. It being May-day eve, notwithstanding their distress, they determined to commemorate it. Returning late from their labour on board, they made a good fire, chose their ladies, and wore their names

in their caps, as if in England, trying every mode to keep up their spirits. How dependent the bodily health is upon the spirits in similar circumstances they well knew.

That they escaped with life as they had done from the scurvy, must be ascribed to their bodily exertions. Their diet, especially what they called their porridge, was the very food to promote that disease. It was made of the broth in which their salt beef was boiled. The cook boiled the next night's supper the day before, in a kettle of water, with a quart of oatmeal. The meat in an hour was taken out, and the broth boiled to half the quantity: this must have made it salter and more injurious. They called it porridge, eating it with bread as hot as they could bear. They then took salt fish for the solid part of their meal. Pork and pease made their Sunday's dinner, and the beef, before mentioned, their supper, so that at night they had always something warm, which they felt a great comfort. As might be expected, however, soon after Christmas they were attacked with scurvy. When their mouths became sore, they could eat neither beef, fish, nor even porridge. They were obliged to pound bread or oatmeal in a mortar until it was fine, and eat it fried with oil, or pease boiled to a soft paste. They caught a few foxes in the winter, which they boiled for the sick. Some of the crew were so ill they could not move in their beds, and it was necessary to attend them like infants. Others were crippled by the attacks of the disorder, and all were more or less affected. The surgeon

every morning cut away the dead flesh from their gums, during which they themselves bathed their extremities and legs in a decoction of any herb or leaf they could procure, boiled over the fire. This softened the diseased parts, and though, when they got up, scarcely able to stand, they could then go out and move about. At night it was necessary to bathe their limbs again, and dress their mouths. Such was the state of acute misery they encountered; and, what is more extraordinary, the greater part of them survived. The captain had providently kept untouched a tun of Alicant wine, wisely judging that, in the spring, they would stand in most need of it. Of this mingled with water, although it had been frozen, and was weak, they made a tolerable beverage. The sick had a pint of the pure wine, daily, and also a dram of brandy every morning. No wiser disposal of what little they had at their command could be adopted.

On May-day they went again to the ship to throw out ice. The next day the snow fell, and it was so cold they were obliged to keep within their house. This unexpected bad weather affected the sick so much, that they grew worse; they could not be taken out of bed without fainting, and animation was often with difficulty restored to them. On the third, those who were able went again upon the ice to the ship. The snow on the land had begun to melt, and was plashy. On the fourth, the captain and surgeon went out, to see if they could shoot wild fowl for the sick, geese and crows beginning to appear; but they were too wild

to be approached. On the sixth, the master's chief mate died, and they buried him upon the top of a sand-hill, which they called Brandon Hill ; his name was John Warden. It now froze again of a thickness sufficient to bear a man's weight.

On the ninth, they had worked so hard in their ship, that they got up five barrels of beef and pork, which they had been compelled to leave on board, and four butts of beer, and one of cyder, which they found to be very good. A day or two after they met with their store shoes, soaked in sea water, but they contrived to dry and use them. They struck down their cables into the hold, and prepared to sink the ship again, if it should be needful when the ice broke up. They could not find that she leaked, though the carpenter still contended that she must do so, from the shocks which she had received. The rudder, however, was still wanting. They were as much as ever the prey of apprehensions by no means calculated to aid their hope of ultimate deliverance.

On Sunday the thirteenth, the weather was tolerably warm, though it froze at night ; patches of bare land now began to appear. The next day they commenced putting together the rigging, which had received much damage. They prepared to float the vessel on casks, by passing cables under her, if it should be requisite. A party was sent to kill wild fowl for the sick, who were obliged to manufacture their own shot. They sowed a little spot of ground with pease, hoping to have something green for the sick in a short time. On the eighteenth, to the

despondency of all, William Cole, the carpenter, died ; he was greatly beloved. Three others of the crew lay expecting death every hour. The carpenter they buried near the master's mate, all who were able to attend following him to his last resting-place with heavy hearts. The poor carpenter, despite his illness, had laboured until he had got the boat ready for bolting and treenailing, and the survivors hoped to render her serviceable, if the ship should fail. Her size was twenty-seven feet in length, by ten, and her burthen twelve or fourteen tons. The same evening the body of the gunner, committed to the deep so long before, and at such a distance from the ship in deep water, was found under the gun-room ports, and dug out of the ice, as free from decay as when first committed to the ocean ; but the flesh was loose upon the bones. They carried the body and interred it by the carpenter and his comrade. A mournful and depressing scene terminated another week of suffering and privation.

The snow was now rapidly disappearing. There was a high tree, which they called their "watch-tree," growing upon a lofty part of the island. Upon this they climbed, but could not yet see water. Whit-Sunday, the twentieth, they kept with due solemnity, and made a meal of wild-fowl. On the twenty-second, they pumped their ship dry. The days became so warm now, that they could scarcely bear the sultriness. Hot glooms came over, but in the nights it froze, so that the alternation was painful, and the sick seemed worse.

On the twenty-fourth, the ice broke all along the bay with a fearful noise, and began to move by the ship, on which they determined to sink her again. They were fortunate enough to recover their rudder and get it on board. The ice now began to drift in heaps along the shore, and on the rocks. The sight was a joyful one to them, and they returned thanks to God for it. They kept the twenty-ninth, the birthday of Prince Charles, (afterwards Charles II.,) and named the island "Charlton Island," and on the thirtieth, were able to communicate with the ship by means of their boat. The last of May they found some vetches growing, which they picked and boiled for the sick. They got all their rigging ready, dried their fish in the sun, and packed it anew. Except the captain and master, not one of them could eat the salt provisions. It was remarkable that, up to this time, not one of them had been troubled with colds or similar complaints.

June now commenced with snow of four days duration, and the pools out, and the vessels of water in the house, were frozen over. Their clothes, which they had washed and hung up to dry, remained frozen all day long. On the fifth, it blew hard, yet they got up an anchor and cable which had lain in the ice all the winter, and were uninjured. They attempted to hang the rudder; and some of them, venturing into the water to assist, could not endure the cold many minutes without fainting. By the eighth, at night, the ship had again been pumped dry, and at high water was afloat in the dock she had made for her-

self in the sand. They next proceeded to lighten her, and heave overboard her ballast. The sick, who had been fed on vetches, began to mend so much, that those who could not sit up for two or three months before, were able to move about the house. Thrice a day greens were gathered, washed and boiled, and eaten with thawed oil and vinegar; many of them ate nothing else. Herbs were also bruised and mixed with their drink, or eaten raw upon bread.

On the eleventh, they succeeded in hanging their rudder. The sea was still frozen as far as could be seen from the watch-tree. The latitude of the island was again observed, and found to be $52^{\circ} 3'$: it is probable that the imperfection of the instruments used in those days may account for the difference in their observations. On the sixteenth, the weather was hot, and the crew went into the ponds to cool themselves, but found them very cold. Flies now appeared of various kinds, with such an abundance of fierce and blood-thirsty mosquitoes, that they were more tormented by them than by the cold weather. Ants in abundance and frogs were observed, but the latter looked so like toads, the seamen were afraid to eat them. No bears, foxes, or fowls, were yet seen. On the sixteenth, the wind blew from the north, and they expected a high tide. That day they hove the ship into deeper water, and returned thanks to heaven for their success. The next day they stowed a good deal of ballast, and on the nineteenth saw open water from their watch-tree, for the first time, by which they expected the breaking up of the ice to take place

soon. They now perceived rocks and stones all around them, so that, had the ship not grounded exactly where she did, she must have been destroyed. They towed their vessel out, and moored where they had anchored the year before. They got their stores on board, though they were obliged to wade to their boat from the shore with them, a tedious and painful operation for men in such a state of suffering. Captain James now made a cross of a high tree, against which he fixed the portraits of the king and queen, carefully wrapped in lead, taking care to add to the usual titles, that his sovereign was king of Newfoundland and of "these territories," and to the south as far as New Albion, and northward to eighty leagues. The captain also inclosed or fastened some other things to the cross, and then, on Midsummer day, they raised it on the top of the hill where they had buried their comrades, taking possession of the territories for his Majesty's disposal, as a return for the inhospitable, though fortunate shelter it had afforded the survivors—a melancholy ceremony as connected with the recollection of the poor sufferers, who now lay unconscious under their feet.

On the twenty-fifth, they proceeded with the rigging of the vessel, while the captain took a musket and one of his company, and proceeded to the watch-tree, intending to make a fire and see if it would be answered by any savage inhabitants of the island, wishing in the event of finding any, to have an interview with them, and if possible obtain intelligence of the geography of the country. In making the fire to the

windward of some trees, they caught. The weather had been hot and dry, and the tree in which the captain was, got inflamed at the bottom so quickly, that he was obliged to leap down and run towards the shore, escaping with great difficulty. The dry moss on the surface of the ground burnt like flax. The fire ran along the earth in the manner of a train of gunpowder. The musket and lance carried by Captain James were both burned, and he and his companion were happy to escape with their lives. It continued to increase, and burned furiously, until they could see no limit to its ravages. The powder and stores were immediately got on board, while a sentinel was kept on the hills to watch the progress of the blaze. They took their new sails to the sea side, to secure them. The wind now shifted to the north, and the man set to keep watch over the progress of the fire came running as fast as he could to his companions, crying that the fire was coming hard at his heels. There was need of no other excitement to urge them to hurry the remainder of their things to the sea. The fire came on with a terrible rattling noise down to their house a full mile in width, but fortunately they had just placed the last of their stores in security, when it seized their house, and in a minute destroyed it. The appearance of the flame was so terrible, that the dogs ran into the sea, and got on the rocks howling. The following night they all slept again on board their ship. Until the twenty-ninth, they were employed in getting the last of their stores on board, and taking in wood and water. They

were obliged to take in drift wood, for their tools were now past use. The frame of their boat they cut up, and took on board also. They then built tombs of stones over their dead comrades, carrying about two tons for each tomb, and filling up the middle with sand—a pious but useless employment, yet speaking the honest warmth of their feelings.

By the thirtieth they had rigged and put their ship in order, intending to sail the next day but one, and to spend the first of July, which was Sunday, on shore, to take leave of the Island. The days were intolerably hot, while at night it frequently froze. The mosquitoes were so intolerable, that they were obliged to tear up an old ensign, and make bags of it to put their heads in. On the first of July they adorned their ship in the best way they were able, though no eyes but their own could witness it. A short account of all the events of the voyage to that day was written, with the future intentions of Captain James as to his course and prosecution of discovery, with a request that any who might find it would preserve it, that thus their toils, sufferings, and endeavours, might be made manifest at home, if they should subsequently perish. They then with their arms, drum, colours, cook and apparatus, went on shore, and marched up to the cross near which they had buried their dead. There they read morning prayers, and then walked up and down until dinner. They found the fire had swept full sixteen miles, the whole breadth of the island, but to the cross or near the dead it did not come, because the spot had no

herbage, being a mere sand-hill. They then gathered herbs to boil with their meat, read evening prayers, and when the sun had set, went up to take the last view of the tombs of their companions; on which occasion Captain James composed the following lines, reclining at the time, he tells us, upon the tombs themselves. They are very creditable to his talents, and to the feeling which prompted them. He need not have imagined they would provoke derision, though he hints as much as that he feared they would.

I were unkind unless that I did shed,
Before I part, some tears upon our dead;
And when my eyes be dry, I will not cease
In heart to pray their bones may rest in peace.
Their better parts, good souls, I know were given
With an intent they should return to Heaven.
Their lives they spent to the last drop of blood,
Seeking God's glory and their country's good,
And as a valiant soldier rather dies
Than yield his courage to his enemies,
And stops their way with his hew'd flesh, when death
Hath quite deprived him of his strength and breath—
So have they spent themselves, and here they lie,
A famous mark of our discovery.
We that survive, perchance may end our days
In some employment meriting no praise.
They have out-lived this fear, and their brave ends
Will ever be an honour to their friends.
Why drop you so, mine eyes? nay, rather pour
My sad departure in a solemn shower.

The winter's cold that lately froze our blood,
Now were it so extreme, might do this good,
As make these tears bright pearls, which I would lay
Tomb'd safely with you, till doom's fatal day :
That in this solitary place, where none
Will ever come to breathe a sigh or groan,
Some remnant might be extant, of the true
And faithful love I ever tender'd you.
Oh, rest in peace, dear friends, and let it be
No pride to say the sometime part of me.
What pain and anguish doth afflict the head,
The heart and stomach when the limbs are dead !
So grieved, I kiss your graves, and vow to die
A foster-father to your memory !

There is something singular and touching in a sailor, at such a time, and in such a climate, feeling the inspiration of the Muse ; surely in the connexion of poetry with the human heart there is much that is past all comprehension.

They embarked and landed no more on the scene of so much peril, privation, and suffering. On the second of July they sailed, and touching at another place to take in morewood, anchored until the following day between Charlton Island and an island they had named after Sir Thomas Carew the year before. They saw much ice about them, as well as rocks and shoals, and continually, until the twenty-second, were in peril from floating ice. The fogs were so thick they could not see out of the ship, and the blows she received often made them go below to see if she

leaked. Beating about from one iceberg to another, sometimes inclosed by ice, then struck violently in the bottom by pieces which were detached from the masses under water, and rose to the surface, at length the crew murmured at their toils and sufferings being renewed. They called those who lay buried on the island "happy," saying they would give a thousand pounds to be lying by them. They saw the cape they had named Henrietta Maria: they anchored and erected a cross upon it, with the King's arms. They observed also some deer, but their dogs could not overtake them; they caught a few geese, and, repairing on board, left their dogs behind them as useless. Their course was as perilous as ever among floating ice. They were driven back beyond the cape again on the thirtieth. The ship had become leaky, and it was necessary to use the pumps. They now gave up going to the northward or eastward. The nights were beginning to grow long, and the sea between the pieces of ice was observed to be frozen. Their perils continued to be very great until the second of August, on which day they were obliged in a fog to make fast to a piece of ice in order to obtain sleep and refreshment.

On the seventh they had a fine day, and on the eighth found themselves in latitude $55^{\circ} 34'$. The ice now again threatened their destruction. They were afraid lest the main body should come upon them and force them on shore. The next day they left the ship without pumping, to examine places which they might again open if it became requisite to sink her. They

were now in as much danger as they had ever been, and the bottom where they sailed was rocky. They were unexpectedly extricated from this difficulty by the moving of the ice. Thus they continued to encounter dangers every moment, from fogs and ice, until the sixteenth, when it blew a storm which broke the ice in pieces. They let the ship drive, and on the seventeenth they got clear, after six weeks hazard day and night.

The year seems to have been one of remarkable severity, and the ice more than usually strong. In July and August they took blocks of it two feet square, and put them into the sun's full rays in the boat upon deck, where there was also a strong reflection besides the warmth of the ship, and yet it took eight or ten days to melt them. The heat of the sun in those regions is often 90° of Fahrenheit during the short summer. Captain James had never heard of any navigator being so pestered with ice as he was.

They were, on the twenty-second of August, in latitude $58^{\circ} 20'$, and two days afterwards in $63^{\circ} 30'$. A storm then came on, and continued during the twenty-fifth, so that they could neither eat nor sleep for twenty-four hours. The weather was cold, when suddenly the sea became smooth. The day after they fell in with ice again, and nearly struck against it. From the top-mast head ice only was visible around them, with a smooth channel of sea between the fields. They were now all desponding. A consultation of the officers was held, and the result was that the shattered state of the crew's health and of the

ship, made it necessary to get home as fast as possible. They were then not far from Nottingham Island, in latitude $65^{\circ} 30'$. The weather was very cold. It was the third of September before they saw the south end of the Island of Resolution. The men could hardly take in the topsails, and they sailed once more among icebergs higher than the mast-head.

On the eighth of the month they took leave of the ice, but it was the twenty-second of October before they reached Bristol, to the last continually crossed by tempests and adverse gales. On examining the ship in which they had been thus preserved to see their native land again, it was found little short of a miracle that they were saved. Her cutwater and stern were torn or beaten away, together with fourteen feet of her keel, as well as a good deal of her sheathing; her bows broken, many timbers shivered within, and under the starboard bend a sharp rock had cut through the sheathing, plank, and an inch and a half into the ribs. Few crews ever encountered greater perils or survived hardships more severe than Captain James and his men.

CHAPTER VI.

Fate of seven Dutch seamen in Spitzbergen and Mayen's Island, 1633—1634.—Loss of a Dutch Whaler, 1639.—Of forty one Englishmen on the ice, 1646.

NOTHING exhibits more strongly the march of maritime improvement than the perfect impunity with which seamen now winter in the inclement climates of the polar circle. The Dutch endeavoured in vain, for a long time, to obtain, by high rewards, volunteers for the purpose of wintering in the icy seas. Science has now shown how easily all the obstacles which are opposed to human life there may be obviated. We have found the Polar Seas in modern times the receptacle of jovial seamen during the coldest season. When the thermometer was 47° below zero, in latitude $74^{\circ} 45'$, we have heard of our gallant countrymen acting plays to remove the tedium of a darkness some months in duration, when the earth and sea were under the dominion of frost, and there seemed to be no other empire beneath the stars.

Very different was the fate of seven Dutch sailors who volunteered to pass the winter in Mayen's Island on the coast of Greenland, in the year 1634. It appears that the Greenland Company of Holland had determined to obtain all the information they were able respecting these climates, and the nature of the

winters there. Some curious discussions had taken place among astronomers, which it was probable might be thus decided. Seven of the boldest and most resolute of the fleet offered their services on the occasion, and were accepted. The names of these men were Outgert Jacobson of Groetenbroek, commander of the party; Adrian Martin Carman of Schiedam, clerk; Thaunniss Thaunissen of Shermerhem, cook; Dick and Peter Peterson of Harlem; Sebastian Gyse of Delfts Haven; and Gerard Beautin of Bruges. Seven other seamen were left at Spitzbergen about the same time, as will be seen in the sequel.

The island called Mayen's Island, and sometimes the Isle of St. Maurice, is situated in 71° of north latitude. It is about fifty miles long, and very narrow, consisting of barren mountains covered with eternal snow, among which one more conspicuous than the rest is called by mariners Beerensberg. The Dutch formerly made this island the head-quarters of their whale-fishery, and drawing from it a very considerable revenue, they were anxious to establish a colony there. Two thousand quintals of oil were shipped off from this island in one season. At present the oil is extracted from the whales on board-ship, the fish being towed along-side and cut up on the sea; formerly this was performed on shore in the most convenient situations near the fishery. Furnaces and huts were built for the accommodation of the people employed, and were annually tenanted during the season for the fishing. The whales have since left the shores of these establishments near

which they experienced so harassing a warfare, and the works have been abandoned as useless.

These seven seamen were left upon the island on the twenty-sixth of August, 1633. There was no night at this period, the sun being exceedingly powerful, so that they took off even their shirts, and amused themselves on a hill-side near the huts which they had erected for their abode. They allowed themselves two pounds of tobacco each a week, and a measure of brandy for eleven days was given out at a time. They caught sea-gulls, of which great numbers resorted to the island, and collected all the vegetables they could find for salad. Thus they lived without inconvenience, as far as can be gathered from the narrative of their sufferings, found in their abode, until the end of September, when the weather grew stormy. In the beginning of October their huts were violently shaken by the wind, so that their rest at night was broken; and once they heard a terrible noise for which they could not account. On the eighth of October they had recourse, for the first time, to fires. They found a fine spring of water on the south side of the island.

The winter now approached rapidly. Two whales were cast on shore this month, which they endeavoured to kill with harpoons and lances, but the tide coming in they made their escape. The cold set in so severe they were obliged to shut themselves up in their huts. The arctic bears visited them, and became so numerous, that at night they were afraid to venture out. In the day time they killed several

which they roasted for food. These animals were so strong, that after being shot through and through they would sometimes run off and escape. Snow fell constantly, and a barrel of bear's flesh froze only six feet from the fire.

On the nineteenth of October the sea shore began to be covered with ice. The rays of the sun did not descend more than a foot down the elevation under which they had erected their huts. The ice on the sea augmented constantly. The cold grew so intense that it broke the vessel which held their liquors: at length the sea became frozen as far out as they could see with the naked eye.

The bears continued to visit them, and they now and then succeeded in killing one for provisions. They were obliged to make a large fire where they kept their liquors to prevent their being frozen. The sea-gulls soon disappeared, the water was everywhere frozen too hard for it to be obtained by breaking the ice, and they were obliged to content themselves with snow. After the nineteenth of November the days grew so short that they had scarcely light to read in their tents, and they were in consequence overpowered with melancholy and idleness. The end of this month and the beginning of November, however, it grew so mild that the weather did not appear more severe than it usually is during winter in Holland. On the eighth of December the frost returned. The cold set in again with dreadful severity, and the day, which was only four hours long, was rendered so gloomy by the thickness of the atmosphere, that for



ATTACK OF AN ARCTIC BEAR.

the greater part of the month they were obliged to keep within their huts without once going outside.

On the beginning of the new year they enjoyed themselves, as much as circumstances would permit, in celebration of the time, but they did not forget going regularly to prayers. The cold became excessive. The ice, which covered the bay, was heaped up in hillocks. A bear visited them on the thirteenth, which they shot and dragged into their hut, out of which they feared to venture any more for the cold. They had lived long upon salt meat, and the flesh of the bear came opportunely to give them a respite. During the whole of January the snow continued to fall, and the weather was very tempestuous. It continued the same until the middle of February. The bears now no longer approached them, and though the south wind once or twice produced a slight thaw, the north-east which followed it always redoubled the severity of the cold.

In March, the weather continued the same until the end of the second week, when the air became calm, and even agreeable, and they were cheered by the light of the sun, which they had not seen since the first. They fancied that its feeble rays imparted a slight warmth when the wind was south. They succeeded in killing another bear, and the flesh was found to yield great relief. They were now attacked with scurvy, which rendered any fresh meat they could obtain more valuable. The weather was fine during the whole month, and the days became pleasantly serene, but the progress of the scurvy from their

bad food was rapidly reducing them. They saw very large whales in great numbers come into the bay.

On the third of April they were so reduced by the scurvy, that only two of their number could stand on their legs, and the two last fowls which they possessed were killed for the sick, in the hope it would refresh and strengthen them. The greater part of the rest of the month the air was very cold, the wind blowing from the north-east, so that there was no leaving their hut. The scurvy began its work of death. On the sixteenth, the clerk, who had kept their journal, died, and the survivors implored Heaven to have mercy on his soul. Rain began to fall, and the prospect of summer, now rapidly approaching, was not sufficient to keep them in spirits or enable them to combat their malady. They daily grew worse. Not one of them could move without excessive pain. No article of fresh provisions was left, and the intense cold still prevailing, hurried on their last hour. The power of warming themselves by exercise, which had hitherto been some relief, was over, and the journal of their sufferings wound up with the following entry, after which the attempt of the dying hand to continue the narrative was attested by the illegible characters with which the only one of them whose hand was capable of using the pen had in vain essayed to close the latest record of their fate. "We are now reduced to so deplorable a state that none of my comrades can help themselves, and the whole burden, therefore, lies on

my shoulders. I shall perform my duty as long as I am able, and it pleases God to give me strength. I am now about to assist our commander out of his cabin; he thinks it will relieve his pain, he is struggling with death. The night is dark, and the wind blows from the south."

On the twenty-third of April the commander died. On the twenty-seventh, they killed their dog, which afforded them a very poor repast of fresh meat. The night was fine although a little cloudy, and there was frost. On the twenty-eighth the ice left the bay, and the sea was open. On the twenty-ninth there was a storm. On the thirty-first, the weather was fine, and the sun, that was lighting them to their doom, as if in mockery, shone out brilliantly.

Thus far the journal, which, as is observed above, could with difficulty be deciphered; the hand that held the pen then ceased to move. The soul of him who wrote was probably yielded up soon afterwards to its Creator.

The Dutch fleet arrived at Mayen's Island about a month afterwards, on the fourth of June, 1634, and the crews were naturally anxious to ascertain how their late companions had fared, though they had little hope of seeing them alive. They entered the hut, and found them as their fears had too truly presaged. From all they could see, they imagined that the survivors of the clerk, who died on the sixteenth of April, followed him in the commencement of the next month. Bread and cheese were found close to one of them, on which it is probable he had subsisted

to the last moment. Each lay in his own cabin. By the side of one was a prayer-book, in which he had been reading; and by the side of another, a box of ointment, with which he had anointed his teeth and joints; his arm was found extended upwards towards his mouth. When grown too weak to help themselves, they most likely perished, one by one, from the severity of the weather, their weakness preventing their getting up to make themselves a fire. Their malady arose from living so long upon salt provisions; had they not been reduced in bodily strength, so as to be unable to make a fire or take proper exercise, they had most likely survived until the arrival of the fleet, as the cold must have diminished every day.

The commander of the Dutch fleet had the bodies put into coffins in the snow, until the earth was sufficiently thawed to allow of graves being dug for them. On St. John's day, when the earth was free from the effects of the frost, the bodies were interred under a general discharge of the cannon from the fleet.

Seven other sailors had been left in a bay, on the north side of Spitzbergen, called North Bay, by the same fleet which left the foregoing seven at Mayen's Island. The fleet sailed away on the thirtieth of August, leaving them nearly nine degrees higher in latitude than Mayen's Island, where the seven, who subsequently died, had been left at the same time. As soon as the ships were gone, they began to collect provisions to last them until the following year. They hunted the rein-deer, and caught many sea fowl.

adding to their stock such herbs as were likely to prove refreshing, and beneficial to health. They made numerous excursions as long as the weather permitted, and attacked the whales and narwhals in the neighbouring bays. On the third of October they were prepared for the approach of the cold season by the departure of all the feathered creation; and after that they found that the cold augmented progressively. By the thirteenth, the beer in barrels was frozen three inches thick, and not many days afterwards became a mass of ice, though only at the distance of eight feet from the fire. They daily broke the ice for fishing, and put down a net, but in two hours found that ice two feet thick had closed up the hole.

The cold now became so excessive they were obliged to keep in their beds, although they had both a stove and grate. They rose sometimes for exercise, which they took as smartly as they could continue it, that they might thereby keep up their natural heat. The *Aurora Borealis* was seen in great splendour, and other aërial phenomena were witnessed, which they imagined to proceed from the icy mountains. On the third of March they had a combat with a huge bear, in which one of their number was very near being killed. The animal, mad from the wounds he had received, sprang upon the man who was in the act of piercing it with his lance, beat him to the ground, and but for the prompt assistance of his comrades he would have been torn in pieces.

The privations and cold which these men endured

were put an end to by the arrival of a Greenlander on the twenty-seventh of May, which took them off in safety.

The degree of suffering encountered by the seamen, and their comrades who perished so much farther to the south as Mayen's Island, seems to prove that the intensity of cold, as it affects life, does not depend upon proximity of situation to the pole. The cold of latitude 80° is sustained with as little endangerment of life as that of 72° . More recent experience has shown that neither situation presents difficulties which are not easily surmounted. There is more dependent upon counteracting the action of diseases arising from bad food and inaction, than from severe cold. These last seven men were succeeded by seven more, who on the same spot, and under the same circumstances, all perished. It is reasonable to suppose that the cause was in the neglect of those steps which their predecessors had taken in regard to food and exercise.

On the eleventh of September, 1634, encouraged by the success of the preceding adventurers, seven other sailors volunteered to winter in the same spot. Medicines, food, herbs, liquors, everything they could need was left for their use. They were not so fortunate as those who preceded them, in killing bears or obtaining vegetables, probably from being left a fortnight later in the season. They saw a good many whales near the shore, at which they fired without success, or, indeed, without producing the slightest effect. They took leave of the sun on the twentieth

or twenty-first of October, and on the twenty-fourth of November were first attacked with symptoms of scurvy, upon which they used double diligence in search of herbs. They also looked out for bears and foxes to supply them with fresh meat, but were unsuccessful in meeting with them. They ate separately from each other, under the idea of avoiding the spread of the disease by infection, most of them being still free from attack.

Three of their number being out together, they encountered a bear, which received them on its hind legs. They fired at it, and it fell roaring terribly and bleeding, in which state it seized a halbert from one of the men, and gnawed it with great fury, and then collecting all its strength ran off. Although it was followed with a lantern for some distance it succeeded in getting away, to the great mortification of its pursuers, who were in hopes of obtaining a few meals of fresh meat, to arrest the march of the scurvy, which continued to increase, so that the sick were in the utmost agony of suffering. On the fourteenth of January, Adrian Johnson died in great pain, and was speedily followed to the dust on the seventeenth, by Cornelius Thyse, a very sensible man, and the best seaman of the party. In him they all put implicit confidence, and it is likely his fate, from the gloom it cast over their minds, hastened the end of the rest of the party. All were now ill; Fettje Otters, another seaman, died. Thus reduced to four, they awaited their last hour with resignation, yet they were employed, weak as they were, in the use-

less task of making coffins for those deceased, and putting the bodies into them. Who was to do this office for them?

In the beginning of February they caught a fox, which put them in good spirits for the moment, but they were too far gone to derive permanent benefit from one or two fresh meals. They saw many bears, but could not lift a musket to their shoulders to kill them. They could not have got the carcase to their habitation had they been able to kill one, nor could they pursue them if wounded. Their feet were scarce able to sustain them, their knees were inflamed, and their teeth so bad they were obliged to leave off eating biscuit. Their bowels were attacked with excruciating pains, which were increased by the cold. One of them spit blood, and another was seized with dysentery. One alone, James Corcoen, could still bring in fuel to maintain the fire.

On the twenty-third of February they were unable to leave their cabins, and they resigned themselves to God's mercy, their misery being at the utmost limit of human endurance. On the twenty-fourth there was a feeble gleam of sunlight. The twenty-sixth was the last day on which the writer could put his pen to the paper. At that time they remark that four of them still survived, lying flat on the floor of their hut. They could still have eaten if there were any one able to get fuel, but none could move for pain. Their time was spent in prayer, that God in his mercy would take them from their misery whenever he pleased to see fit. "We cannot long survive

without food or firing," they write ; " we are unable to render each other the least assistance, and each must bear his own burden."

On the arrival of the whaling ships of 1635, these unfortunate men were found in their hut, with the door secured to keep out the bears. The first man who entered discovered part of a dead dog up stairs, and passing towards the door trod on the carcase of another, and then stumbled over the dead bodies. Three of the deceased were in their coffins, two in their cabins, Nicolas Florissen and another, and two lay on the floor on some sails, their knees drawn up to their chins. They were all interred when the ground was penetrable, and stones were heaped over their graves as a security from beasts of prey. Thirty years afterwards, their graves being opened, their bodies were found entire, and as if the breath had only just left them, nor were their dresses at all changed, such is the anti-corruptive influence of cold in those high northern latitudes.

In the year 1639, a Dutch Greenlandman, commanded by Captain Didier Albert Raevn, reached the coast of Spitzbergen after a good voyage. A furious gale began to blow, and the violence of the storm, with the vicinity of shoals and icebergs, rendered the hazard of the situation very great, as from the want of sea room it was not practicable to manage the vessel in the way necessary for her security. The snow fell thick and fast so that it was impossible for the man at the helm to know how he was steering,

and the seamen on the look out at the bows could not see ahead of the vessel, which rolled so dreadfully that her yards dipped in the sea. The deck was covered with a thick glazing of ice, and they became unable to walk upon it from its slipperiness, and the motion of the ship; this the captain endeavoured to obviate, by strewing salt over the frozen surface to prevent accidents to the seamen from falling. In the midst of their alarming situation the sheet anchor broke loose and went overboard.

The vessel, which had driven all day before the wind, was found in the evening to be approaching a great barrier of solid ice. This was not all, on the larboard bow a large field was descried, and right ahead a second. The captain hoped there might be room to pass through some opening between the two fields, and, therefore, kept on his course. This was soon found to be impossible, the danger increased, and the vessel rapidly drove on towards the ice. They now put up the helm. The ship lay almost on her beam ends; as she struck on one field, the other was close under the mizen-mast. The concussion was terrible, and all the crew believed the ship was crushed to pieces, but no wreck floated up, and they had time to recover themselves. They now discovered that the ship had sprung a leak, in fact she began to sink. The main and fore masts were cut away, and as she settled, she drove about at the mercy of the winds and waves. The boats were hoisted out, but from too many pressing into them they sank, and all who were in them perished.

The vessel now seemed to be going down; her

head was under water, and the surviving crew got upon the poop. Some ascended the mizen mast, which giving way hurled them into the waves, and they were drowned. The stern soon separated from the fore part of the vessel, and remained about six feet out of the water. Many of the crew fell into the sea at the moment of the separation, and perished miserably. The state of those who survived was now pitiable. Wet and exposed to the cold of a polar atmosphere, the survivors could only hope for a short protraction of their wretched existence. Every successive wave broke over them, and carried away some of their number, while several lost their hold of the cordage from being benumbed by the cold, and fell into the sea. There were other vessels in sight, but it was in vain to hope for aid from them, as they were too much occupied with their own safety. The part of the vessel which floated began most providentially to rise in the water, and right itself. The captain and twenty-nine men remained upon it.

The night which followed was a terrible one for the sufferers. They had to struggle with a violent storm, during which every moment threatened to be their last. Hunger and cold continued to do the work of destruction, and yet when the morning dawned the survivors were still sensible, and the storm had abated. Frozen stiff, the sailors could not use their limbs for exercise to keep in a little of the vital warmth. They became heavy, felt drowsiness overcome all their faculties, lay down, fell into an immediate lethargy, and slept their last sleep. The captain

was washed overboard in the night, but having a firm hold of the cordage recovered the floating wreck.

The weather now moderated, but the floating portion of the vessel seemed to sink deeper and deeper. They contrived to cut loose everything that added to her weight which they could reach, and thus to lighten her a little, which they imagined was attended with some success. One of them proposed, that as the danger increased every moment they should make a raft with a few planks which they could still reach. The captain tried in vain to dissuade them. It was begun, but the sea fortunately tore it away at the moment they were going to launch it and themselves to certain destruction.

Insatiate thirst was now felt by these unhappy people, until it became so tormenting, they drank their own water for relief. The second night was fatal to several of them, and far more difficult to endure than the first had been. The sea was smooth towards the morning, but it brought no alleviation of their sufferings. They had but little hope of salvation, for their hunger increased, and the war of the elements which they had outlived, seemed only to cease, and afford a protraction of existence that it might terminate still more painfully. Frozen stiff, drenched by the sea at intervals, and having to combat their want of food, and unquenchable thirst; nine of their original number beyond the reach of suffering, and they momentarily expecting to share their fate; a gleam of hope kindled in their bosoms about noon, on the third day, the pilot observing that he saw a sail. All were now as alert as men could be, who

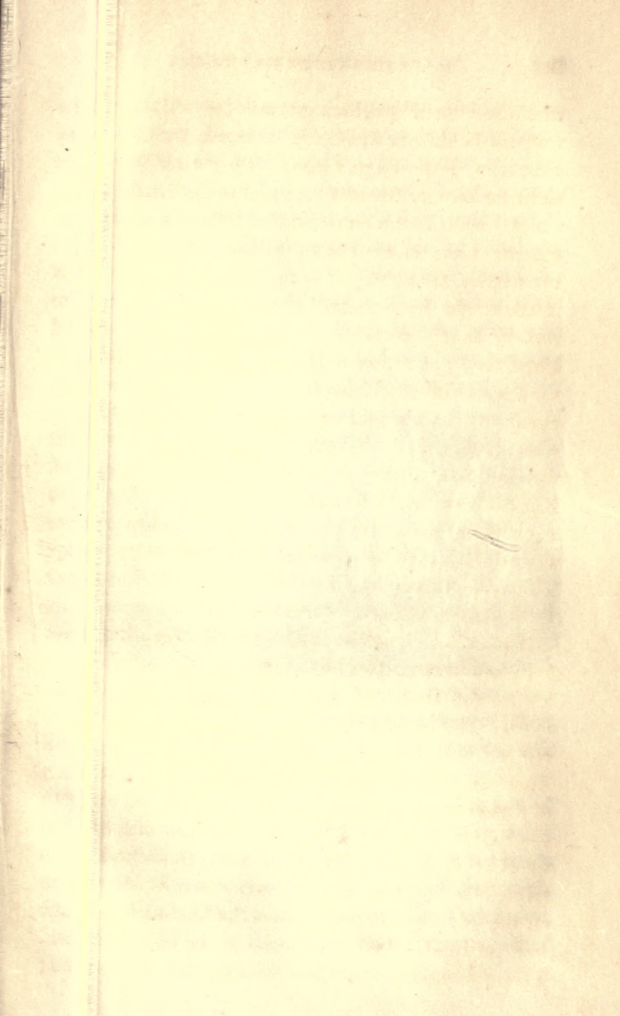
a few minutes before were awaiting their last hour. They exerted themselves to show signals of distress—they were seen—joy once more cast its sunshine upon them. Presently three boats put off to their assistance, and soon they were alongside.

Sixty-six had perished, twenty were now carried into the boats, more dead than living, and taken to the vessel. Great care was bestowed upon them. Their feet were put into brine, previously made warm, and they soon recovered their feeling. Their limbs were rubbed to cure the frost bites, and they were put to bed, being supplied with proper food, and carefully nursed. They all recovered except a master's mate, whose limbs were frozen quite through, and whose life the greatest skill and attention could not preserve.

A counterpart to this narrative may be found in the relation of John Cornelius of Muniken, who sailed to Spitzbergen, on the whale fishery, in a galliot from the Texel, May the sixth, 1646. His deliverance of four Englishmen, whose sufferings were still greater than those of Captain Albert Raevn, and his twenty seamen, is related as follows:—Cornelius reached Spitzbergen on the third of June, intending to anchor in a bay of that island, but was prevented by vast fields of ice floating near the land, and was obliged, in consequence, to keep out at sea. He cruised up and down, among the ice-shoals, for some time, until he was able to get into the bay and anchor. Seeing two whales further out at sea, he sent his sloop in pursuit of them. While the people of the sloop were watching the motions of the whales,

with the view of capturing them, they fell in with a vast ice-field, on which, at a great distance, they discovered something white. They took it at first sight for a bear, the arctic animal of that name being white. One of the crew, named Elliot Johnson, who was standing in the sloop with a harpoon to strike the whales, thought by the motion of the object that it could not be a bear, and persuaded the crew to row in that direction. They agreed to do so, and when they got nearer perceived it was a man holding up a piece of rope belonging to the sail of a ship, apparently as a signal of distress. They pulled hard towards him, and on coming up found to their great wonder four living men, and one dead body, all Englishmen, and all upon the ice-field. They fell upon their knees, and expressed their thankfulness for their deliverance the moment the Dutchmen came up. They were taken into the boat, and carried on board the galliot in the bay. Their story was a dreadful one.

These sailors belonged to a vessel which had been lost, and were part of forty-two who had reached the ice in the boat, and also saved some provisions and tools. The commander who was with them, perceiving it impossible for men to live long in such a situation, determined to go on shore, with seventeen of the crew, in the boat, and if possible endeavour to send aid to them from thence. He set sail, but the weather became bad, it blew very hard, and as no tidings were heard of him any more, by the people on the ice, they concluded that the boat and her crew had perished. Twenty-four had been left on the ice. Their provisions now grew scanty, and being all of





SAILORS FOUND IN A CAVE ON AN ISLAND OF ICE.

them nearly starving, and expecting death every moment, they dispersed themselves being in hopes to reach other ice-shoals, and by chance drift upon the shore, or get taken off by some vessel. What became of the men who left them afterwards they could not tell.

Those who were found on the ice field or shoal, cut a great hole in the ice like a cave, and round the entrance placed the pieces they had cut out to form the concavity, as a fence to keep off the wind and spray of the sea. In this cold and dismal excavation they had lived fourteen days from the time they lost their ship. Four were all that now remained out of forty-two. They who had quitted them could be no better situated, for what hope could be indulged of prolonging life in wandering from one piece of ice to another, and every moment drifting further and further from land, as must have been the case at that season of the year, the ice having broken up for the summer. The seamen saved, it may be judged, were at the last extremity. They were found huddled together on the field emaciated by frost and hunger. The last article of food which they had consumed was a leathern belt, belonging to one of them, which they had equally divided into shares, and wholly eaten up.

They were carefully attended by the surgeon of the Dutch ship, notwithstanding which three out of the four died within a few days after they were taken on board. Thus only one escaped out of the ship's crew, and he sailing to Holland, with the Dutchmen, arrived at Delft, in 1646, and from thence reached England.

CHAPTER VII.

Dr. Johnson's deliverance, 1648.

THE narrator of the following shipwreck, as well as the sufferer, was Dr. William Johnson, a chaplain to Charles II. He embarked at Harwich, in the ship *William and John*, under the command of Daniel Morgan, on the twenty-ninth of September, 1648. The ship belonged to merchants of Ipswich. The writer does not say whither the *William and John* was bound, but it seems probable it was to some part of Norway, as that was the destination of the vessel in company, which took them up from the boat. This narrative, in Dr. Johnson's own words, is as follows:—

“We embarked at Harwich on Michaelmas-day, the twenty-ninth of September, 1648. A dull kind of sadness oppressed my spirits, so that I could not look cheerfully on my friends, at parting, but I took leave of them as if I had been going out of the world. This seemed unaccountable to me, for I went on a good message—the cause of religion. I had embarked in a stout ship, with a fair wind and a skilful pilot, so that I could not suspect danger. Yet no sooner was I at sea, than I suffered the extreme of ship-

wreck, the pain of sickness was so great and grievous, combining all human evils, as it seemed, together, that to have been drowned would have been no punishment. One afternoon, about four o'clock, the master of the ship came into our cabin with more than ordinary haste; though he concealed from me the cause, I saw plainly fear and amazement on his countenance. I asked him whether all was well; to which he, like a tender-hearted man loth to tell his friend he was near his end, answered "all is well." His clothes I saw him shift and hasten out again with great speed; I then rose from my bed, and crawling upon deck, beheld a melancholy spectacle; the ship having sprung a leak, was ready to sink. How every man's face was changed with terror! We could hardly know each other! One was at prayers, another wringing his hands, and a third shedding tears; but, after this fit they fell to work, though, as happens in such extremities, all were busy doing nothing. They began with one thing, then went to another, but perfected nothing to accomplish their safety.

"The master's mate, and a man who had been down to search out the leak, returned with sad countenances, and pale with fear. In faltering accents, they signified that the leak was incurable, that it could not be stopped, and that the water was rushing in so fast, we must instantly perish. They said nothing, however, that we did not read in their visages, where our fate was pictured.

“There was] no time for consultation; the long-boat was hoisted out, and guns discharged as a signal of distress to Bartholomew Cook, the master of a ship in company, only a little a-head. Trusting to relief, we leapt into the boat; but unfortunately I fell short, and with difficulty got out of the sea; no sooner had I secured myself, than a mariner leapt from the ship upon me, and crushed me down with his weight. This I did not regret, as I should willingly have borne them all to have saved their lives. There was only one person remaining on board, who made such grievous lamentations, that although the ship's sails now lay on the water, and her sinking would have drawn down the boat along with her, we approached and took him in.

“We now rowed clear of the ship, when not seeing Bartholomew Cook come to our relief, we began to talk reproachfully of him, as if he were negligent of our welfare; unhappily this honest master drank a deeper draught of affliction, for in that hour he and all his men had perished. Our hopes of safety were small. We were in the North Seas, which are seldom smooth, and at this time a storm raised the waves into mountains. How could we hope to escape in a small and open shallop, when a large ship had not been able to resist them? We were many leagues from shore, wanting a compass and provisions, and night was approaching, nothing was in the boat except a small kettle, which was employed in baling out the water, and three bags of pieces of eight, to the value of 300*l*.

sterling. Money was then truly proved to be only a burthen of no worth. We betook ourselves to prayers, our complaints were louder than our invocations; but God had compassion upon us, and we descried a vessel making towards the boat. Unfortunately having only two oars, we could make little effect on the boat, and the sea ran high; we sat with our backs to receive it, but it broke so much over us, that we had difficulty in clearing it out with the kettle.

“Notwithstanding all our endeavours, we could not reach the ship. She got before the wind, and drove much faster than our little vessel could follow. Thus having death before our eyes, and at the same time the possibility of relief, increased our distress. A dark night came on, which made us more desperate to reach the ship. The master of her hung out a light, and redoubling our energy, we began to get nearer. Lest he should think we were lost, as the darkness precluded him from seeing us, and therefore make sail, we gave a loud shout whenever we rose on the top of a wave. At length by God’s assistance, we drew very near the vessel, and not to endanger our safety from too much haste, resolved to go up the side regularly, and in the same order in which we sat. However, we had no sooner arrived, than all strove to run up at once, and the seamen being more dexterous in the art of climbing, accomplished it in a moment, leaving me alone in the boat. I was now in the greatest danger, for besides a natural weakness in my hands, they were so benumbed with cold and

wet, that I was incapable of climbing a rope, though my existence depended upon it. Nevertheless I held fast by one which they threw out, with both my hands, to prevent the boat from staving off; and, while doing so, the boat struck three times against the ship's side, owing to the heavy sea, and as often the shock threw me down to the bottom, which was half full of water. Fortunately, the boat did not give way, and two seamen at length came down to assist me up the ship's side, which the weight of my clothes, and weakness, had prevented; a rope with a noose was handed down by one of them, who directed me to put it about my middle; but he began to pull when I had got it over one shoulder, and nearly drew me overboard. Having secured myself, and the boat casting off, I was drawn through the sea, where I had the narrowest escape; for the seamen having neglected to tie the rope, as he afterwards told me in England, it was prevented from slipping, by a knot, which was by chance at the end, otherwise I must have gone down; I may truly say there was not an inch between me and death. The next pull stunned me against the side of the ship. When I came to myself the following morning, I found the master's own cabin had been devoted to my service. Though severely bruised, I rose from my bed to make inquiries concerning my fellow sufferers, and found them, contrary to my expectation, overcome with sorrow. Their looks were dejected, and every man brooding over his misfortunes. The truth is, that,

having saved their lives, they now had leisure to think of the loss of their goods, though it bore differently on different individuals. For my own part, the losses I then suffered, involved me in debt, from which I have not yet extricated myself. But what grieved me most, was the being deprived of my library, and all my sermons, as also my notes and observations, during my travels abroad, the fruits of many years' labour and study. But I was impious to grieve for such losses, when God had so miraculously preserved our lives.

“Next day, which was Tuesday, the wind was fair for Norway, whither our ship, which was a Howzoner, was bound. About twelve o'clock we came in sight of the coast, rugged and full of rocks; and as we could not reach it during daylight, we designed to stand off and on till morning. We then sat down to a repast. Some of us had taken no sustenance since being at sea, and I myself, having ate nothing for five days, now made a hearty meal.

“About ten at night, when we had set our watch and prayed, and then laid ourselves down to rest, the ship, in full sail, struck on a rock with a shock so great that it awakened the soundest sleeper. Though I was ignorant of what had happened, the mariners better aware of the danger, loudly cried, “Mercy! Mercy! Mercy!” I hastened out of my cabin, and, coming on deck, met the master of our own vessel, who while tears streamed down his cheeks, desired me to pray for them, for we should certainly perish. I could not believe the truth of what he said; so falling

on my knees, like a condemned person awaiting the stroke of the executioner, I began to pray. But, after having prayed some time, under perfect resignation to death, I wondered that the waves did not overwhelm us. It had pleased God that the ship ran herself so fast between two ledges of rock with her bow over another, that she stood fixed as firm as the rock itself. I immediately rose and pulled off my coat, designing to throw myself into the sea and swim ashore; but the height of the waves breaking against the rocks, deterred me. The stern of the vessel was soon beat in by the sea, which compelled us to retreat towards the bow, when Mathew Bird, the same seaman who had formerly drawn me on board, leapt ashore with a rope in his hand, and held it so securely, one end being tied to the mast, that another seaman got down by it. In this manner the whole of our company, and some of the Danes who were eight-and-twenty in number, reached the rock in safety. All this time I was ignorant of the means used for our deliverance; but perceiving the people crowd towards the head of the ship, I also repaired thither, and discovered what had taken place. A Dane was then endeavouring to slide down the rope and carry a small leather trunk along with him; but he presently removed his trunk, and desired me to descend. I repaid his kindness by requesting him to do so first, not so much out of compliment, but that I might know how to slide down, as I had seen none go before me. However, I got on the rope, from which I was almost beat by the waves, and came safely to the side of the

rock, whence I crawled on hands and feet to the rest who were ashore, I was the last who accomplished this manner of escaping. The ship at this moment began to give way, which the master, who was still on board, perceiving, earnestly implored us to assist him with our utmost endeavours; but she broke up and immediately went down. Thus was that good man, and four of the mariners drowned. I observed the master, who had a light in his hand, fall into the sea. It was the saddest sight I ever beheld, to see him, who had saved our lives, lose his own. I cannot even now look back upon it without regret. Perhaps, had he not delayed on our account, he might have reached the haven in safety.

“ We knew not where the rock which had received us was situated; some of the people, before my arrival, had ascertained it to be an island, but uninhabited. We waited the rising of the sun, in hopes of discovering land in the neighbourhood. It was a long and melancholy night, for stones make but a hard pillow, besides having thrown off my coat when intending to swim, I was thinly clad. Wandering up and down the rock, I often fell owing to its slipperiness: and wanting shoes, my feet were cut with the sharp stones. This being winter-time, the cold was extremely piercing. At length we found a hole in the rock, which sheltered us from the wind, and then morning broke. During the twilight we flattered ourselves that every black cloud was land; but when the sun rose, we saw nothing except a glimpse of the coast of Norway at a distance. When I viewed

the sea and the place, the sight of so many hundred rocks environing us, struck me with amazement. It was only from God's providence that we had not gone among the breakers during the night, and under full sail, instead of running between the two ledges, which proved an asylum. Had we touched in any other part, we must have instantly perished.

“ Our sole hope of relief was the approach of some ship, from which we might be seen ; but of this I thought there was little prospect ; for should one accidentally come by day, she would be deterred by the surrounding dangers, from giving us succour : and if she came in the night, she would certainly be wrecked, like our own vessel. Having seen nothing in the course of the whole day, we began to despair ; and wanting sustenance to support us, and hardly having clothes to keep us warm, we crept into a hole of the rock, and there rested during the second night. Next morning we arose before the sun, and some of our company, searching with their arms in the sea, drew out small muscles, which they ate heartily ; and one of the boys brought me a leaf of scurvy-grass : but I began to be sick with a feverish complaint, and became so parched with thirst, that I would have given all I had for a draught of fresh water. Trusting that the water which stood in holes would be freshest in the highest part of the rock, I sought for it, but it proved salt : I drank it, however, until my thirst was quenched, though vomiting followed, which I am persuaded preserved my life.

“ Between ten and eleven we saw a ship in full sail

standing towards us, which lifted up our hearts with joy. She came nearer and nearer, and we all ascended to the top of the rock, and waved our hats to show ourselves to the men on board. But they neither approached nor sent their boat to learn our condition, for what reason we knew not. The captain was a Dane, of the same country with our former kind master. As the ship receded our hearts began to fail, and our countenances changed to their former paleness. We conceived ourselves utterly abandoned. We could not suppose, even should another ship by chance come in sight, that the mariners would venture their own lives to save ours; therefore we betook ourselves to our old devotions, and as long as I was able to speak, I prayed with the company. After some exhortation to my fellow sufferers, I lay down on the rock, thinking I should rise no more in this world; but I overheard one of the seamen, he who had first leaped on the rock, say, 'Let us make a raft and venture to sea, I had rather be drowned than lie here and be starved.' The rest coincided with him, and though the design was full of danger, everything conspired to favour it; the water had at this time fallen, and left the bottom of the ship on the rock, the anchors, mast, and sails, lying also there, like linen on a hedge. The seamen soon broke up the mast, and untwisted a cable for small cords. Next they tied four or five boards to the broken mast, got up the mizen-top-mast, and made a slight stern; then having cut out a small sail, two Danes and two Englishmen embarked on the raft. A moderate

breeze carried the adventurers safely through the breakers, and towards that part, where, according to our supposition, the coast lay. We followed them as far as our eyes could reach, with great anxiety, for the hope of our deliverance rested on their safety; but we did not long remain in suspense, for before night their security was announced by several yawls rowing towards us. They brought provisions likewise, which we little regarded, from our eagerness to get on shore. The rock where we were now situated, was called Arnscare; and by God's goodness, having embarked we reached an island in Norway, named Waller Island by its inhabitants. This island is so inconsiderable, that Ortelius overlooks it in his maps, but, although unworthy to be remembered by him, it ought not to be forgotten by us. There was but one house where we landed, belonging to the parson, an honest Lutheran, whose family consisted of many individuals, all of whom showed us no little kindness. They spoke the Norse language, which I think, resembles the Dutch, for those of us who spoke Dutch, could partly understand them, and make ourselves understood.

"When we made a shift to explain our misfortunes to the people of the house, the relation drew tears from their eyes; and whatever provisions they had being now set before us, the seamen soon repaired their long fasting. The ordinary bread of the inhabitants was rye pancakes, and they had beer which was very strong. This reminded me of the English proverb, 'A cup of good beer is meat, drink, and

clothing ;' and surely these people thought so, for though at such a cold season, while they had neither stockings nor shoes, they kept themselves warm with beer.

“ Next morning we began to examine each other's finances, to discover what money had been saved from the shipwreck. Suspecting concealment in one of our number, we searched him, and found no less than four-and-twenty pieces of eight, which he undoubtedly stole from our bags in the boat, after our first shipwreck ; when every moment we looked for destruction. It was well for us he had done so, for in the second all our money was lost. We remained in the island until Sunday, and in the morning heard our landlord preach, after which he gave us a meal, full of variety in one dish, as beef, mutton, lard, goat, and roots, mixed together, according to the custom here.

“ We then parted with the good old priest, having returned him many thanks, accompanied with a little money ; and travelled to Fredericstadt, a city in Norway on the coast. There we were kindly entertained by the burgomaster, whose chief discourse was in praise of [the late Archbishop of Canterbury, though I wonder how he came to know him. Truly we were much indebted to this person, for he not only commanded several persons of the city to entertain us civilly, but gave us some provision at his own charge. Everywhere we experienced great civility, and the people ran after us in the streets to bestow, what we needed, without asking.

“ Having left Fredericstadt, we repaired to Oster

Sound, three or four miles distant, where shipping lay, and laid in as much provision as our stock could afford, into one bound for England. We embarked in the evening. In the morning before making sail, a ship from Lynn, in Norfolk, coming in, was wrecked on the rocks near the harbour. We had not been at sea above two or three hours, when great alarm arose from the ship very nearly striking on a half sunken rock, unseen until almost touching it. But about noon we cleared all the rocks on the Norwegian coast.

“A fair wind brought us in view of the English coast, near Winterton, after four or five days' sail. There we saw the remains of a shipwreck, and the country people enriching themselves with the spoils. At length having reached Yarmouth Roads we came to an anchor. It began to blow hard, and the ship in driving, nearly ran foul of a Scotchman. But we brought up again and rode securely through the night. On a signal next morning for a pilot, four men came off from Yarmouth. They demanded no less than thirty shillings to carry me, a single person, on shore, while our whole stock was only two pieces of eight; and although I did long for land, I could not purchase it at such a rate, therefore they were content to take less. But no sooner had I got into the boat, than they rowed up and down to weigh anchors, for the storm during the preceding night, had occasioned many ships to part with their cables. Nevertheless they were unsuccessful, and then made for the shore. The landing-place was so bad, that

four other men awaiting the arrival of the boat, ran up to their middle in the sea, and dragged it on the beach. I thence got into the town of Yarmouth, with a company of people at my heels, wondering at my sad and ragged condition. The host of an inn, with a sign, the arms of Yarmouth, treated me with uncommon kindness, and I hope God will reward him for it."

CHAPTER VIII.

Loss of Dutch Whalers—The Speedwell, 1678—Allen Geare's narrative, 1706.

THE havock made among the whalers sent out by the Dutch was oftentimes very considerable. In the year 1670 one of these in the North Sea commanded by Captain Lourenz Pit, was driven among the ice by a south-east gale. The sea was stormy, and it was not possible to work the vessel so as to afford a hope of saving her. In this state she was abandoned by no less than twenty-nine of her crew. By the help of poles they contrived to leap from one piece of ice to another, until they gained a firm and large field. They dragged the boats of the vessel along with them but not without great difficulty. They remained on the ice exposed to the cold which was intense for twenty-four hours. In the mean time the captain and seven of the crew remained on board, still in hopes to navigate the vessel through some opening in the ice, and thus get out to sea. The topsail was most unfortunately carried away at the moment when the attempt was made, and the vessel struck against the ice and beat to pieces. There was still a boat on board which was got out, and the captain and the seven sailors got into it. They were now in a most forlorn situation; the snow was falling so fast they could hardly see each other as they sat in the boat. They skirted along the field ignorant of where] they

were going, until upon the weather clearing a little, they saw their comrades who had quitted the vessel before them, standing upon the ice, and made a signal to them for assistance. One of them threw a rope to the captain, by which means they all assembled on the field together.

They remained twelve hours together upon the field without hope of succour, and at length exhausted with fatigue, hunger, thirst, and cold, they determined to embark according to the captain's advice formerly given, and to seek the clear ocean. They got into their boats accordingly and soon reached the open sea, where they were tossed about for twelve hours more, exposed to the danger of foundering every moment. A sail was now seen and their courage revived. They struggled manfully to come up with it and succeeded by dint of great exertion. They found the stranger was a whaler belonging to their countrymen, who gladly took them in at the risk of running short of provisions where there was no possibility of obtaining more.

In 1675 Cornelius Bille, a Dutchman, who had before lost his ship, was a second time wrecked. The first time he was tossed about for fourteen days with thirty-four of his crew in an open boat, suffering every privation nature could brave or the animal frame sustain. They were at last saved by falling in with a whaler. Thirteen other vessels were lost the same year among the ice of Spitzbergen. In 1675 Captain Bille lay at anchor with another ship in company, not far from the solid barrier of ice which

stretches to the Pole. Several large icebergs suddenly drove down upon the vessel and crushed it to pieces so suddenly, that the crews barely had time to save themselves upon the masses that were working out the destruction of their vessels. The men happened fortunately to be upon deck and had just time to scramble upon the ice. The wrecks were driven under the iceberg. By great activity the crews were enabled to get several of the boats on the ice together with a scanty allowance of provisions before the ships broke up, and were forced under. The crews thus left destitute were sixty in number, without any kind of shelter. The snow fell fast, and the sailors becoming impatient of their situation, Captain Bille proposed to launch the boats at once, and braving every other danger get into the open sea. The pilot and a few more of the crews agreed with the captain to embark and brave every danger at once. The majority were of a different opinion, and thought it the wisest course to stay on the ice until the snow ceased to fall and the sea became calmer. The provisions were partitioned in consequence of this difference of opinion, and Captain Bille and his party embarked in two of the boats. They were fortunate enough to escape the waves and ice, and falling in with other vessels employed in the fishery got safe on board.

The larger part of the crews remaining upon the ice, got up a species of tent with various pieces of old sails preserved from the wrecks. They suffered, however, so much from cold and hunger during two days

that they spent upon the ice, that they preferred imitating the conduct of those of their number who had already left them, and resolved to embark without longer delay. They were tossed about in the polar ocean every moment in danger of sinking, worn down with cold and hunger, when they fell in with a French ship which generously gave them a shelter, numerous as they were, until they fell in with a vessel of their own country. Eight of the shipwrecked men embarked in a boat and endeavoured to get on board, expecting to be received by their own friends at least with the same hospitality which had been exhibited towards them by the humane Frenchman; whose ship was overloaded and inconvenienced by their number. It was not as they had anticipated. The boorish captain repulsed them destitute as they were, nor would he suffer one of them to come into his vessel. They were obliged to take refuge on the ice near the place where this inhuman wretch was at anchor. There they passed two days and a night under the shelter of an old sail, until the Dutchman, no doubt afraid that some account of his conduct might reach Holland, grudgingly permitted them to sleep on board his ship. In a few days, however, while they were on the ice, where it appears they were still obliged to take refuge during the day, the Dutch captain set sail and left them to perish. They got into their boat and followed him for twelve hours but he still kept on his course. They were at length so reduced by suffering that they were near their last, when another Dutch ship

fell in with and rescued them, after hardships almost unparalleled.

It does not appear a safe course for sailors shipwrecked upon ice, to remain an hour longer upon it than they are absolutely obliged to do. The temperature of a vast body of ice is much colder than that of the ocean wherein it floats. Two fields of ice often meet and break up with the concussion, when the fate of those who happen to have taken refuge upon them is inevitably sealed. The chances of falling in with ships are lessened in such a situation, and the energy wasted in resisting the cold on the ice if applied to the oar, would often clear away the danger and carry the boat within reach of aid. The crews of vessels who are left upon ice without food or a boat to embark in, may be said to exist in the most fearful of mortal dangers. It is very rare that persons so situated have been ultimately saved.

In the year 1676 three Dutch ships employed in the whale-fishery anchored together in Waygatz straits, being on the point of returning to Holland with the produce of the year's fishery. They were on a sudden surrounded by vast pieces of drift ice which hemmed them in completely. No sea could be seen from the mast heads of their vessels which were motionless amid the silent and frozen ocean. The sailors were struck with fear lest they should perish of cold and hunger, not having the least prospect of relief. They murmured at their commanders, and indeed there was good ground for their alarm, seeing it was the close

of the season and their provisions were necessarily much reduced. One of the captains, named Kees, succeeded in appeasing them for the moment, thinking the ships and cargoes might still be saved. Nineteen days of most painful anxiety passed away, and the danger every hour increased as the winter was so much nearer, when all at once the air became mild, and in one night so great a thaw took place that they were enabled to sail the next morning. The joy of the crews was unbounded when to lose no time they cut their cables, towed their vessels out of the ice and straits until they came opposite to Papegaaishoek, set sail and reached Cape Biscay the same day and South Bay the next, and finally arrived home in safety. Had the crews dragged their boats across the ice and tried to reach the sea they would most likely have all perished. The resolution of Captain Kees and the sudden and unexpected change of the weather saved them. It may thus be seen upon how slender a thread human existence hangs in navigation among ice in high northern latitudes. The summer-day of several months' duration is not all which is requisite to ensure the mariner's security, though without its aid the Arctic ocean would never justify the chances of destruction which it perpetually exhibits.

During the period when the attention of the countries in the north of Europe was directed to discover either a north-east or north-west passage into the Pacific, though every expedition sent out had been unsuccessful, a seaman of intelligence and hardihood,

Captain John Wood, sanguine in his hope of surmounting all difficulties, revived the project once more. Nearly a hundred years had hopes been indulged of making the fortunate discovery, and Captain Wood in 1675 drew up a memorial on the subject, setting forth his reasons for believing that a passage might yet be found by the north-east. This memoir he himself presented to Charles II. and to the Duke of York. His opinions were founded upon the figure of the earth, the narratives which he had perused upon the subject, and the possibility of the right opening for proceeding to the eastward not having been ascertained. He constructed a chart illustrative of his ideas, and laid it before the king with his memoir. He shewed that if the passage were practicable, it would be possible to reach the Japanese seas in a few weeks, to open a trade with Tartary, and to make the Indian Archipelago in much less time and with much smaller risk than before. The merchants and most able navigators of the day were consulted by the king, and the result was that Captain Wood was appointed to the command of the *Speedwell* equipped at the royal expense, and manned by a crew of sixty-eight hands. This vessel appears to have been very well found. She was fitted out in the royal yard at Deptford, as strong as the nature of the service required.

The Duke of York, afterwards James II., and seven other individuals, fitted out a pink called the *Prosperous* of one hundred and twenty tons, and eighteen men, to accompany the *Speedwell* entirely at their own expense. Merchandise of all kinds was put on

board, which it was apprehended would answer for traffic in Japan, and provisions were carried for sixteen months. Thus every precaution seemed taken to ensure success. The Prosperous was commanded by Captain Flawes. They were instructed to search for a passage between Nova Zembla and the Asiatic continent, along the northern coast of Tartary.

It was on the twenty-eighth of May 1676, that the Expedition sailed from the Nore. On the thirty-first they arrived off Berwick, distant about eight leagues, and coming up with a Scotch fishing vessel they made a purchase of a part of the fish. On the second of June a storm arose, and they entered Brassa sound in the Shetland Islands, it blowing a heavy gale from the west-north-west, and came to an anchor off the town of Lerwick. "My idea was," says Captain Wood, "to follow exactly the track of Barenz, and proceed due north-east after reaching the North Cape, in order to get between Greenland and Nova Zembla," (Spitzbergen was then commonly denominated Greenland). It seems from this it was well known then that there was a practicable passage between Nova Zembla and the Continent by the straits of Waygatz, or Wood would have tried to navigate round the southern end of the island, and through what is called the sea of Kara; for the existence of the cape, called by the Russians Coverovos-lochnoi, extending northwards from the main further than Gelania Noss in Nova Zembla, makes the passage round the north end much shorter towards the

east, if it were practicable to sail to Behring's straits that way.

On the tenth the Speedwell weighed anchor at Lerwick, the weather being cloudy and thick, the Isle of Sanden bearing south by east distant about nine leagues. On the twenty-second at noon, seeing the land west of North Cape, he steered north-east. Ice was lying about a league ahead; the weather was cold with snow showers. Soon only ice could be seen from the mast head. The fog froze as it dropped. They were in latitude 76° and about sixty leagues from Greenland, (Spitzbergen), and Captain Wood did not doubt that this was the vast field of ice which cohered to the west side of Spitzbergen. Seeing something move on the surface of the ice, they hoisted out the boat, and found two sea-horses which they fired upon, but did not succeed in killing.

Captain Wood now imagined that if they shaped their course more to the east they should find an open sea, and they accordingly ran along a vast field of ice which lay from the south-east to the north-west. At every league they found icy promontories which being doubled, they saw no ice to the north, but continuing their course to the north-east, fresh capes of ice obliged them to shift their direction. In this way they proceeded, flattered that they should soon find the open sea, and still disappointed by the sight of fresh ice. At length they found it join with the coast of Nova Zembla. Wood now became, as he thought, convinced of the error of Barentz and the

Dutch and English seamen, and was of opinion that there was no land to the north of 80° , that the sea there is always frozen, and that the pieces detached from the main body and drifted to the south require ages to thaw them. This vast continent of ice was not more than half above the surface of the water, but below it sank seventeen or eighteen feet. The ice, Wood imagined, joined from Nova Zembla to Spitzbergen, so there was, in fact, but one icy continent.

From the twenty-third to the twenty-eighth of June they ran along the ice adhering to Nova Zembla, trying every opening but not finding a passage. The land was distant about fifteen miles. On the twenty-ninth the weather was hazy, and the *Speedwell* stood to the southward in hopes the sky would soon clear, but the day proved foggy with a westerly wind. Nova Zembla bore east-south-east by reckoning four points under the lee-bow. In this he was unfortunately mistaken. About ten at night the *Prosperous* on the weather quarter fired a gun and bore down, exclaiming there was ice ahead. On looking out, Captain Wood discovered breakers and not ice. He could not tack, for the *Prosperous* was to windward, and both ships must have been lost had they fallen on board each other. The *Speedwell* therefore bore up in hopes of clearing the rocks, but the ship being too slow in wearing struck with her head to the sea. By this means the crew were preserved; for had the vessel's broadside been exposed to the waves, the crew must have been swept overboard. The *Prosperous* wore round under the *Speedwell*'s stern and got out to sea.

The Speedwell lay beating on the rocks for several hours, the crew labouring in vain to save her. The sea ran so high that no anchor could be carried out. Upon the weather clearing a little, to their amazement they saw the land under their stern which the fog had rendered invisible. The boats were now got out. The ship was lightened by throwing over the provisions, and she fell three feet with the ebb tide. When the tide flowed a heavy sea came with it. The ship beat hard, the water gained on the pumps, and the masts were in consequence cut away.

The boatswain was now sent towards the shore in the pinnace to examine if a landing were practicable, which was doubtful as the sea ran dreadfully high. The boat returned with the tidings that it was impossible to land, there was such a heavy sea, and the snow was so piled along the shore, as to make it inaccessible. The crew now gave themselves up for lost, and fell on their knees to prayers, as nothing but destruction appeared before them. They had scarcely concluded, when the weather clearing a little so as to enable them to command the shore, Captain Wood saw a small strip of beach clear where he thought a landing was practicable. The pinnace was sent to make the attempt but did not dare to venture, which observing from the ship, the long boat was lowered with twenty men who succeeded, and both boats returned to the ship. Bread was then got out of the breadroom into the great cabin, and the carpenter prepared some tools to lengthen the longboat should they not be fallen in with by the Prosperous. Those

who had been left on shore asked for arms and ammunition, as they had seen many bears prowling about. Two barrels of gunpowder were put into the pinnace, together with small arms, provisions, and the captain's papers and money. A sea struck the boat just as she was leaving the ship, and all the things were lost. One of the crew named Bosman was drowned, and several others were taken up for dead. The long boat was then on shore, but, putting off at the alarm, saved the men. The pinnace was rendered useless. The sea ran so high at the return of the boat, that the crew urged the captain and lieutenant to save themselves, as it was impossible for the boat to live much longer in such a sea as was then running. They only requested the boat might be sent for them when the captain was put on shore. Captain Wood embarked accordingly, but when about half way to the shore, the ship overset, on which he hastily landed the men with him, and set off again to save those who had exhibited such generosity towards him. With imminent danger he reached the wreck, and contrived to get all into the boat except one man named Alexander Frazer, a prime seaman, whom they left for dead. They returned to the shore, and all were landed in safety, but cold and wet. The boat they drew up on shore. The first party landed had by this time made a fire a short distance from the sea; they had also constructed a sort of tent with oars and a sail, and there they lay all night hungry and almost frozen. They had dug a track round them to keep off the bears, which were very bold and ferocious.

On the thirtieth of June, the next day, the seaman left for dead on board recovered, and got into the mizen-top, which was the only mast left standing. He was a man much beloved, and an attempt was made to get him off; but the ship laboured and beat very hard, and the sea ran so high that it was impossible to get near the vessel.

The ship now began to go to pieces, and a good deal of the wreck came on shore. The crew were active in preserving all they could get, and with the oars, plank, and spars, made several huts, preserving the rest of the timber for fuel. On the first of July, two casks of flour, some brandy, a butt of beer, and a cask of oil were saved, all of which were precious. The next day they saved some more provisions. While securing them, a large white bear came down upon them, at which the gunner fired, and it fell but rose again. Assistance coming up to the gunner, it was killed. This bear was very large, fat, and the flesh well flavoured.

Captain Wood, in the meanwhile, was not without anxiety as to the future destiny of himself and crew. He hoped every day for clear weather, that the *Prosperous* might see them, though there was a fearful chance that she, too, might be lost. This casualty it was intended to provide for, by lengthening the long boat twelve feet, as she would accommodate but thirty men. The crew were doubtful of succeeding this way, as the carpenters could have little assistance given them, and materials to complete the work were wanting. They would not consent, therefore, that

she should be cut asunder. The waist was, therefore, raised about two feet, and she was decked. When completed, the crew could not agree who should go in her, she being still too small to take their entire number. They became unruly in their conduct, each claiming as good a right to the chance of saving his life as his neighbour. In these circumstances, the captain recollected the brandy, with which he plied them, and by their drinking freely discovered their intentions, and defeated them. Some of them were so ignorant as to talk of going by land, without arms, ammunition, or provisions, to Way-gatz' Straits, that they might get on board Russian ships. If this scheme was worse than madness, the attempt to put to sea in a vessel only accommodating a portion of their number was not less an act of insanity. They had no provisions for the voyage, no necessaries, so that, whether by land or by sea, the chances were equally against their preservation. Captain Wood was in a great perplexity what course to take. The certainty of destruction, on remaining where they had been thus cast away, was evident, without shelter or food. The weather was bad for nine days. They had nothing but snow, rain, or fog. In fact they were on the point of resigning themselves to despair, when, on the morning of the eighth of July, they to their great joy espied a sail. They immediately lit up a large fire, and sent the boat to meet the vessel, which turned out to be the *Prosperous*. Their long boat was now filled with the crew, who in that way got on board their friendly

preserver. They left everything on shore in the state it was when they saw the Prosperous, for they were afraid the weather might again become foggy, and would not allow themselves time to bring any of the things off.

Captain Wood had written an account of his shipwreck while on land, and inclosing it in a glass bottle, left it in the shed they had built for their shelter. The point, where the Speedwell was lost, was named by Captain Wood, Point Speedill. It lies in latitude $74^{\circ} 30'$ north, and 63° longitude east of London. The next point to the southward is the westernmost part of Nova Zembla. The sea water was extremely salt and clear, so that even at the depth of eighty fathoms, shells could be distinctly seen. The variation of the needle was 13° west. The tide rose eight feet, and ran directly on the shore, which Captain Wood deemed a proof that there was no passage that way to the north.

Before the time of Wood very little was known of Nova Zembla, for ever buried in frost and snow, the most desolate spot in the world. The earth, at two feet deep, was found frozen as hard as rock, in the month of July. The sea beat upon precipices of snow, scooping out dark and horrible caverns, and forming frightful steepes and crags. The snow covered the hills, and in summer its melting produced rivulets of clear water, which ran down to the sea. What land was bare in summer, disclosed sterile bog, or a kind of moss with a blue and yellow flower, the only product which imitated the vegetables of happier climes.

The Prosperous sailed for England on the ninth of July, and anchored at the Nore, on the twenty-third of August, 1676.

The following shipwreck, narrated by one of the survivors named Geare, is very remarkable. The ship left Plymouth for Newfoundland. She sailed in March, 1706, with a fleet bound to the Mediterranean, under convoy of the St. Albans, a ship of war, a fresh gale blowing from the northward at the time. Having made about one hundred and twenty leagues to the westward, and being out of the track of the privateers, the merchantmen parted company with the fleet, and they proceeded on their voyage. On the seventeenth of March, having run nearly three hundred leagues, an English built ship, of about two hundred tons burthen, hove in sight. She carried twelve guns, and was under jury masts. On approaching near she hoisted English colours, and being hailed, answered that she was from Virginia bound to London. This reply seemed probable, as a number of tame fowls were observed on board her, and a bird of a foreign species having scarlet plumage, flew from the stranger and alighted on the other ship.

The captain, seeing the stranger so much disabled, desired he would bring to, offering if anything was wanted by him that it should be sent in the boat. This was refused, and the enemy declared, for such he must have been, that unless the merchantman kept off, he would fire into her. The

latter immediately ran down to the stranger, and ordered him to bring to. Upon this, an engagement began, which lasted from eleven in the forenoon until eleven at night, when the enemy struck his colours, and implored aid to save the lives of his people. Unhappily the request was too late. A gale of wind came on, and the sea ran so high, that it was impracticable to hoist out the boat without risking the lives of all who might attempt it. The ship was kept under a reefed mainsail, so severe was the storm. The intention was to keep as close to the enemy as possible, until the weather allowed of a communication, as he carried a light, and it was easy to see whereabouts he was lying until morning. Towards midnight, however, the light was seen low in the water, and soon afterwards, about one, a loud shriek of terror arose, and all was still—the ship had gone down with every soul on board. All that was known respecting her was, that when she struck, the crew intimated that there were fourteen Frenchmen on board, from which it was inferred that she was an English vessel, which had been captured by the French, and had lost her masts in the engagement. The chase and fight lasting while both ships ran about thirty leagues, the place where the stranger struck was $45^{\circ} 50'$ north latitude.

The prize having thus perished, the vessel continued her voyage to Newfoundland. On the twenty-sixth of March, some broken ice was seen scattered about over the sea, and was conjectured to come from the breaking up of the ice in harbours and rivers, as the

wind blew east. The ship was in latitude $46^{\circ} 50'$, and the distance to the land was judged to be about fifty miles, though in reality it was seventy. The topsails were now handed in, and the ship steered to the north under courses, in the hope of getting clear of the ice before the night set in. The ice not diminishing, the ship's head was put about to the southward, but still the ice remained in as great a quantity as ever. The foresail was furled as night came on, and the vessel brought to under the mainsail. There was a dead wind, so that the ship could lie off on neither tack. It was hoped, by this plan, to strike with less force, in case of falling in with icebergs or large fields.

About nine in the evening the ship ran foul of a field of ice, despite every effort made to keep clear; although cables, coils of rope, and other similar materials, had been hung out to defend her sides, she struck so hard, that about eleven o'clock she began to fill with water. By keeping two pumps going, and baling at three hatchways, it was scarcely enough to float her above water until the dawn of day. By this time the men were much fatigued, the water still gaining upon them, so that by mid-day the hold was half full. In such a state it was impossible to agree what was the best course to pursue. Despair was on every face. The pumps were still kept going, but the water increased yet more, and there seemed nothing to be done but yield themselves up, with all resignation, to the will of Heaven.

Some urged the captain to hoist out the boat. He seemed to think, in such a sea, and in so small a craft, it would be of no avail, except to protract a miserable existence for a little time longer. For his own part, he was resolved to stay by the ship, and die among his crew. At length, however, he consented to let the boat be lowered with six hands ; and, that the design might not be suspected, it was given out that the boat was going to tow the ship clear of the ice. It was not observed that there was only one oar, the rest being broken, by using them to keep off the ship from the floating ice. No effect was produced by the boat, as might have been expected, and it fell astern to take in the captain, while others prepared necessaries for their miserable voyage ; a compass and some other things were conveyed into it safely. The captain, surgeon, and several others got out at the cabin windows and galleries, and Geare, the narrator, among the rest, together with William Langmead, one of the sailors, intending, if possible, to get into the boat. The crew, however, provided themselves with arms, on discovering the attempt of the captain and others to escape, and kept off the boat, resolving, if it could not take all, that the whole should go down together. The object being thus defeated, every one but Geare and Longmead got again into the ship to await their doom. Both these men had got so low down the ship, towards the water, that they could not recover themselves, and no one coming to assist them, they were forced to let go their hold, drop into the sea, and trust to the mercy

of those in the boat to take them in. On swimming towards them, they hove out a rope, and took in both of them. They were now eight in all, and wishing to save the captain, they hovered about the vessel until night came on. The crew now fired on the boat from the ship, and kept her farther off, and those who were in her began to look round for some shelter as darkness was approaching. They made the boat fast to some shattered ice, and drifted with it, and when they approached a large field they loosened their boat, and made fast to another lump, and in this miserable way they passed the night.

In the morning, the ship was seen about three leagues off, in the same position as that in which they had left her the preceding evening. A consultation was then held whether they should return and endeavour to save the captain, and as many more as it might be found practicable to take in. The proposal was rejected by most. It was alleged that the crew would fire on them again and sink the boat, or too many would crowd in, and she would go down. It seemed, therefore, to be the general opinion that it would be proper to make the best of their way to the land. Geare, however, remonstrated, and hinted that the leak, for all they knew, might be stopped, and thus the ship would, after all, proceed on her voyage. Unable this way to prevail, he desired them to row him up, and land him on the ice nearest the ship, for he would go to her, and die with the captain. This was agreed to, but on arriving, Geare was loth to go. On calling the captain, Mr. J. Maddick came first,

then the doctor, and after him the captain, followed by so many of the crew, that the boat nearly went down, twenty-one persons being in her, and hanging round her sides. Some slipped off, and others perished on the ice, not being able to regain the vessel.

On the twenty-fifth of March, the boat took her departure from those left to inevitable fate. They determined to make for land the best way they were able. Their hearts were deeply afflicted at the thought of leaving their comrades to perish, but they could do nothing to save them if they remained, but only be spectators of their sufferings. Their provision was a small barrel of flour, with five gallons of brandy, which had been thrown overboard among other things to lighten the ship, and which they had picked up. They also picked up an old chest, which was of great service, for, having but one oar, they split it up, and nailed the pieces to hand spikes, which served for oars. The nails they drew from the boat. The rest of the chest they burned. The main tarpauling was in the boat, and of this they made a mainsail, and of a piece of old canvass, that had served in the yawl, they made a foresail. Observing the ice lie north and south, they steered north, and got out of it by the next morning. They were now in the clear ocean with the wind easterly. They hoisted their sail, and so steered west-north-west about fourteen leagues. They now got among other fields of ice, and attempted to sail through them, but became inclosed, and were obliged to haul up their boat upon the ice, or they must have perished. There they lay

eleven days without seeing the sea. The ice was very thick, and they caught an abundance of seals. They made a pot of the skins, and boiled the lean in the fat.

By remaining so long on the ice the feet of the men began to suffer. The boat was too small to afford room for all. They kept watch six and six, in order that there might be space in the boat to sleep, and that there might be enough to save the boat in case of the ice breaking away from under her, which frequently happened, and then it became requisite to launch her, or carry her where it was strong enough to bear her weight.

In eleven days the sea was again seen, and the boat, not without difficulty, set afloat once more. After sailing ten or twelve leagues north-north-west, they were again inclosed, and this happened five times. The ice too had become so bad, that, though the boat could not be forced through it, the weight of a man was sufficient to break it, and thus, though they saw seals enough, they could not succeed in capturing any more. What a forlorn situation in the midst of the ocean, in a freezing temperature! They were obliged to put themselves on short allowance, having hunger added to their other calamities. They had seven seals in their store, when they quitted the hard ice, and one they found dead, but they consumed it without troubling themselves with the manner in which it died.

The short and miserable allowance to which they

were compelled to limit themselves, consisted of three ounces of flour, and one seal for two days. The flour was boiled in the fat of the seal. At length they were forced to eat, after sharing them equally, even the skin and feet, each affording a little of the fat towards making a fire to cook them. A few ate them raw, and even the bones, to the great injury of their stomachs, so that some died in consequence.

When they got clear of loose ice, and the wind was adverse, they made fast to an iceberg, until the weather became favourable. This was dangerous from the drifting of other pieces of ice against them, but they were fortunate enough to escape, though very narrowly, from being crushed to atoms ; so that their deliverance at last was truly wonderful.

The ice mixed with brandy served them for drink. Their loathsome provisions lasted until they were in sight of land, for, worn out with bad food, cold, and suffering, they began to die two, and even three, in a day, until they were reduced to nine. The feet of several who died were so frost-bitten, that, on stripping them to give the survivors their clothes, their toes came away in their stockings. The boatswain, the last who died, sank when the boat was in sight of land.

Their compass was broken by accident on the ice, so that at last they were obliged to steer by the sun in the day, and the stars at night. They encountered many difficulties, besides their unparalleled bodily sufferings, and were twenty-eight days in the boat.

They had at last lost their water-bucket used for baling, when they saw land on the twenty-fourth of April.

They reached Baccalow, and from thence went to the Bay of Verds, in Newfoundland. There they found several men preparing for a fishing voyage, who took them to their house, and gave them what they could afford in their distress. But the poor creatures had little for themselves, and were unable to maintain the sufferers, who were obliged to go to St. John's, although some of them were so frost-bitten as to be unable to walk, and were carried to their boat. Before they could make Cape Francis, however, the wind changed and compelled them to row all night. In the morning they reached a place called Portugal Cove, and there, to their great delight, found some fishermen preparing for their summer vocation. They compassionated the sufferers, as indeed who would not? They launched a boat, and towed them over to Belleisle, where they were hospitably received. They were now so weak, that they were carried ashore on men's shoulders, and so disfigured with famine, cold, and burnt seal oil, that they could scarcely be recognized for human beings, except in outward shape. At Belleisle they remained ten days, when, being a little restored, they went to St. John's. The crew of this ship was ninety-six in number, nine only were saved. Their names were Arthur Holdsworth, captain; Allen Geare, the chief mate, and narrator of the calamity; William Saunders, second mate; John Beadol, surgeon; Samuel

Panwell, carpenter; and John Maddick, Thomas Foord, Elias Sweetland, and William Langmead.

This narrative, as a whole, is one of the most extraordinary shipwrecks upon record. The numerous difficulties the survivors encountered, and the perilous situation of her crew, from the time the boat was launched to her making the land, has almost the air of romance, so true is it, that truth is often stranger than fiction.

CHAPTER IX.

Shipwreck of the Nottingham Galley on Boon Island, 1710—
Loss of Knight and Barlow, on Marble Island, 1719.

A VESSEL called the Nottingham Galley sailed from England for Boston in America, on the twenty-fifth of September, 1710. She was commanded by a Captain Dean; her burthen was a hundred and twenty tons, and she carried ten guns and fourteen men. She had last touched at one of the Irish ports, and thence finally set out on her voyage, meeting at first with contrary winds and bad weather.

About the commencement of December, the ship first came in sight of land, to the eastward of Piscataqua, in New England. From thence they steered a southerly course, intending to make for Massachusetts bay. The wind blew hard from the north-east, bringing rain and snow, and the weather was so hazy, that for twelve days they could not make an observation. On the eleventh of December they lessened their quantity of sail, keeping the fore-sail and main-top-sail double-reefed, and looking out sharply ahead. On the same day, towards evening, breakers were discovered, and the captain ordered the helm to the starboard, but before the ship could come round, by some mismanagement she struck on a rock called Boon Island, seven leagues east from

Piscataqua River. The waves, after the second or third recoil, hove the vessel against the side of the rock, and the motion was so violent, that those on board could scarcely keep their feet. The rock at this time was invisible, though not more than thirty or forty yards off. There now seemed no chance of escape, and the prospect of death, by the ship's foundering, was alone present to the minds of the crew. They immediately went to prayers in the cabin, supplicating heaven to preserve them, and then, going on deck and using every exertion, they cut away the masts. Several of the crew were so struck with fear, that they were unable to move and render assistance, remaining below, as it were conscience-stricken, at the sight of death with unrepented sins. Those who were on deck cut the shrouds on the weather side, and the mast soon went over, from the violence of the sea, on the side towards the rock. One of the men, going out upon the bowsprit, reported that he saw something black ahead, and that he was inclined to venture by swimming towards it, if another person would accompany him. One of the best swimmers, being the mate, accordingly plunged into the foaming water. They were desired to give notice by shouting, if they succeeded, but nothing was heard of them. In the mean time, the captain, remembering he had some money and papers, which he wished to save, as well as some brandy and ammunition for immediate use, went below, and found the ship bilged, the decks opening, and the vessel fast sinking by the stern, so that he was obliged

to hasten into the fore part of the ship to save himself from drowning.

The best mode of escape now seemed to be by the masts, which lay with their ends on the shore; and stripping, the captain got upon the foremast, clinging fast as every sea came, and then moving on until he was able to reach the rock, upon which he threw himself. The water was low, and the rock slippery, so that he lacerated his hands and arms in attempting to clamber up. Getting no hold, the sea often took him back again, so that it was not without the utmost difficulty he was saved. The rest of the crew followed the captain's example, and the whole of them ultimately succeeded in gaining the rock. After disgorging the salt water they had swallowed, and creeping up the rock, they heard the voices of the men who had first got there by swimming, and to their great joy they all met in safety on the top, and returned thanks to God for their escape. Their next care was to find a shelter, for the rock was only one hundred yards long by fifty broad, and quite bare, so that there was no place to shield them from the wind and surf. The face of the rock was craggy, and too rough to allow of walking for exercise. Rain and snow continued to fall, and to make the cold severely felt.

When day dawned, for it was night when they reached this bare and desolate place in the midst of the stormy ocean, an examination took place of what the sea might have thrown up from the wreck of the ship. There were found pieces of masts, and yards

with some junk, and cable, attached to the anchors floating about the rock, and some of the stores, plank, old sails, and canvass had been also thrown ashore. About the quantity of three small cheeses was discovered among the sea-weed, but this was all the provision they found. They next tried to make a fire with a flint and steel, but everything they had being wet, they were unsuccessful. After trying in vain with a drill by motion for ten hours, in every mode they could imagine likely to succeed, they were obliged to give over the attempt. At night, they, having got a sail up on the rock, crowded close together under it to keep in the heat.

On the following day the weather cleared a little ; but the air was frosty. The main land was in view, and known to be Cape Neddock, which encouraged this unfortunate crew, with the hope of being seen by some of the fishing vessels, which were well known to frequent that place. They collected all the timber they could find, and also carpenter's tools, that they might begin the construction of a boat. The cook first complained of hunger, his countenance bespoke his sufferings, and he was desired to remain under the sail with some who had been frost-bitten ; but by noon he was no more. They laid him in a place where the sea would take him off. Several eyed the body of their unfortunate comrade, and afterwards acknowledged that they had thoughts of proposing to eat it, though none of them spoke. Thus, by the force of circumstances, are the feelings of social life eradicated ; and men forget in similar ne-

cessities, those sympathies of their nature, which distinguish them in the scale of creation.

In two or three days after they were on the rock, the frost began with great intensity. Their hands and feet became benumbed, and nearly useless, and they were so discoloured, that mortification was apprehended by most of them. They cut off their boots, and pulled off their shoes, but in getting rid of their stockings, those whose feet were blistered, pulled away skin and all, and some of them the very nails of their toes. They now wrapped their feet in oakum and canvass, as warm as possible. It was remarked that those who were most active preserved their health best. They set about building a tent of a triangular figure, about eight feet long, and covered it with such sails and old canvass as were washed on shore. It just afforded them room to lie down on one side, so that none could turn unless they turned all together, which was done every two hours by agreement and signal. They fixed a staff on the top of their tent, on which they hoisted a piece of cloth for a flag, when the weather would allow, to attract notice from any passing vessels. They also began a boat of the planks and timber from the wreck. They had only a saw made of an old cutlass, a hammer, their knives, and a caulking mallet. They found some nails in a cleft of the rock, and got some out of the sheathing of the ship. The bottom consisted of three planks; the sides were formed of two others, fixed to the star cheons, and let into the bottom timbers, and two short pieces at each end. A breadth of Holland

duck was put round the sides to keep off the spray of the sea. It was caulked with oakum from the old junk, and the crevices filled up with long pieces of canvass as well secured as possible. A short mast was stepped with a square sail, and a paddle for steering, six others besides for the rowers were got ready. The carpenter was scarcely able to give any assistance at the time, and the weather was so cold, that some days they could not go out of the tent at all, and in general could only work (those who were able to move) for four hours in the day.

They had been now a week on this miserable rock, without provisions, except the cheese already mentioned, and some beef bones which they ate after beating them to pieces. At length they saw three boats about five leagues off, and their spirits were raised with the hope of deliverance. They all crept out of their tent, and shouted as loud as they were able, but in vain. Their signals, too, were unobserved. Still the sight of three boats gave room to believe that more would still be seen. The wind being north-east, and they coming from the south-west, gave reason to hope the wreck of the vessel might drift in their way, and attract notice, or, being driven on shore, draw out boats to ascertain the cause, and thus their deliverance be ultimately effected. Thus in fruitless hope they contrived to keep up their spirits yet a little longer.

When their boat was very near completion, an axe belonging to the carpenter was thrown up by the sea, which enabled them to complete their work with

greater rapidity, but they had scarcely strength enough to get it into the water by their united efforts.

On the twenty-first of December, their boat being ready, the day fine, and sea calm, they held a consultation about attempting to reach the shore. The captain volunteered one of the first, and the mate and six others agreed to accompany him. They got their boat into the sea, in which, as the surf ran very high, they were obliged to wade to the middle to launch it. The captain and another having got in, the sea struck, drove it along the shore, and upset it upon them, so that they had a narrow escape from drowning, while the boat was staved to pieces, to their great dismay, for all hope seemed now extinguished. Their axe and hammer were lost in the boat, so that, if they had wished to construct a raft, they would have found it impossible, for want of tools. For the destruction of the boat, they were afterwards led to be grateful to heaven. A storm arose that very afternoon, so severe, that their boat must have gone down in it, had they been out at sea, and those who were left behind, unable to help themselves, must have perished. This afforded them a reconciliation to their grievous loss. Their situation now became sufficiently deplorable. They were all nearly starved with cold and hunger. The captain alone had any strength left; their hands and feet were frozen and had mortified; large deep ulcers formed in their legs, which became very offensive, and they had nothing to dress them with, but a piece of linen, which had been thrown upon the rock. They had still been

unable to make a fire, though the cold was excessive. Two or three muscles a day to each man, and those difficult to get, were all which they could find, except the rock-weed, for their support. Their spirits began to sink within them, from apprehension of death by famine ; in fact, at this very time, they might be said to be dying by degrees. To increase their fears, they recollected that the spring-tides were approaching, and if accompanied by high winds, that the sea might flow over the top of the rock on which they had sought shelter. How dreadful this apprehension was, no tongue could express. The biting cold, famine, debility, the terror of those whose consciences smote them for their sins, in the prospect of a dissolution, which seemed so inevitable, that nothing could avert it, rendered their state the very extreme of mortal suffering. Cast on a bare rock amidst a stormy sea, and a lingering death in view, it is not wonderful that terror and despair should take hold of such emaciated frames. Yet it is singular, that, in similar situations, when men have courted death until his near approach, the dread of that they were just before seeking, should then add to their sufferings.

The captain tried to encourage them ; exhorted them to trust in God and wait their salvation through him. The mate had the good fortune to strike down a gull, which was equally divided, and, though raw, eaten with thankfulness. It did not give each man more than a mouthful. The captain continued in better health than any of the rest, and was enabled

by that means to help them. They now planned the building of a raft to carry two men. A Swede, who had lost the use of both his feet by the frost, frequently importuned the captain to make the attempt, which it was afterwards resolved to carry into effect. The task with their resources was laborious and difficult. They cleared the foreyard of the junk about it with great fatigue, from their being so reduced in strength, and having few or no tools. At last they succeeded and split open the yard. Pieces were affixed to form the sides twelve feet long. Spars were then added, and such of the lighter planks as they could collect to the width of four feet, making all as firm as possible. A mast was also put up, and a sail formed of two hammocks which had been driven on the rock. A couple of paddles with a spare one were made, and the raft was complete. The Swede asked the captain to accompany him, saying, there was a volunteer for the service if he declined.

A sail was seen coming out of the Piscataqua river, about seven leagues to the westward, but to their disappointment it ran quickly out of sight to the east, the wind being to the north-west. A slight breeze setting towards the shore the next day, they determined to launch the raft, which was opposed by the mate, because it was too late in the afternoon. The Swede was urgent, and the nights being light, the captain agreed. The raft, however, soon shared the fate of the boat, and was upset. The Swede swam to the shore, but his companion, who could not swim, sank, and was preserved with difficulty. This

accident effectually prevented his making a second attempt. The Swede, however, desired he might go, if alone, without waiting a more favourable time, persisting in his resolution, and begging the captain to accompany him. He said he was sure he should die, but he had great hope he might save his comrades. The captain in vain tried to dissuade him. Asking assistance to turn the raft and to be helped upon it, the brave fellow was still resolute. But though the mast and sail were gone, he said he would rather perish at sea than remain in so horrible a state any longer. Another of the crew now volunteered with him, they got upon the raft and were launched off, begging the prayers of their wretched friends. They were watched until sunset, when they had got about half way to the shore, which they would reach about two in the morning. It was probable they well nigh got to the land and fell in with breakers which overset them, for the raft was found on the shore, and the body of one of them about a mile from it. They might indeed have been overset at sea, for it blew hard in the night. The dead man had a paddle fastened to his wrist. The body of the poor Swede was never discovered.

In the mean while the crew on the rock were anxiously waiting for their deliverance, vainly flattering themselves the raft had reached the shore. To harass and tantalize them yet more, a smoke was seen issuing from the woods, which was agreed on as the signal of their comrades' safety. The smoke continued, and buoyed up the wretched men with the

idea that no vessel could yet be obtained to come off for their relief, and thus hope and expectation being still kept alive, they were enabled to support their sinking bodies a little longer. It is wonderful, how far, in such circumstances, the existence of hope, and the elation in consequence, will preserve the body. The desponding always sink the first. It does not so much depend upon hardihood of frame as cheerfulness of mind that men combat similar calamities. With provisions they might have contrived to exist a good while, but the rock-weed and a few muscles were still the whole of their food: the spring-tides were over and they were safe, but the water falling lower at that time, they were enabled to get at the muscles, while afterwards they could come at very few. The captain at last was alone able to go in search of them at low water, but could often not procure more than two or three apiece, and was nearly losing the use of his hands by putting them so often into the sea in the search. His stomach rejected the muscles, though he could eat the rock-weed. Several seals had been seen upon the rock at their first landing, but, though searched for by day and night, they were no more discovered. A great many fowls, that used to roost on the rock, perceiving the seamen there, kept aloof, and thus aggravated the miseries of the people. The captain had a brother and a young gentleman on board who had never before been at sea, and were wholly unaccustomed to such hardships. They were both now reduced to the very last extremity. Water was not scarce, enough being found in the crevices

of the rock both from rain and melted snow, but, in the frosty weather, they all preferred ice, which the captain at last carried in lumps and placed at the side of the tent. Their water they drank out of a powder-horn, and handed it to the sick in the same vessel. Part of a green hide being thrown up by the sea fastened to a piece of the main yard, the men begged it might be brought into the tent, which it was accordingly, minced small and eaten voraciously.

The captain now got the men to open out the old rope and junk, and when the weather allowed of it, he thatched the tent over with it, and tied it down with rope-yarn, that it might the better shelter them from the cold. It proved of great service, as it would resist several hours rain, and preserve the inmates from the bitter freezing wind which had cut them severely. It was also useful for making bands, in which the captain swathed himself at night, taking off his wet clothes.

At the end of December, the carpenter, a heavy plethoric man, forty-seven years of age, of a dull disposition, complained of excessive pain in the back and stiffness in his neck. He had been ill from the first coming on shore, lost the use of his feet, and was almost choked with phlegm, which he had not strength to discharge. He seemed drawing near his end. His comrades prayed over him, and tried to be as serviceable and to do all they could for him in his last moments. Though speechless, he showed he was still sensible, but died in the night.

The body remained in the tent until the morning,

when the captain desired those who were yet able to assist in the task, to remove it, while he went to see if he could find anything to satisfy the general hunger. On his return, he found it in the same place. The men answered that they were unable to remove it; upon which a rope was attached to it, and by their united efforts, with the captain's assistance, it was got out of the tent. The exertion having almost made the captain faint, he went again into the tent, where, to depress his spirits yet more, he heard the men request that they might have the body of their dead comrade to satisfy their hunger. However shocking to humanity such a request, they were now in so deplorable a state, that necessity pleaded in their favour as the only chance of prolonging their lives. The lawfulness of the act was merged in the necessity. The first consideration was to preserve life, not by causing the death of a comrade, for he was already no more; and the step was accordingly taken. The captain was obliged to perform the horrible task; the skin, feet, hands, head, and bowels, were separated and thrown into the sea, and the body quartered, cut into thin slices, washed in sea-water, and eaten with rock-weed instead of bread. The captain's stomach loathed it; he had prepared the gristly part of the breast, scraping off the flesh quite clean, of which he ate, for hunger had made him more than once survey the sore ends of his own fingers with a ravenous eye. The mate and two others refused to eat any that day, but they could hold out no longer than the next morning, when they partook with the rest of the horrible repast. They ate greedily and too great a quantity, so that

the captain was forced to carry the quarters some distance from the tent to an elevated crag where they could not reach, to prevent injury from their over-eating themselves, and to make the stock of loathsome food hold out as long as possible. Each individual was limited. An equal portion was served out, that none might complain of undue partiality or quarrel with each other. The native disposition of the poor sufferers was changed. Their affectionate and peaceable temper before was wholly lost. Their eyes were wild and fixed, the expression of their features savage and even barbarous. They would obey no order from the captain, prayers and entreaties produced no effect upon them. Angry words and quarrels took the place of the resignation they had before shown. The food they were taking made their ulcers worse, and this was observed of all alike. The fat from the kidneys of the dead carpenter was used as a salve for their sores, but so eager were they after the flesh, that the captain was obliged to keep a narrow watch over what remained, for had it been too speedily consumed recourse would soon have been had to the living.

The raft which had been driven on shore upon the main at length proved the means of their deliverance, and the poor Swede's hope was fulfilled. Being seen by the people on the coast where it had been stranded, they set sail on the second of January in search of the wreck, towards the place whence they supposed it had come. The captain, looking out of the tent, saw a boat approaching the rock about half way from the main. The joy of the sufferers may be conceived.

The boat came near the rock and anchored about a hundred yards off, owing to the swell of the sea. Their anchor coming home, they were again obliged to stand off until noon, when the flood-tide would bring smooth water. The expectation and uncertainty of their deliverance affected the minds of the seamen very strongly. The captain gave an account of the miseries they were sustaining to the strangers, but did not mention the want of provisions, lest it should prevent them landing on the rock from the fear of being forced by the weather to remain. He supplicated for deliverance, and entreated, if possible, to be furnished with the means of a fire, which with great difficulty was effected by a canoe with one man in it. His astonishment at the meagre appearance of the captain was such he could hardly speak. Entering the tent, he was equally surprised to see the dreadful condition to which the crew were reduced. The ghastly faces within told a frightful story of their sufferings, wasted as they were to skeletons. The stranger, seeing the carpenter's flesh on the rock, expressed his pleasure at finding they were not without food. The captain kept the truth to his own bosom.

Materials for a fire being brought by the stranger, they attempted to kindle one, and succeeded with some difficulty. The captain now determined to go off with the stranger in the canoe, and send for the rest one and one. He got into the canoe for the purpose, but it was driven against the rock with violence, and upset. The captain, being very weak, was with difficulty saved from drowning a second time. He then

returned to his wretched companions. The man in the canoe, having with difficulty got off, rejoined his friends, and the boat stood for the shore without them. It is remarkable that they had great difficulty in getting back, having lost their boat, and with hazard escaped to the shore alive. Thus, had the crew of the Nottingham been with them, from their weak state they must have perished. It had come on to blow hard after dark. As soon as they got to the land, they sent an express to Portsmouth, in the Piscataqua river, and no time was lost in sending assistance when the weather would allow it, but the next day proved stormy. The food which the people on the rock had so long fed upon was nearly consumed, and they began again to despond, for no more fresh water was to be found as before. The fire made in the middle of the tent warmed them and enabled them to broil their meat. Their fuel was old ropes cut in pieces, but the smoke overpowered them, until a hole was made in the top for its escape.

On the following day, they eagerly demanded flesh of the captain, who dealt out a little more than was customary, but not as much as they wished, for they would have devoured all if they could obtain it, had they not been watched. If the weather continued bad, the whole would have been delivered out the next morning. In the night, two of them who kept watch whispered to each other, and one stole out of the tent and returned with a portion of the flesh, although it lay a good way off, and he was obliged to creep on his hands and knees over the rough rock.

While they were busied in broiling the flesh, the captain, who had seen them, sprang up and seized it, informing their comrades at the same time. At first it was proposed to punish them, but they were suffered to go free with a severe reprimand. The next repast would have finished the last of the poor carpenter's body. That night providentially the wind abated, and early in the morning the report of a musket was heard, and on looking, a boat was seen approaching the rock. It contained two seafaring friends of the captain's and three men: they had also a large canoe, and in two hours got all the sufferers on board. They were obliged to carry almost all of them on their backs to the canoe from the tent, and take them from the rock two and three at a time to the boat. When in the boat, a bit of bread and a glass of wine was given to each of them. They soon became extremely sea-sick. They observed that, after they had tasted warm nourishing food, they were so hungry and ravenous, that, had they not been restrained by the care of their friends, who stinted them in their diet, they must have destroyed themselves.

They found that two other vessels had also set sail to take them off the rock. It was almost eight o'clock in the evening when they got on shore. The greatest care was taken of the men, and nurses and surgeons found for them without expense. Two gentlemen, John Plaisted, Esq., and a Captain Wentworth, are said to have been foremost in their benevolence towards the sufferers.

One of the crew lost a part of his foot after getting

on shore. The rest preserved their limbs, but did not recover their perfect use; most of them lost toes or fingers, though, in other respects, they recovered their health. After they had recovered, the crew dispersed; the mate and two or three others returned to England. Captain Dean died British Consul for the ports of Flanders at Ostend, in the year 1761.

In the year 1719, the Hudson's Bay Company rather reluctantly fitted out an expedition, at the suggestion of a Mr. Knight. They were bound by their charter to keep in view the search for a north-west passage, but they had long lost sight of that object in their acquisitions from their wealthy traffic in furs. When they turned a deaf ear to the proposals of Knight, he threatened to lay their neglect before the King's ministers, and actually called upon one of the secretaries of state for the purpose. The company grew alarmed, and agreed to fit out two ships. One was called the Albany, and the other the Discovery. The first was commanded by Captain George Barlow, and the other by Captain David Vaughan. The whole expedition was under the direction of Knight, who was then nearly eighty years of age, and who it appears was filled with expectations of finding gold and copper, rather than of making the discovery of a north-west passage. He was instructed to find out the Straits of Anian, in order to discover gold and valuable commodities to the northward. The ships set sail, but no tidings were heard of them. It was naturally concluded they had perished among

the ice, or were frozen up in some place whence they could not get out, had taken up their residence on shore. To ascertain their fate, a vessel, called the *Whalebone*, was dispatched, the next year, to seek for them. It does not appear whether the commander of the *Whalebone*, named Scroggs, ever made search for these unfortunate people, who must have been alive at the time he was in the north. Reports of copper mines, tides, and the trending of the coasts, with a view to a north-west passage, comprehend all that is known of his voyage ; but not a word is there of his search for Knight and his companions. Whether living or dead, they seemed no longer worthy of notice by the company. Some believed that they had discovered the north-west passage, and were gone through into the Atlantic, whence they would by-and-bye return round Cape Horn. Time destroyed these hopes, Knight was forgotten with his crews. Nearly half a century passed away, and oblivion seemed to have buried even their memory.

In the year 1767, their melancholy fate came to light. It is the more melancholy, because, if Scroggs in the *Whalebone* had thought of the humane object of his voyage rather than of finding copper or gold, the crews of the two ships had in all probability been saved. In the year before mentioned, some boats employed in the whale-fishery, at Marble Island, which lies near Chesterfield Inlet in the north-west part of Hudson's Bay, stood in shore and found a very commodious harbour near the east end. At the head of this harbour there were guns, bricks, a

smith's anvil, and several other articles which the Esquimaux, who inhabit those parts, could neither remove nor use. The remains of a house were found near the place, and the hulls or bottoms of two ships were seen under water. Some of the guns, and the figure-head of one of the ships, were sent to England. Mr. Hearne, the discoverer of the Polar Sea, at the estuary of the river which bears his name, says, that in the summer of 1769, being then engaged in a fishery at Marble Island, he saw some Esquimaux, and having an able interpreter, the natives were questioned respecting the fate of these ships. One of them, a man far advanced in years, stated, in a clear and convincing way, the following facts. A more melancholy narrative can scarcely be imagined.

The Esquimaux said, that it was late in the year when the ships arrived, and in moving into the harbour the largest of them received some injury ; that landing, the crews began to build a house—the number of persons who came being about fifty. The winter passed away, and on visiting them again, as soon as the ice was gone, which must have been in 1720, they were greatly reduced in number, and those who were alive seemed very ill. They, nevertheless, appeared to be busy, but what they were doing exactly, the Esquimaux could not tell. It seems probable that they were lengthening their largest boat, for, at a short distance from their habitation, there remained then, in 1769, a large heap of oak chips, which might have arisen out of the occupation of carpenters in some such work. Sickness and

hunger had so diminished the number of the sufferers, that, when the second winter came upon them, only twenty remained alive. During that winter, some of Esquimaux resided on the other side of the harbour to that where the English house was erected. They frequently supplied it with whale's blubber, train oil, and seal's flesh for food. The Esquimaux went to the continent in the spring, and did not return until the summer, when they found only five of the English alive. It was now the year 1721. They were in such a deplorable state of hunger, that they eagerly ate seal's flesh and whale blubber, raw as it was given to them by the Esquimaux, of whom they purchased it. This, after long fasting, most probably produced the death of three of them in a few days. The two yet alive contrived, in their miserable state of weakness, to bury their comrades. These two survived the others many days, went to the top of a neighbouring rock, and were observed to gaze earnestly towards the south and east, as if in hope of seeing some vessel come to their relief. Scroggs had returned to England, and left them to their doom! Often, according to the narrator, after continuing a considerable time on the rock, they would, on seeing no vessel in the horizon, sit down together and weep bitterly. They were the last of fifty brethren in misfortune. At length one of these two died, and the survivor was so exhausted, that he fell down and expired, in digging the grave for his companion. The skulls and bones of these two men continued above ground near the remnant of their house. The last who died

is supposed to have been the smith or armourer, as he was always busy in manufacturing iron into such implements as were required by the Esquimaux, probably in exchange for the coarse food which they sold to the unfortunate crew. It is impossible for a poetical fancy to paint a more melancholy tale of human suffering. What must have been the feelings of the two who survived to be the last of the ill-starred company, and of him who died in scooping his fellow's grave! Perhaps suffering had made them callous to its own bitterness.

CHAPTER IX.

Behring's shipwreck and death, 1741—Four Russian sailors left four years in Spitzbergen, 1743—Loss of a Russian crew on the Aleutian Islands, 1758.

IN the year 1741, the celebrated Russian navigator Behring set sail from the harbour of St. Peter and St. Paul, in Kamschatka, in two vessels, from which he had named the port. It was the fourth of June when they weighed anchor, and on the twelfth they had reached latitude 46° without seeing land. They had been searching for the land laid down in the map of Delisle, as that discovered by John de Gama, without finding it: they were convinced it did not exist on the spot where it had been marked, and they proceeded as high as 50° of latitude with as little success. They now determined to steer eastward, towards the American continent. On the twentieth, the two ships were separated by a storm, followed by hazy weather. On the eighteenth of July, Behring, while waiting for the other vessel, discovered the American continent, in latitude $58^{\circ} 28'$, and in 50° longitude, from Awatscha. Three days before, Captain Tschirikov, who commanded the second vessel, had fallen in with the same coast, at 56° latitude, and 50° longitude, from Awatscha. He sent on shore his long boat and shallop with seventeen men, to observe the coast, but neither the one nor the other ever returned.

Upon a consultation, in consequence, held on board, it was resolved to return to Kamschatka. Behring, in the mean time, endeavoured to explore the coast he first saw, and to take in water.

On the twentieth, they anchored in a safe spot, and named a cape which projected near the anchorage, Cape St. Elias, and a second cape opposite, St. Hermogene. Between these two capes was a bay, in which, if necessary, the ship might safely ride at anchor. Two boats were then sent off, one to examine the bay, and the other to find water. Traces of inhabitants were found in their deserted huts, together with numerous domestic implements belonging to them. Leaving some trinkets for these people on their return, and having taken in water, Behring set sail on the twenty-first of July, determined to run as high as 60° north. He found it impossible to advance direct, the coast constantly running out to the south-west. He found himself in a labyrinth of islands which bordered the continent, so that often, when he thought himself clear, he discovered land on the larboard and starboard bow. He was then obliged to drop astern, and find a passage that way, encountering great difficulties from calms and currents.

On the third of September, while still among those islands, they discovered some of the inhabitants, who made signs for the Russians to come on shore, while the latter made signs for them to come off to the vessel. A boat, with nine men well armed, was then sent to the beach. Nine of the strangers waited their arrival on the shore. They were invited into

the boat in vain, but they made constant signals to the Russians to land. Three of them accordingly got out of the boat, one of whom was an interpreter of the Tschoutsckis. They were well received by the savages, but were not able to understand each other, and could only converse by signs. The strangers presented whale's flesh to the Russians, the only provision they had with them, and seemed to desire they would regale themselves. They had been on a fishing expedition, as their canoes were drawn up on the shore, but no females or habitations were seen, their dwellings probably being on the main land. They were unarmed. After some other communications with the natives, and encountering contrary winds, they were overtaken by a storm which lasted for seventeen days. So violent was the tempest, that the pilot, who had been a seaman, in all parts of the world, for fifty years, said he had never witnessed anything like it. They found, though they had not kept up their sails, that they had been driven back to $48^{\circ} 18'$ of latitude. The scurvy now began to appear among them; hardly a day passed without the death of one of the crew, and hands enough, in health, were scarcely left to manœuvre the vessel.

In these melancholy circumstances they were in doubt whether it was best to return to Kamtschatka, or endeavour to discover some place on the American coast where they might pass the winter. Their distress, the lateness of the season, the want of water, and the distance they were from the port of Petropawlowaska, appeared to render the wintering in

America indispensable. The return to Kamtschatka was, however, resolved upon. After discovering and naming several capes and islands, they saw two which, by an unfortunate mistake, they took for the two first of the Kourile Isles. By this they erred in their reckoning. They in vain took their course to the west; the shore of Kamtschatka remained invisible, and there was soon no hope, so late in the season, of making a port in that country. The crew, notwithstanding their sufferings from cold and continued rain, attended to their duty. The scurvy had already so far advanced, that the steersman was conducted to the helm by two other invalids, who happened still to have the use of their legs, by supporting him under the arms. When he could no longer steer from suffering, he was succeeded by another no better able to execute the labour than himself. Thus did the miserable crew waste away into death. They were obliged to carry few sails, for they had not hands to reef them, if at any time it should be required; and they were nearly worn out, so that the slightest storm was sufficient to shiver them into threads: in this case they could not be replaced from the stores, for want of sailors able to bend new ones. The rain was soon succeeded by snow. The nights now grew longer and darker, and the more the danger became imminent, the less able they were to meet it. They had now, in addition to their former precautions, to guard themselves against shipwreck. The fresh water on board was rapidly diminishing. The labour of the ship became too hard for the few who were

still able to undertake it, and to keep their legs. When requested to do their duty, they exclaimed it was impossible. Death, which all hailed as the deliverer from their sufferings, came too slow for their desires, though they every moment invoked it.

For some days the ship had remained impassive in the water, lying as the wind and waves drove her. Rigour was of no use exercised on a crew in a state of utter despair. At last the officers took another method, and spoke to the men with kindness, exhorting them, at the same time, not to give up all hope of being succoured by their Maker, and to use one effort for the common safety, which might be nearer than they expected. By this means some of the crew were roused to another effort, which they had, till then, thought impossible. It was on the fourth of November, that they again endeavoured to sail to the westward without knowing in what latitude they were, or at what distance from Kamtschatka, but it was the only point on which a single hope of their deliverance remained. The joy of the crew, when they came in sight of land, may be conceived ; it was about eight o'clock in the morning. They attempted to approach, but they were still at a great distance, and could only see the tops of mountains covered with snow. As they drew nearer, night came upon them. It was judged best, therefore, to keep out to sea until day appeared, that they might not be exposed to shipwreck in the dark. In the morning they found the cordage on the starboard side of the vessel had given way. They could not therefore manage the ship much

longer. A consultation was held. It was agreed that the ship was no longer manageable, that the water was much diminished, and the sickness on board increased. The humidity had been succeeded by intense cold, of which the increase was now, from the season, to be expected, and life must soon become insupportable. It was, therefore, decided, at all risks, to make for the land, to save their lives, and, perhaps, their ship.

The small sails were alone set, from the weakness of the mast, after the failure of the cordage. The wind was north; the depth of water thirty-six fathoms, with a bottom of sand; two hours after they found twelve fathoms. They now contrived to get overboard an anchor, and run it out three-quarters of a cable's length. At six the cable parted, and tremendous waves bore the ship upon a rock, where she struck twice, yet, in a moment after, they had five fathoms of water. The waves struck the ship with such violence, that she vibrated through all her timbers. A second anchor was thrown out, and the cable again parted. They had no third anchor ready. While they were preparing to let go another, a huge wave lifted the vessel over the reef. In an instant she lay in calm water. The anchor was put out, and she was safely moored in four fathoms and a half with a sandy bottom, and only about three hundred fathoms from the shore. The next morning they discovered that, by a good providence, they had been led to the only spot where it was possible they could have been carried over the ridge of rocks, and that

twenty fathoms distance right or left of the place high rocks rose out of the sea, against which they must have perished during the darkness of the night.

Winter was now come, and they had not yet set foot on shore, where it was necessary for them to choose a place of refuge. The crew, worn down with fatigue, reposed until mid-day, and then the boat was lowered with great difficulty. On the sixth of November, the second in command, M. Waxall, landed. They found the country barren, and covered with snow. A clear stream of excellent water, not yet frozen, ran down from the mountains to the shore. No trees or even shrubs were visible. Firewood might be obtained from what the sea had drifted on the land, but it must be collected from under the snow. Hut or shelter there was none, but they discovered near the banks of a torrent some deep hollows in the sand, which they prepared to clear out, and cover over with the ship's sails, so as to make a shelter, until they could construct cabins of wood. It was accordingly resolved to take the sick on shore the next day, as soon as places were prepared for them.

On the eighth of November, they were landed. Some died on being brought up into the air from below, others in the boat, and some upon getting ashore. The bodies of the dead were instantly attacked by foxes, which came to their prey without fear, as if they had never before seen man. They were obliged to drive these animals away from the corpses, the feet and hands of which were mangled before they could be interred. On the ninth of November, the captain

was landed, well secured from the atmosphere, and placed in a hollow by himself. The sick were all brought to the land in a day or two more, but it was remarked that, of all who took to their beds in the ship, not one survived. These were principally such as were indifferent to existence, or feared the disease, and succumbed to it. Their disorder commenced with extreme lassitude, which made the person attacked spiritless, and indifferent to everything. A sort of asthma then came on, which was felt on the smallest movement of the body. The person attacked preferred inactivity, and would rather lie down and die than move about. Soon after, the limbs were struck with severe pains, the legs became inflamed, the skin yellow, the body covered with livid marks, the teeth loose, and the mouth and gums bloody. In this state life or death appeared to be the same to the patient; he could but breathe his last sigh. Some of those attacked were nervous, and terrified at the slightest sound they heard. Others seemed to eat heartily, and did not think themselves in danger. They quitted their hammocks when they heard the order for going on shore, dressed themselves, and believed they should quickly be well. On leaving the interior of the ship, and the close corrupted air of the hold, and coming into the keen atmosphere, they speedily expired.

Those survived who resisted the complaint so much as not to take to their beds; who kept in motion on their feet as much as possible, especially if they succeeded, by natural lightness of temper, in driving away melancholy thoughts. The instances of suc-

cessful resistance to the disorder were most observed in the officers of the ship who were obliged to be on deck to look into everything; having had orders to give and duties to execute, so that they were constantly in action. The captain alone of all the officers died. His age and temperament inclined him to inactivity. He took his friends at last for his enemies, and some could not come into his sight on that account towards the close of his illness. Two of the officers took the disease by remaining on board in the bad air of the hold, after the crew had quitted the ship, but they both recovered. Behring died on the eighth of December, 1741, on the island which now bears his name. He had a great passion for voyages and travels in his youth, and had seen many parts of the world and a great deal of service. He had served under Peter the Great, was made lieutenant in 1707, and captain lieutenant in 1710. He was thus a seaman from his cradle, and was chosen to command the expeditions from Kamtschatka on account of his previous services. He left his name a record to the end of time in the straits that separate Asia and America. His death was singular. He was almost buried before he breathed his last sigh. They placed him in the most commodious spot the day after the disembarkation of the sick commenced. He was borne with great care into a sort of tent upon or rather in the sand, and as well secured as possible. Every day he detached the loose sand from the sides of the place where he lay, so that he soon covered his feet with it. Those who attended him cleared it

away, but at last he would not suffer them to do it any more. He showed anger if it were attempted, and by degrees had so accumulated it about him, that when he died he was half covered. They buried him near the spot, and the island is his monument bearing his name in the charts of all nations.

Not long after the death of the captain, the Russians saw their vessel wrecked before their eyes. It was their only means of escape from the dreary spot in which they were wintering. A storm arose on the twenty-ninth of December, the cable snapped, and the ship came ashore almost close to where the Russians were living. In the morning she was found buried eight or ten feet in sand and completely shattered. The sea had spoiled a great proportion of their remaining provisions. This was a fearful loss to them, but when they reflected that the ship might have been driven out to sea and put an end to all future hopes of their escape, they consoled themselves it was no worse, especially as she was thrown close to them and high upon the sand, since they might easily construct out of her wreck a vessel to take them to Kamtschatka when the summer brought them fine weather, if they were unable to attempt the task before.

They had now two important objects to attain. The first was to discover on what part of the world they had been cast. The second to find the means of subsistence. Of the place where they had landed they knew nothing, not even whether it was an island or a continent, whether sterile or productive of

herbs that might prolong life, or whether it contained deer and other animals for their subsistence. Parties were accordingly sent out to explore the country, and to bring back accounts of what they might discover that could be of use to them for the exigencies of the surviving crew.

After an absence of three days one of the parties returned, and stated that they had not perceived the least trace of men, but they had seen a great number of what were called in Kamtschatka sea-beavers. They had also seen a great number of blue and white foxes, which showed no signs of fear upon observing them. Hence they concluded that the country on which they had landed was not inhabited. They set out again on a journey of discovery more in the interior of the island, and also with the design to cross the country to the opposite side from that where they had come on shore. They found a high hill three or four leagues from the sea, and ascending it could see the sea both to the eastward and westward of them, from which observation they had no doubt they were upon an island. They found no trees except a few willows on the sides of a rivulet.

Having thus satisfied themselves they were upon an island, they proceeded to examine what stores and provisions had been left them that they could use. They first made a reserve of eight hundred-weight of flour, which was to serve as sea stock in their voyage to Kamschatka, after which they regulated the daily allowance of each person. Although thirty of the crew had died, there would not have been

sufficient for their subsistence had there not been wild animals on the island to eke out their stores.

The flesh of the beavers was hard and stringy, but it answered very well for want of a better and more nutritive kind. They killed a great number for their skins besides those they wanted to use for food. Their furs are so much esteemed, that the Chinese give the Russians from eighty to a hundred roubles a-piece for them at Kiachta. The Russians collected nine hundred of these skins during their residence on the island, which were equally divided among them. The surgeon Steller carried away the most part, having had many presented to him by others for his attention to them. Some he bought, or exchanged from those who were careless of everything, in the uncertainty of their safe return. The surgeon had three hundred to his own share when they embarked from the island to return to Siberia.

In the month of March no more beavers were seen, and in their places seals made their appearance. The flesh of these animals they found very disagreeable. They were fortunately relieved from the necessity of feeding upon them by killing sea-lions, the flesh of which they found excellent. The morse or sea-horse was also taken and served them for food. One of these, of eight hundred-weight, was sufficient for fifteen days consumption. The flesh was like beef, and that of the young ones not inferior to the best veal. The fat, which lined the flesh to the depth of three or four inches, very much resembled lard; and the Russians used it as a substitute for butter. They

filled several hogsheads with the flesh, which they salted, as part of their provisions for their future voyage.

A whale came on shore during the winter near their habitation, and being short of other food at the time, they cut out the blubber in square masses, and boiled it to separate the oil, which they ate. On the commencement of spring, a second whale was cast on shore in the same way, and then, rejecting the stale meat, they supplied themselves with that which was more fresh. Such was the nauseous food to which they were obliged to have recourse for their preservation.

When the snow began to melt in the month of March, 1742, these unfortunate men began to think of some means of return. They were forty-five in number, living in a state of perfect equality, and each delivered his opinion and supported it with some warmth. The chief officer, M. Waxall, managed the consultation with much address. He did not attempt to combat so many conflicting opinions, but defeating one and then another by different arguments, he contrived to obtain the rejection of such as he deemed worthless. In conjunction with one of the other officers, he then proposed that the old vessel should be pulled to pieces, and a new one constructed of a size to carry them all, and such provisions as might be necessary. Thus they would none of them be separated, and in case of any new misfortune occurring, all of them would meet it together. This plan was unanimously adopted, and the crew signed a document signi-

fying their assent. It was now the beginning of the month of April, a favourable time to commence operations. All took their share in the work, and the entire month was employed in breaking up the wreck for materials to build the new vessel.

Three Russian carpenters had died since their arrival on the island, and there was not one left. A Cossack of Siberia, named Sawa Slaradoubzov, who had worked in the yard at Okhostk, offered to construct the vessel if the proportions were given to him. He succeeded in laying down the new ship, a service considered of such importance as well as ingenuity, that he was rewarded on his return by being elevated to the rank of Sinboiarskoy, the lowest degree of nobility in Russia.

On the sixth of May they began to construct their new ship. It was forty feet long by thirteen broad. At the beginning of June, it was ready for planking up, the frame being complete. It had but one mast and deck, a cabin was built on the poop, and a cooking place in the forepart of the vessel; it had four places for oars on each side. Many things were still wanting, but they nevertheless proceeded to calk the planks that the ship might be got ready for sea. They took care to construct a boat to accompany their vessel, capable of holding nine or ten persons.

They launched their vessel on the tenth of August, and called it the *St. Peter*, after the ship out of which she had been built. The shot and ironwork of the old vessel they employed for ballast in the new. The weather was fortunately calm for six days, during

which time they got in the mast and rudder, bent the sails and took in their provisions. Their vessel drew five feet water. All having embarked, they set sail on the sixteenth. They cleared the rocks by the aid of their oars, and continued to row until they were about three leagues at sea, when they hoisted their sails with a slight breeze from the north. They found that their ship sailed and worked as well as if she had been built by able workmen. On the 18th, they had a strong gale against them from the southwest. The fear of a storm made them fling a part of their ballast overboard. On the twenty-fifth, they came in sight of Kamtschatka, entered the bay of Awatscha the next day, and on the twenty-seventh anchored in the port of Petropawlowska.

The joy of the unfortunate crew may be conceived upon finding an abundance of provisions which had been left for them by Captain Tschirikov, who commanded the *St. Paul*, their old consort. They also found excellent apartments, and wintered once more in a place of security. In May they re-embarked, and sailed to Okhostk. M. Waxall, the chief officer, reached Jakoutsk, and remained there during the winter. In October, 1744, he arrived at Jeniseisk, and found Captain Tschirikov there, who had received orders to remain, until the Russian government had come to some resolution relative to the expeditions from Kamtschatka, and M. Waxall remained with him. In 1745, Tschirikov was ordered to St. Petersburg, and M. Waxall succeeded to the command of both vessels,

which he afterwards, in 1749, conducted to Petersburg as commander in chief.

In the year 1743, Jeremiah Okladnikoff, of the province of Yougovie, in the government of Archangel in Russia, fitted out a vessel for the Greenland whale-fishery, having a crew of fourteen hands. She was destined, in the first instance, for the shores of Spitzbergen. For eight days, successively, after they set sail, they had a fair wind, and proceeded rapidly on their voyage. Upon the ninth, the wind changed, so that, instead of making the coast of Spitzbergen as they expected, they were driven eastward for some days, and at length found themselves near an island called by the Russians Maloybroun. When within three versts, or about two English miles, the vessel was suddenly surrounded by ice, and the crew were alarmed at the danger of their situation. Alexis Himkof, the mate, recollected hearing that some of the inhabitants of Mésén had, a few years before, erected a cabin a short distance from the sea, where they had passed the winter. The crew agreed, in consequence, to winter on the island if they could find the place, as their danger in the ship was every moment increasing by the accumulation of the ice. Four persons were sent out to see if they could find the hut, and to report in what state it might be at present. The mate, Alexis Himkof, Iwan Himkof, Stephen Scharapof, and Theodore Weragin, were selected to go across the ice for the purpose. There

were about two miles of ice between them and the shore. They took with them a musket, a powder-horn, with twelve charges and as many balls, an axe, a kettle, twenty pounds weight of flour, a knife, a tinder-box, and tobacco; and each having his wooden pipe in his mouth, they set off. The footing was dangerous, consisting of loose pieces of ice, driven in heaps by the wind. They reached the shore in safety, and discovered the hut still standing, about a mile and a half from the sea. It was in length thirty-six feet, eighteen broad, and eighteen high, and was formed into two chambers. It had suffered much from the weather, but it was a habitation which they esteemed themselves fortunate in finding entire. They passed the night in it, intending, on the morrow's dawn, to carry the news to their comrades.

Morning came, and they set off to communicate their success to those on board their ship, intending to get out such stores and necessaries as might enable them to winter in comfort. What was their dismay and surprise, on reaching the place where they had come on shore, to find the ship was not to be seen! All around was the sleep of death; the reign of frost had yielded to the waves again. There was now an open sea. A violent wind, which blew in the night, had driven off the ice, and the vessel had either gone to the bottom, or was driven by the current into the Northern Ocean; a thing not unusual in that latitude. In short, they saw their comrades no more, and were ignorant of their fate.

These unfortunate men were thus deprived of all

hope of quitting the island, and returned full of dismay to their solitary hut. Their first attention was directed to providing for their subsistence, and to repairing their house. The twelve charges of powder they had with them procured them as many reindeer, of which there were great quantities on the island. The crevices which time and weather had made in their hut they filled up with moss. They repaired it easier, having been accustomed to labour in the like work at home. The Russians are generally well versed in the use of carpenters' tools and handicraft labour.

No vegetables grew on the island, nor were any trees or shrubs produced in that high latitude. They found on the sea-shore, to make up for this deficiency, a quantity of wood from the wrecks of vessels, and whole trees with their roots, which had drifted from more hospitable shores. They also found several bits of iron, some nails of a good length, an iron hook, and other things in boards, which the sea had washed up. They also met with the root of a fir-tree, bent and almost fashioned by nature into the shape of a bow. With their knives they completed the weapon, but still found the string and arrows wanting. They now made two lances to defend themselves against the arctic bears. The iron hook they fashioned into a rude hammer, by widening a hole it had near the middle with a large nail. A pebble served them for an anvil, and a couple of deer-horns for tongs. With these rude tools they fashioned two spear-heads, which they tied fast with thongs to sticks as large



BEAR AT THE HUT OF THE RUSSIANS.

and strong as their purpose required. With these they ventured to attack a white bear, and after a dangerous combat succeeded in killing it. By this means they obtained a fresh supply of provisions of good taste, and the tendons being divided served for strings to their bow. They forged some bits of iron into sharp points for arrow-heads, and with these additional weapons were better able to obtain food. During the time they abode on the island they killed no less than two hundred and fifty rein-deer and a great number of blue and white foxes. The flesh served them for food and the skins for clothing. They only killed ten bears, the combat being always dangerous, from the strength and the fury with which the animal resisted, and even attacked the Russians. Only one was killed intentionally, the others were slain in attempting to enter their hut to devour them. Some of these were easily driven off or intimidated, but the Russians were continually in fear of being devoured. This apprehension was one of the most painful circumstances of their miserable exile.

Their fuel would not allow them, even in so inclement a climate, the comfort of a constant fire; they were therefore driven to the necessity of drying a portion of their meat in the open air, and then hanging it up in the smoke of their hut. Thus prepared, it was used as bread with their fresh meat, which they were compelled to devour half raw. This kind of food, though coarse, was not likely to be productive of scurvy; yet this terrible scourge at length attacked them. Iwan Himkof, who had several times in his

life been compelled to winter in the same high latitude, recommended his companions to swallow their food in small pieces, to drink the blood of the rein-deer as it flowed warm from the animal, and to gather and eat as much scurvy-grass as possible. Those who followed this advice found that they escaped the disorder; but one of their number, Weragin, who was naturally of an idle, indolent temperament, and averse from drinking the warm blood, was soon discovered to have the disorder upon him, and he passed six years in acute suffering. At length he could not sit upright, nor raise his hand to his mouth. His companions were obliged to attend him like nurses attend an infant, up to his last moments.

When they saw the faint beams of the expiring summer sun take their departure from the landscape of desolation around, their hearts sunk. The long darkness of winter, in so high a latitude, was doubly distressing to them. They set about puzzling their inventive faculties to supply themselves with a lamp. They had noticed a species of clay in the island, of which they imagined they might construct what they wanted, and they thought they had succeeded; but the clay absorbed the grease or animal-fat which they used, and it ran through in spite of every means they could devise to prevent it. A bit of twisted linen served them for a wick. To remedy the defect of leakage, they constructed a second lamp, and drying it in the air, they heated it red-hot, and then dipped it in their kettle, in which they had previously boiled some flour down to the consistence of starch. They

now filled it, and found, to their inexpressible joy, that it answered their object very well, and held the fat as they desired. They then made two or three more lamps, to afford them a supply in case the first should be broken. Pieces of junk, thrown ashore from wrecks, served them for wicks when they had no linen, and by this means they kept up a constant light. No want of life, except food, could be less dispensed with during an arctic winter. Year after year their miserable lamp cheered their inexorable darkness and solitude.

Their garments were soon worn out, and a method of supplying the deficiency became peremptory. They had secured the skins of the rein-deer and foxes they had taken to serve for bedding. It was necessary to dress those designed for clothing, and to take off the fur. This they succeeded in effecting by soaking the skins in water until the hair came off, drying them, and then saturating them with the fat of the rein-deer. The skins were thus rendered soft and flexible. Needles they had none, but from some nails they picked up in the timber washed on shore, they formed a slender wire, one end of which they flattened and pierced for an eye. They made threads of the fibrous tendons of the rein-deer, and thus sewed together their jackets and trousers for summer, of leather without hair. Their winter dress was a gown or cloak of fur, with a hood, put on over the other. The immediate wants of life supplied, their minds were directed to the melancholy prospect of spending the residue of their lives on such a spot,

One of them must survive the rest to die in a miserable solitude, either of famine or by the bears, in case he should be too weak to help himself. Alexis Himkof was married, and the recollection of a wife and three children, whom he might never again behold, was ever present to his mind, adding a poignancy to his sufferings, of which the others were not partakers. The short summers came and went, and he saw not his family; while the dreary winters only deepened the horrors of his situation, by the reflection that, with their presence, the cold and darkness might be endured.

Rein-deer, foxes, and bears were the only inhabitants they observed in the island. The usual birds of the high latitudes were seen in summer. Seals were in great plenty; but fish they could not catch, and the bears preyed upon all the seals that came within their reach, dead or alive, together with the flesh of the whales that often came on the shore lifeless. Of vegetables the island was totally destitute, scurvy-grass and moss excepted, for the rocks and mountains lifted their summits towards the clouds, encased in ice and snow from the base. Rivulets of very pure water were found in summer, flowing down in considerable streams. Their situation was one of great loneliness and suffering, notwithstanding they so well supplied their more urgent necessities. They were cut off from the society of mankind, perhaps for ever. The smile of woman existed not for them; even nature herself bore an aspect more that of a relentless foe than of a benevolent and smiling parent. The sun, for eight months of the year, was

for the most part obscured, or altogether invisible; while the other four months his rays blazed, during twenty-four hours, with intolerable heat and splendour, wheeling his course round an entire circle in the heavens. The beautiful *Aurora Borealis* cheered the eye in the depth of winter, but the severity of the cold nullified the gratification of gazing upon its flickering coruscations. Long weeks of cloud and total darkness intervened, with incessant snow, so that neither moon nor stars were visible. The climate seemed not to be created for other than the wild and savage bears which tenanted it.

Nearly six years of this dreary sojourn had passed away when Theodore Weragin, who had lingered so long of disease, died, and thus terminated the excruciating pains he had suffered. His companions, who had attended him with brotherly solicitude, were deeply struck at his decease. Their hearts were affected as well for the living as the dead. They were one less, and while all wished to follow him who was now past mortal suffering, each hoped to be the next, and dreaded to be the last. It was winter when Weragin died. They dug a grave for him in the snow, and covered up the body as well as they were able, lest the white bears should devour it.

That winter passed away, but the death of their comrade did not pass away with it. They still felt apprehensive for their future position, and each expecting death on the island ultimately, was filled with anxiety lest his comrades should pass away before him. They were in this mind in August, 1749, when a

Russian vessel unexpectedly made its appearance. It was on the fifteenth of the month. She proved to be the property of individuals who had gone to trade at Archangel, and thence proposed to go and winter in Nova Zembla. Owing to contrary winds, they determined to winter at West Spitzbergen, instead of Nova Zembla; and driven towards what is called East Spitzbergen, arrived directly opposite the residence of the Russians. They saw the ship, and lighting fires on the hills, and making signals, were observed, and the people on board, thinking they wanted assistance, came to an anchor. The joy of the Russians was beyond bounds. They agreed with the master of the vessel for a passage to Russia, for which they promised him eighty roubles, agreeing also to work their passage. They carried off with them two thousand weight of rein-deer fat, a vast many skins of rein-deer, foxes, and bears. They took away all their rude tools and weapons, their needles, and clothes of skins; and, after being six years and three months in the frightful solitude of this polar island, they reached Archangel, September twenty-fifth, 1749. On landing there, the wife of Alexis Himkof chanced to be in sight; she recognized her husband, and ran, so overwhelmed with joy at the sight, to embrace him, that she fell into the water, and was very near being drowned. They landed in excellent health; but could not accommodate themselves to the food of their countrymen. Bread was so distasteful to them, they would not touch it, nor could they be brought to drink anything but water. These men

were slaves of a Russian count named Schawalow, to whom the whale-fishery belonged by a crown grant. Two of them were sent from Archangel to Petersburg. Alexis Himkof, aged forty, and Iwan Himkof, went to that city to gratify the inquiries of the curious, and took with them their island clothes and instruments. At Petersburg, their story was taken down in writing, and was afterwards very widely circulated throughout Europe.

The place of the sojourn of these men was somewhere between 76° and 81° of latitude, which has of late years been much frequented by whalers; and some parts are very well known to the masters of our Hull vessels, though the precise spot where the Russians spent their weary time is not so easy to discover, their description applying as well to Spitzbergen generally as to an island on its shores. The neglect of the most obvious precautions by those who first attempted to pass a winter in the polar regions well accounts for the disastrous consequences that ensued, as the residence of these men shows.

A Russian vessel, in which Simeon Novikoff, of Yakutsk, and Iwan Bacchoff, who were in the employ of Iwan Shilkin, sailed, in the year 1748, down the river Anadyr, in Siberia, until they reached the sea, which consumed nine days. They were tossed about some time at the mouth of the Anadyr; and, after visiting a small river called the Katirka, the banks of which are inhabited by the Koriaks, who are tributary to Russia, they doubled Thadaya Noss,

and at length reached Behring's island. There they lay at anchor for six weeks, until the thirtieth of October, when a sudden storm dashed their vessel to pieces. The crew were preserved, and they immediately began a search for the wreck of Behring's vessel, which had been lost there in 1741. They found some timber and drift-wood, and built themselves a small boat, only about seventeen Russian ells in length, and in this they ventured to sea in search of an unknown island to the north-east, which they imagined they had seen. They found no land where they conjectured it lay, and then shaped their course for Copper island, which the Russians called Mednoi, lying no great distance to the west of Behring's, and thence sailed for Kamtschatka, which they did not reach until August, 1749.

They called their new vessel, or rather boat, the *Capitan*, and presented her to their employer Shilkin, whose ship they had lost, together with the privilege annexed to it, of trading to the Aleutian islands.

A few years afterwards Shilkin himself set sail, together with a Cossack, who was employed to collect tribute for the Russian government. There were twenty Russians, and the same number of Kamtschadales on board. They were driven back a short time after they sailed and ran the ship on shore, losing the rudder and one of their men. This detained them until the following season, when they again set sail with a crew of thirty-nine men. They proceeded first to Behring's island, from which they took off two men who had been shipwrecked there, being part

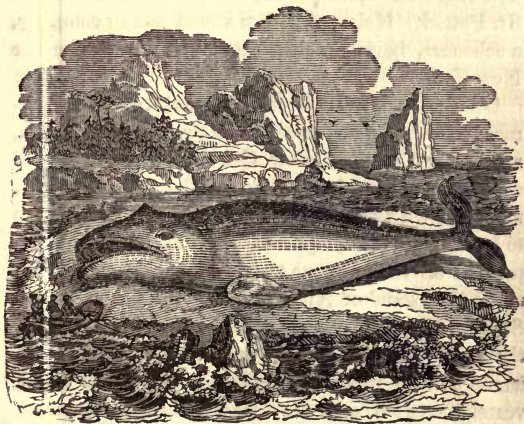
of the crew of a Russian ship which had touched to winter at the island, in a voyage to the Aleutian isles. This ship was commanded by a captain named Krassilnikoff who proceeded on his voyage, in August, 1754. It appeared that, on the tenth of that month, he came in sight of an inhabited island, where the number of persons who appeared on the shore prevented him from landing, and he was obliged to make Copper island in great distress for want of water; he procured it there, and again set sail. He was driven back by a violent storm, and wrecked. The crew were saved, and they contrived to preserve a good many things out of their vessel. While thus compelled to remain on the island, three of the crew were drowned, several died of want, and to add to their miseries, a high tide in the month of December washed away all the stores they had saved, and the timber they had collected from the wreck. In the ensuing spring they reached Behring's island in two small boats, and, except the two men who were found there by Shilkin, were taken off to Kamtschatka by different vessels.

Shilkin sailed from Behring's island, in August, 1758, and after encountering much bad weather, reached the nearest of the Aleutian islands, which lay to the southward, and then proceeded to a second island farther off. He then sent a boat on shore, which was attacked by a numerous body of the inhabitants, so that the crew could with difficulty escape to their vessel, where another danger awaited them. A storm arose, and the waves running high the

ship quickly parted from her anchor, and drove out to sea. The weather was thick and hazy, and not knowing whither they drove, the vessel was wrecked on an island very near that where they had just before been so inhospitably received. The crew saved themselves with great difficulty, but were only able to secure their arms, everything besides being lost with the ship. They were scarcely on shore when they were attacked by the inhabitants from the neighbouring islands, in great numbers. The Russians were in the greater danger from their miserable condition, suffering from cold and wet, and many of them incapable of acting on the defensive, from exhaustion. Fifteen of them, however, were able to use their arms, and boldly faced their enemies, advancing resolutely towards them. A Russian, who understood something of their language, endeavoured to parley with them unsuccessfully. The natives shouted, did not seem daunted, and discharging their darts, wounded one of the Russians, upon which the latter fired, killed two of the islanders, and forced the remainder to retreat. Fresh bodies of the natives appeared, but they did not renew the attack on the Russians, and soon after left the island.

They were now free from their savage foes, but their sufferings were scarcely yet begun. Unsheltered, exposed to the winter's cold, and all the extremity of hunger, incredible to state, they lived from the sixth of September to the twenty-third of April. They had no food all this time but such as they casually picked up on the shore. Shell-fish, or coarse roots

scraped out of the earth. Pieces of leather, washed ashore from the wreck of their vessel, were eagerly devoured. No less than seventeen of their number died of hunger, and if the dead body of a whale had not been cast on the beach, they must all have followed the fate of their comrades. Another winter they were doomed to pass upon this miserable island. They contrived, in the beginning of the summer of 1760, to complete from the wreck of their vessel a smaller one in which they set sail. But they had not got out of the vicinity of the Aleutian Islands, when they were again shipwrecked, and lost everything. Out of forty-one persons, only thirteen, a year afterwards, reached Kamtschatka!



CHAPTER XI.

Loss of the St. Lawrence, 1780.

THE ice, occasionally, sets in very early in the river St. Lawrence, and when that is the case, the navigation is rendered more dangerous. The St. Lawrence, a brig bound to New York, sailed from the basin of Quebec on the seventeenth of November, 1780, with several British officers on board. One of these, was Ensign Prenties, of the 84th regiment, being charged with despatches to Sir Henry Clinton. The ship went down the same day to a harbour, called St. Patrick's Hole. Another vessel was in company, a schooner, having a duplicate of the despatches for New York.

On the twenty-sixth of the month, the St. Lawrence and her consort reached the Brandy Pot Islands, about forty leagues below Quebec, where they were obliged to cast anchor. The weather was very cold, and the St. Lawrence so leaky as to require a pump to be constantly kept going. As soon as they could proceed on their voyage they set sail again, and soon made the Island of Anticosti, near the mouth of the St. Lawrence. The wind again set in contrary, and they were obliged to beat on and off between the island and the shore for four days. The leaks in the vessel increased, and they were forced to keep two pumps at work day and night. The ship was now

more northerly than she had been before, and the ice began to form so fast around her, that they were obliged to clear it away lest it should accumulate, and be frozen together. The seamen were not expert, and altogether not equal to do the work of the vessel at such a crisis. The master was constantly intoxicated in his cabin, and yet every moment the benefit of a community of experience was more necessary.

The wind being to the westward on the twenty-eighth, they sailed down the gulf with two feet water on board. The wind increased until it blew a gale. On the first of December, the crew, overcome with fatigue and the severity of the cold, refused to work any longer at the pumps. The leak was gaining upon them. The water was now four feet in the hold, and the sailors declared they were indifferent to their fate, as they preferred going to the bottom to the incessant fatigue, when it could not be of the slightest avail to save them. Their labour, from the time they set sail, had been excessive, and matters had now reached such a pitch, that they could hardly hope, by any chance, to save the vessel, even if a hope remained of their own lives. By earnest entreaty, and giving them a pint of wine each man, from a stock which Ensign Prenties had brought on board with him, they were with difficulty persuaded to exert themselves, saying that whether the ship filled or not was of no consequence to them. Though the delay had been short at the pumps, the water had increased a foot in a quarter of an hour. The sailors, encouraged by the wine, in two hours reduced

the water to three feet. The captain still remained in his cabin. The gale increased, and the ice formed so thickly on the vessel's side as to hinder her progress through the water. Additional labour was required to clear it away, which the company on board were ill able to execute, and the leak gained upon them.

The vessel which had set sail at the same time with the *St. Lawrence* was in as bad a state as that ship, having struck on a rock at the Island of *Coudres*, from the carelessness of the pilot. Heavy snow fell, and it was with the utmost difficulty the ships could keep in sight of each other. A gun was fired every half hour, lest they should part company. At length no answer came from the schooner. She had gone down with every person on board. The gale increased, the sea ran high, and it was impossible to see twenty yards ahead of the vessel from the falling of the snow. The water had risen to five feet in the hold, owing to the fatigue of the crew. The mate judged that the ship was not far from the *Magdalen Islands*, which lie in the middle of the gulf of *St. Lawrence*. These are mostly a cluster of rocks. Many of the rocks are under water, and very dangerous to navigation. They are always avoided in foggy weather, though when it is fine seamen like to make them. The opinion of the mate was well founded; about two hours after, a rocky island, one of the number called the *Deadman*, lying furthest of the group to the westward, was seen close under the lee of the ship, and it was with great difficulty

that the point of it was weathered. The vessel was now hardly safe, for there were numerous islands and rocks near; the snow was falling thick, yet they had the good fortune, notwithstanding, to escape them all.

Their anxiety while passing, and their joy when they had shot by them, were both very great. The crew, overcome with cold and fatigue, took fresh heart from having escaped such imminent dangers, and believing Providence was favourable to them, they continued to exert themselves. Wine was also served out to them occasionally, which was of great service. The gale still continued, the sea running very high, so that they were apprehensive of the stern being beaten in. This happened on the fifth of January, when the sea struck the quarter, stove in the dead lights, filled the cabin, and washed the master out of bed, where he had skulked ever since the commencement of the storm. It was now discovered that the shock was of a most serious nature, for the stern post had been started by the violence of the sea, and the leaks increased. It was in vain they attempted to stop them with beef cut into small pieces, the water poured in faster than it had ever done before. The crew, finding their labour ineffectual, abandoned the ship to its fate in despair, and would pump no longer. An attempt was, indeed, made by them once afterwards to use the pumps, and endeavour to keep the water under; but it was found they were choked up with ice, and frozen so much, that they were quite useless. The vessel in a little time filled with water, but did not sink, though all on board

expected her every moment to go to the bottom. In fact she did sink much deeper in the sea than before. They now recollected she was laden with lumber, which immediately accounted for the circumstance of her keeping afloat. Hope of preservation now sprung up afresh in the bosoms of the crew. If they could make the island of St. John, or some other near it, all might yet be well. They steered directly before the wind to prevent oversetting, though there was difficulty in doing this, because the sea washed clean over the decks. It was necessary, if possible, to preserve the boat, as its loss would be, in such circumstances, a terrible misfortune. The cabin was on the deck, and being clear of water, afforded a tolerable shelter. The man at the helm was made fast with a rope, to prevent his being carried overboard. In this way they drove before the wind for some time, the violence of the gale still unabated.

The supposition of the captain was that the ship could be no great distance from the land; he supposed they must be near the Island of St. John, between the Magdalen Islands and the Gut of Canso. They were, therefore, in hopes of being able to run the ship on shore, on some sandy part of the island, and thus save their lives. This hope was destroyed by the captain's statement, that the north-east side of the island, where they then must be, was one continued reef of rocks, and that there was but one harbour, which was on the opposite side to the spot where the vessel then drove. Not a long while after the waves were shorter than before, and broke higher, a

sign of approaching the land. Gulls, too, were seen, and other birds flying about; a sure evidence that these conjectures were not ill founded. It was now concluded they were running right upon the formidable rocks of St. John.

The ship was under a close reefed fore-topsail, yet she had great way through the water. They did not venture to unfurl more canvass, and, indeed, had they done so, their sails would have been rent in the storm. The fore-topsail was new, and stood the wind entire. The captain wished to keep the ship off the land, and to bring her to for that purpose; but the mate and Mr. Prenties opposed the measure, fearing she would upset in the attempt, and showed that, if she answered the helm, she must ultimately go on shore, because she could, in her existing state, make no way to windward. The captain attempted to brace about the fore-yard, but it was found impracticable, the ropes and blocks were all firmly frozen.

In the interim the colour of the water had changed, and the vessel was every moment expected to strike. There was small hope of any of the lives of those on board being saved, and all prepared for the worst. Mr. Prenties fastened his despatches and letters round his waist. His servant took a hundred and fifty guineas, which his master told him he might have if he pleased, and which he fortunately secured about his person. The atmosphere became clearer about one o'clock in the day, and the land was descried at three leagues' distance. Much pleasure was at first afforded at the sight, from their taking it for St.

John, where they hoped to be hospitably received. They quickly found, however, that they were mistaken. The sketches they had on board showed not the least similarity to the coast before them, no similar mountains and precipices being discoverable. As the ship made towards the shore, every heart beat quick, and then palpitated with fear, as the sea was observed breaking high in foam upon the rocks, a scene appalling to the stoutest heart. There was a reef between the ship and the sandy beach, on which they expected the vessel must have struck, and their doom be sealed in a moment. Contrary to expectation, she went on through the boiling and raging breakers, shipping heavy seas, which her great strength alone enabled her to bear. She surmounted the reef without touching, and the first great danger seemed past. They had now a pause of a moment to cast their eyes towards the shore. The land seemed rocky and high, but at the distance of about a mile they descried a fine sandy beach with a bold shore. The sea, too, they found ran less high than without the reef they had so providentially crossed. As the ship approached the land they found the water still deep, so that they were within fifty or sixty yards of it before the ship struck. All expected, at the moment of her striking, that she must go to pieces,—she grounded with such violence. At the first blow the mainmast started from the step; at the second, the foremast. Neither, however, fell over, because the hold being packed close with deals the masts had still no room below to play. The rudder

was unshipped at the moment with great violence, so that one of the sailors was nearly killed by it. The sea broke over all, while every wave lifted the ship four or five feet nearer the shore. The stern was soon beaten in, and those who had before been sheltered in the cabin were now compelled to hang by the shrouds on deck to prevent being washed overboard. There they remained, the sea carrying the ship so high up on the beach at last, that the deck might be securely walked upon. The keel of the vessel, it was now ascertained, was broken, and she was every moment expected to go to pieces. This, however, did not happen. It was probable that the boards were frozen together in the hold, and thus a solid mass was opposed to the action of the waves, capable for some time of a successful resistance.

The boat was now got out on the leeward side of the ship which had broached to, and thus afforded a shelter for the purpose. The ice being previously cleared out of her, some liquor was distributed to those who were sober, and Mr. Prenties asked if any were willing to embark, and attempt to reach the shore. The sea running so high, few were inclined to venture. The mate, two sailors, Mr. Prenties's servant, a passenger, and a boy, were all who would join in making the experiment. The foam of the surf broke over them every moment, and every drop of water froze as it fell, so that their clothes were one sheet of ice. The boat being got into the water, and an axe and saw thrown in also, Mr. Prenties leaped in, followed by his servant and the mate. The boy

trying to spring down fell into the sea, and was dragged out with difficulty, owing to the benumbed state of their fingers. The chill given to the poor youth he could never recover. The two sailors next leaped in, and then all in the ship seemed ready to follow the example. It was necessary to push off, therefore, as quick as possible, lest too many should rush in and sink them. The ship was only about forty yards from the shore, but before the boat was half way there, a wave overtook and nearly swamped it; while the next drove it high and dry on the sand. For a few moments joy was in every heart, at being once more upon the firm land, and the future dreary prospect was forgotten. Their condition on a cold snow-covered coast did not occur to them, and that they might be reserved for a destiny more horrible.

Night was near at hand, and those who had reached the shore felt themselves getting stiff with cold. The gale was as high as ever, and they were obliged to wade up to their waists in snow to the shelter of a thick wood, situated about two hundred and fifty yards from the beach, which afforded them some little relief from the piercing wind. A fire was necessary. but they found their tinder was so wet, that they had no resource but to pass the weary hours of the long and freezing night in exercise. Mr. Prenties, who had been used to cold climates, from his own experience recommended them to move about. For the first half-hour they attended to this advice; but the poor youth who had fallen into the sea found himself so overcome with the cold, that he lay down. In half

an hour, the desire to sleep was felt by them all, but resisted by Mr. Prenties and the mate, from a conviction of the fatal consequences attending it. The boy was soon found quite cold, but not dead. He desired his father, at New York, might be written to and informed of his fate ; and in ten minutes was dead, having expired apparently without pain.

The knowledge of the poor lad's death did not deter the servant of Mr. Prenties and the two sailors from lying down to sleep also, in the teeth of the most urgent remonstrances and exhortations. Finding they could not be kept on their legs, Mr. Prenties and the mate employed themselves during the night in beating them constantly with branches of trees. This saved their lives, besides giving himself and the mate something to do ; the only two who were governed by reason in that trying moment. At last the weary hours of the painful night dragged themselves out, and day dawned. Mr. Prenties made the men pull down their stockings, as they observed they had no feeling in their legs, and they were observed to be frozen halfway up. They were immediately rubbed with snow, but it was impossible to bring back the circulation.

On going to the beach, they found that the ship still held together, though the storm continued. The object to be achieved first was to get the people on shore before she went to pieces, because the safety of one was that of all. There was now only a very short distance at low water between the ship and the shore. Waiting until it was low water, they fastened a rope

to the jib-boom, and easily swung themselves to the shore, one by one, dropping upon it as the waves retired. The carpenter was still left on board; he had drunk too hard the night before.

The captain brought ashore materials for obtaining a light; wood was gathered, and a fire kindled as quickly as possible, by which they were all enabled to warm their benumbed limbs. This was a luxury, however, which was followed by very painful consequences to those whose limbs were frozen. On being brought to the fire, and the frost-bitten members exposed to its action, the most torturing pains were endured from the thawing of the hardened flesh. The suffering was beyond expression great.

A passenger in the vessel was unaccounted for upon numbering the survivors of the ship's company; it was now recollected he had fallen asleep in the ship, and been frozen to death. His name was Green. One man, the carpenter, already mentioned, still remained on board; they could make no effort to save him that day, but determined to make the attempt on the following one. The luxury of a fire was great, but the want of shelter was still terribly felt: and hunger began to assail them in addition to their former miseries. Those whose limbs were frost-bitten were not the only sufferers, many had most painful sores from the action of the frost.

The next morning, all who possessed strength sufficient repaired to the beach to try whether there was any means of delivering the carpenter from his perilous situation. They could still hear his voice in

the vessel, but the sea ran as high as ever, and the boat could not swim if launched. They were obliged to wait until the tide was out, and then they with difficulty persuaded him to leave the ship in the way the others had done.

For two days more, the seventh and eighth, the wind blew as hard and piercing as ever, and the vessel broke up, by the violence of the sea, from the stern as far as the mainmast. Some provisions were now washed on shore; they consisted of salt-beef and fresh meat which had been hung over the stern, together with a quantity of onions. It was now the fourth day that these miserable men had endured hunger, under a temperature below the freezing point. That they were thus enabled to satisfy their appetites, and strengthen themselves for what the future might have in store for them, they considered as most providential; and when their meal was concluded, and they had made what to them was a most delicious repast, they collected all they could find scattered along the beach for their future wants. Their number was now seventeen, and out of all, the mate and Mr. Prenties alone were capable of exerting themselves actively. It was necessary to provide some kind of shelter, and a quantity of deals having floated ashore from the wreck, two hundred and fifty were carried into the wood, a sort of tent was built, about twenty feet long by ten wide, and completed the same night by ten o'clock. They next examined into the state of their provisions, and found to their great joy that they possessed

between two and three hundred pounds of salt beef and a considerable supply of onions. Still, it was resolved to keep themselves upon short allowance. A quarter of a pound of beef and four onions were all that could be afforded daily to each man.

The gale abated on the eleventh of December, and then they were able to launch their boat and get upon the wreck. It cost a day's labour to open the hatches, having only one axe, and the cables being frozen over them into a mass of ice. The following day, by cutting up the deck, they got out two casks of onions and a barrel of beef, containing about a hundred and twenty pounds weight. They also found what they imagined to be three barrels of apples, shipped by a Jew of Quebec, but which proved, unfortunately, to be balsam of Canada. They got out a quarter of a cask of potatoes, a bottle of oil, an axe, a large iron pot, two camp-kettles, and twelve pounds of candles. These they stowed away in their hut. They now added four onions to their daily allowance. They next cut away as much of the sails as they could from the bowsprit, for the purpose of covering their hut, by which means it was made tolerably warm. The wounds of the men, caused by the frost, now began to mortify; and the toes and fingers of many to rot off. Their torments soon became almost beyond human endurance. The carpenter, who came last on shore, died delirious, on the fourteenth, having lost the greater part of his feet. They covered his body with snow and the branches of trees, for the ground was become impenetrably hard

from the frost. In three days more, the second mate died, who likewise became delirious some time before he expired. Death caused now little concern to men who thought it a happiness to be beyond further suffering; and there were fewer to consume their scanty stock of provisions; a thing which was by no means of light moment in an atmosphere where hunger was greater, and the means of gratifying it less, than in any other situation. Vermin very soon began to proceed from the wounds of the sick, which infected the healthy. Several came off with the loss of a toe or a finger or two. Mr. Prenties alone escaped without being frost-bitten. Another seaman died on the twentieth. They were now fifteen; but the allowance of provisions was not increased.

The mate and Mr. Prenties, upon a fine day, set out and walked up a river, on the ice, for ten or twelve miles. They there fell in with a wigwam, or Indian hut. They observed tracks of deer and other animals, but had no fire-arms to kill them. They found the skin of a moose-deer hanging across a pole, and trees which were cut on each side with an axe, but they could not find any human beings. Mr. Prenties cut a directing-pole, and carved a hand in birch-bark, thinking, if any saw it, they might find them out.

They had now been twenty days in this forlorn situation, and their provisions began to get reduced so much as to occasion a suspicion that all was not fair in the consumption. Foul play was apprehended, and it was discovered, by keeping watch, that the captain and two sailors had consumed no less than

seventy pounds of beef, besides onions. The mate and Mr. Prenties were obliged afterwards to keep watch, one or other remaining in the hut, to prevent these depredators from plundering the common stock.

They had given up all hopes of aid from any quarter, and having but six weeks' provisions left, Mr. Prenties proposed taking the boat, to search for inhabitants, or for some kind of relief, even from the Indian population of the country. The proposal was agreed to, but the difficulty was to put the boat in such a state of repair as would allow her to float, for every seam was open from her strains on the beach. Dry oakum they possessed, but no pitch. At length it occurred to them, that the Canada balsam might be serviceable. They boiled it down in an iron kettle, and, suffering it to cool, made it answer.

It was new-year's day when the boat, in a tolerable floating condition, was got into the water. Six persons embarked: Mr. Prenties, and servant, the captain and mate, and two sailors. None of the rest were able to join in the expedition. Their shoes being nearly worn out, Mr. Prenties set to work to make Indian shoes of canvass; his needle was the handle of a pewter spoon; and the canvass, unravelled, supplied the thread. Twelve pair were thus fabricated; two pair for each person. They now divided their provisions, which were calculated at a quarter of a pound a-day, for six weeks, those in the boat and those left behind sharing alike. The wind was adverse until the fourth of January, and even then the quantity of ice on the coast rendered the expedi-

tion exceedingly perilous. It was equally hazardous to stay, with the certainty of starving. They, therefore, taking leave of their companions, embarked upon as uncertain a course as ever was undertaken upon the ocean. When about eight miles distant, the wind blew off shore. By great toil they at last got into a bay, and hauled up their boat as high as they could on the strand. They then cut wood to make a sort of wigwam to shelter them. Near this place they saw, from a high point of land, a Newfoundland fishing-boat, half covered with sand. This made them proceed further, and they spied, to their great joy, some houses at a distance. On reaching them, they were only old abandoned storehouses, built for curing fish. Some casks, which lay near, they searched in vain for provisions. They got a quart of cranberries, which they ate.

The wind now blew from the north-west with great violence for two days. The sea was frozen up for leagues, and seemed to preclude all hope of their proceeding. By land they could not travel for want of snow shoes, as the snow lay in great depth. Two days more they waited, when, on the ninth of January, the wind blew off the land, and the sea was perfectly clear. The force of the wind, however, prevented their proceeding until the eleventh. They launched their boat with difficulty from their reduced strength and want of nourishment. They made a tolerable course, until they saw a very high point before them, which they estimated at a distance of seven leagues. The coast appeared one continued precipice, so that

it appeared not possible to effect a landing, until they reached the extreme point of the cape. The passage seemed dangerous, and the least change of wind must have driven them upon the rocks. Danger was, however, no stranger to these unfortunate men. They kept two oars going, and two of the hands were constantly employed in baling. They reached the headland about eleven o'clock at night, but could find no place to land, and were obliged to keep along the shore until two o'clock in the morning, when the wind increased, and having a stormy beach in view, they thought it prudent to land. They got out their provisions, but could not haul up the boat from the steepness of the shore, and they were compelled to leave it to the mercy of the ocean. The beach was about four hundred yards long, and bounded at no great distance from the ocean, by a precipice a hundred feet high, which completely inclosed it.

On the thirteenth, the wind blowing from the sea, the boat was driven up twenty yards higher on the shore, than where she had been left, and several holes forced in her bottom. The precipice prevented their seeking a shelter in the woods. They had little covering, and no firing, except from a few pieces of timber which floated ashore, so that they were nearly frozen. The weather continued the same for eight days, attended with a prodigious fall of snow, which added to their previous miseries. The snow had fallen to the depth of three feet previously to the twenty-first, on which day they were able to cook their provisions. This they had effected but once

before since they landed. The not doing this was a great loss to them, as the broth in which the meat was boiled, afforded them a most important part of their warmth and nutriment. They were still able, weak as they were, to turn their boat partly over, to see the extent of the injury she had sustained. They found the balsam quite rubbed off, and holes in the bottom. They were in hopes the ice would go away from the coast, as it had done before, and that, if they could but repair the boat, they might soon fall in with inhabitants. They had no balsam, but they had a small quantity of dry oakum, which could be of no service by itself. Finding that to make the boat seaworthy was beyond their power, and that it was not possible to surmount the precipice, they thought the ice might bear them a little way along the coast, until they could get into the woods. Mr. Prenties and the mate tried the experiment, and had not gone far before they fell in with the mouth of a river, and a fine sandy beach, where, if they had first landed, they might have escaped a good deal of the privation they had endured under the precipice. Now, though it was practicable, and they could get into the woods, they were ignorant of the right direction, and the snow was six feet deep, and could not be crossed without snow-shoes. They finally resolved the next day to take their provisions on their backs, and coast along the ice, which seemed likely to remain.

On the morning of the twenty-fourth, the wind having changed in the night, the ice was driven out to sea, and they were still exposed on a cold dreary beach,

surrounded by insurmountable precipices. At length they thought of filling the holes in the boat with oakum, and throwing water upon it sufficient to freeze. The scheme succeeded. As long as the weather continued to freeze the boat would be dry. It was the twenty-seventh when all was ready, and they once more left the shore on their forlorn voyage. In the evening of that day they computed they had rowed about twelve miles. Greatly fatigued, they landed on a small sandy beach, and made a fire. Their tinder was now nearly gone, but Mr. Prenties cut away part of the back of his shirt, and made a fresh stock. Rain came on the next day and melted the ice in their boat, so that they were detained until the frost returned. Thus they lost a fine day, and their remaining provisions were no more than two pounds and a half to each man. On the twenty-ninth, the mate discovered a partridge perched upon a tree. This they caught with a pole and a noose, with such facility, as to provoke a smile, which had not been seen on their faces before, since the shipwreck. They boiled the bird, adding a little salt water to the snow for a relish, and made some broth, which they found a delicious meal. They had discovered nothing else that could be used for food on all these dreary shores, except the cranberries which have been already mentioned. They stopped the boat's leaks as before, and proceeded the same day about seven miles. On the day following they had made six miles, when the wind rising, forced them to put on shore, and the rain falling again, unfroze the

holes in their boat. The snow in the woods would not bear their weight. The first of February they were obliged to make their boat sea-worthy as before and again set sail, but the cold and floating ice prevented their making more than five miles all day. One of them was continually employed in breaking the ice with a pole. In proceeding, their boat made so much water, they were forced to keep baling incessantly. After sailing sixteen miles they saw a very high point of land, which they judged to be six leagues off, and soon after an island which they imagined must be that of St. Paul, near Cape Breton, while the high land they thought was the Cape itself. The great height of the latter made them compute its distance erroneously, and it was dark when they reached it, but could find no landing-place. They were therefore obliged to take to their oars all night. About five in the morning, while it was yet dark, they found themselves off a sandy beach of very considerable length. A heavy sea rolled in, and landing was hazardous, but they effected it in safety, and got into the woods once more, where they kindled a fire, Mr. Prenties having secured the tinder-box in his bosom to keep it dry. They were so fatigued they could scarcely keep awake for a few minutes, when before the fire. They were obliged to watch in turn, for, had all fallen asleep together, it would have been their last. They were now all satisfied that they had doubled the north cape of Cape Breton.

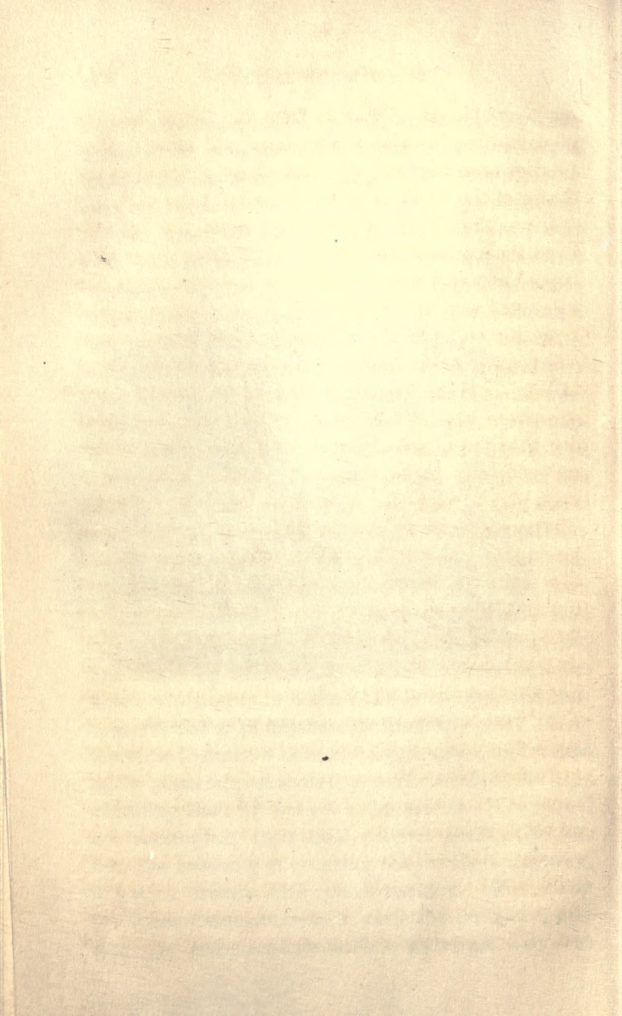
▮ Their provisions were nearly consumed, and they were in despair. They began to contemplate the neces-

sity of sacrificing one of their number for the sustenance of the remainder, and to propose the casting of lots for the choice of the victim. This project, however, was kept to the bosoms where it had originated.

It happened that they had not been able to secure their boat so effectually as to prevent the sea from beating it high on the beach, and filling it with sand; while a part of the crew were employed in clearing it out, the rest travelled along the beach in search of something which might be eaten. A quantity of oyster-shells were observed, but no oysters were found near the shore, nor anything which would alleviate their sufferings, except about two quarts of hips or wild rose-buds, which they discovered under the snow. These, ill-adapted as they were for the sustenance of man, were still eagerly devoured. They served to allay the keen sense of hunger, if they imparted no nourishment. They now pushed off their boat once more, but the ice soon forced them to land on another part of the same beach. In landing, Mr. Prenties unfortunately dropped the tinder-box into the water, which prevented their kindling a fire, and they began to suffer proportionably from the cold. They therefore thought it best to embark again, and return to the place from whence they had started, in the hope of finding their fire not yet extinguished. They could not accomplish their task without great difficulty, from the necessity of breaking the ice the whole way, it having frozen with great rapidity. The delay made them more anxious to reach the fire-place, and they now considered themselves fortunate they had



CREW OF THE ST. LAWRENCE OFF CAPE BRETON.



not been able to go farther from it. They had the good fortune to find the embers still alive. Had this not been the case, they must have perished in the course of the night, from the severity of the cold. . .

It was the eighth of February, before the ice suffered them to embark again, and in the evening they landed at a spot where they were sheltered from the wind and sea by a large rock, better than they had been before. On the ninth, they had sailed about eight miles, when the swell of the sea forced them to land, and in getting to the shore, two of their oars were washed overboard by the surf. The next day they put to sea again, having their oars double manned, and made about six miles. This was a hard day's work for men so reduced in strength. They were scarcely able to walk fifty yards without halting to recover themselves. They were obliged to remain stationary the whole of the eleventh, but thought themselves fortunate in finding more rose-buds, which they considered a great delicacy. Had they not found them, they must have carried their project of sacrificing one of their number into execution. They were so unfortunate as never to find the dead body of any animal. They saw some otters on the ice, but were never able to catch any of them. They also saw some beavers' houses, but could not succeed in taking any of their inhabitants? On the twelfth, they again set sail. On the thirteenth, the weather became more mild, and they had rain, which, melting the ice, forced them to pull the boat to the land before nightfall came on. They searched everywhere under the snow for

their wretched fare of rose hips, in vain, and they were so driven by hunger, that they were compelled to sacrifice the candles, which they had reserved for stopping the leaks of their boat, to the calls of hunger; this sufficed as a partial relief, but the future still filled them with dismay. For two days they made a few miles only, going on shore and searching for rose hips in vain. Their dreadful situation now came upon them in full force, and the fear of perishing with hunger in all its terrors stared them in the face, and drove them almost to desperation. In the midst of their apprehension of death by famine, when it might be supposed extreme bodily suffering would overcome every idea but that of prolonging existence, Mr. Prenties confessed that the approach of death was not so terrible to his mind, as the reflection that his friends would never know his wretched fate. So strong was this feeling, that he could not help cutting his name in the bark of the largest trees. His weakness, and the fear of injuring his knife, the only instrument of the kind among the party, forbade his carving more of their story, but he confessed he had written the tale of their wreck, in French and English, on the walls of the old storehouses they discovered soon after they left the place of shipwreck.

On the seventeenth, they again doled out a portion of their candles for food, and the next day reached a fine sandy beach, and a level country. There they resolved to put on shore and die, unless some unforeseen aid appeared. They were so weak, they were obliged to leave their boat to the mercy of the sea.

They felt they could not survive much longer. They cleared away the snow at the entrance of a wood, and cutting some branches of pine to lie upon, and others to shelter themselves, they made a fire. They were fortunate enough to find a pint of hips, which they boiled with two tallow candles, and made what they thought a comfortable meal. The next day they got nothing to eat, and fearing that their strength must soon entirely quit them, they cut and piled up as much wood as they were able, that they might supply their fire to the last moment. They had preserved their axe, a saw, and the sail of the boat, which they used for a covering. The boat had been beaten up high and dry, so that, had they been inclined, they could not again have put to sea. All the nineteenth they employed without success in search of hips, and they had only two candles left. On the twentieth, they were so weak, that none of them were able to manage the axe to cut wood, and they were obliged to creep about and pick up the rotten branches that lay on the ground. At length they could only maintain a fire which barely kept them from freezing. The weather was as cold as it had been in December. They now thought of the seaweed on the beach, as a resource against hunger, for they could find no more hips. They collected some, and boiling it a few hours in their kettle, found it very little tenderer than when raw. They next boiled one of their two remaining candles in the liquor, and by taking it and eating a quantity of the weed, they found themselves somewhat easier. Not long after

this they were seized with vomiting, which lasted four hours, when they became easy, but completely exhausted. On the twenty-second they took more kelp-weed and their last candle. The effects that followed were the same as before, only less violent. A severe frost then set in, and they ineffectually tried to launch their boat, but their united strength could not move it. Their candles were all consumed, and they were forced to boil the kelp without tallow, which they still ate with a relish. They found that this food made them swell to an alarming degree, after living upon it for three days. They were all over swollen to such a degree, that on pressure their fingers would sink a couple of inches deep into the skin. Their strength was more reduced, still hunger forced them to keep to the same diet. At length two or three days more having elapsed, they found they had nearly lost their sight, and so much was their strength now diminished, that they could with difficulty keep in their fire, from the rotten branches of trees.

There seemed at such a moment no alternative but that to which allusion has already been made, namely, the making one of their number a sacrifice by lot, to keep his companions alive; and it at length appears to have been agreed secretly, that as the captain was so very much reduced as to be clearly the first who must sink under his sufferings of all the party, and as the loss of the ship was mainly owing to his misconduct; and further, as he had deceived all on board by pretending his passage was for New York, when in reality it was for the West Indies, for these

reasons it was urged that he should be the first victim.

They kept this a profound secret from the miserable man. A few days more, and the sacrifice must have been offered up, when fortunately, on the twenty-eighth of February, as they were all stretched round their miserable fire, they heard the sound of voices in the wood, and two Indians were soon discovered with guns in their hands approaching the spot. The sight of them gave some of the unfortunate sufferers spirits to get on their feet, and move towards them with eagerness. The Indians were much surprised at the sight of human beings in so frightful a state. The clothes of the party were nearly burned off, and their bodies partly bare; their limbs swollen of a prodigious size; their eyes almost invisible, being sunk beneath the distended skin; and their hair and beards not touched since they left the wreck. Some wept, and some laughed for joy at seeing the Indians, who did not seem inclined to be very familiar, until Mr. Prenties shook one of them by the hand, and the shake was returned very heartily in the Indian manner. These kind creatures showed by signs that they pitied the unhappy men. They went to the fire with them, and all sat down together around it. At the desire of one who could speak a little French, Mr. Prenties told them whence they had come, and what they had suffered. The Indian appeared much affected at the recital. He was then asked if he could give them any food, and he told them he could. Seeing there was very little fire, he started up and

took the axe, but observing its bad state, he threw it down again, and with his tomahawk, cut a quantity of wood, flung it on the fire, and taking up his gun, went off with his companion, not speaking a word. To persons ignorant of Indian manners this might seem discouraging, but those of the party who were acquainted with their habits thought differently, and felt they should soon see these kind natives of the woods return, as the Indian does not speak when there is not absolute occasion. The fire the Indian had made up for them was a great comfort, for they had been without a good one for several days.

Three hours had elapsed before the Indians returned. They came in a bark canoe by sea, and landing on the beach, took out some smoked venison and a bladder of seal-oil. They then boiled the venison in snow-water, but would only give each man a very small quantity, together with a little oil. They well knew the effect of suffering men in such a state to eat their fill; and it spoke well for their kind consideration of the state of Mr. Prenties and his party. As soon as the repast was over, they desired three to embark with them, being all the canoe could carry, and they proceeded towards their home, which was five miles off, and a mile inland in the middle of the woods. On the beach three other Indians received them, with twelve or thirteen women and children, who were waiting their arrival. The two Indians returned for the three who were left behind, and those on the beach conducted the first party which landed to their habitations. These consisted of three wigwams

or huts, each containing a family. On reaching them, they treated the sufferers with the greatest humanity; and gave them broth, but would not suffer them to eat solid food.

In a little time the Indians returned with the other three men who had been left behind, and all having been refreshed with food, a very old woman, who appeared the mother of the families present, requested Mr. Prenties to give an account of the events of the shipwreck, the Indian who could speak French being the interpreter to his countryfolk. The old woman appeared to pity their sufferings very much, and to be deeply affected at some parts of the narrative. She then gave them more broth, and desired they might be informed respecting the shipwreck of M. St. Luc Lacorne, who, in his passage from Canada to France, was cast away exactly at the North Cape which the party had passed in the boat, two of M. St. Luc's children being drowned in his arms, in attempting to carry them on shore. One of the Indians present had conducted him to Louisburg, after he had remained there five days, suffering greatly from cold and hunger. M. St. Luc promised the Indians who escorted him all the way to Louisburg, and very hardly earned the money, the sum of thirty pounds, which he was to remit from Halifax. This promise M. St. Luc had, according to the Indians' account, never performed, and these poor creatures had undertaken a long and perilous journey to serve a stranger, at a season of the year when the compensation promised and the labour

undergone, bore no comparison to the reward offered. It is remarkable that the Indians practised good for evil, and did not slight the present sufferers because St. Luc had been ungrateful to them. They reduced the swollen limbs of the sufferers, and fed them at first without the promise of any reward.

Mr. Prenties and his companions, being now safe, began to think of the men left at the wreck. It was to be feared that they had, before now, perished of hunger. On describing where the place was to the Indians, they replied they knew it very well, but that it was a hundred miles off, through difficult paths, and over rivers and mountains. They said, if they undertook such a journey, they must have some compensation. This was just, for it could not be expected they would give up their hunting, on which their families subsisted, for the fatigue of so long a journey at such a season, benevolent as they had shown themselves to be. The distance was at least as great as the Indians stated, for Mr. Prenties calculated they had come more than one hundred and fifty miles by water. Mr. Prenties told them he had some money, which he now recollected his servant had preserved. The Indians asked to see it, and the hundred and fifty guineas were shown to them. They seemed pleased beyond what might be expected; the women were particularly delighted, on which they were presented each of them with a coin.

An agreement was then made that the Indians should receive twenty-five guineas at setting out, and the same sum on their return. Accordingly they

went to work, and made enough mocassins and snow-shoes for themselves and the wrecked men whom they were to bring. On being paid down half the money, three of them set off the next day. When the Indians found that there was money to be had, they made a hard bargain for everything, and became as mercenary as they had before been charitable.

The party were some time before they gained any degree of strength, or were able to digest solid food. The flesh of the moose-deer and seal-oil were the Indian provisions, and on them they subsisted entirely at that time of the year. Mr. Prenties was eager to go away with his despatches, which might be of consequence. Yet he was so weak, that it was impossible for him to think of setting off for some time.

The Indians returned with three men from the wreck after a fortnight's absence: they were the only survivors of eight left in the hut, and were in a most wretched state of emaciation. After they had consumed the stock of beef left, they subsisted some days on the skin of a moose-deer, which the party who quitted had not thought of dividing. When the skin was consumed, three died of hunger in a few days, and those alive subsisted on their flesh until the Indians appeared. Five were alive on their arrival, but one ate so much food at once that he died in dreadful agonies a few hours afterwards, and another accidentally shot himself with the gun of one of the Indians. Thus, out of nineteen originally on board the ship, nine only survived.

By the time another fortnight had passed away, the health of Mr. Prenties was so well re-established that he was able to proceed with his despatches. The Indians exacted a great price for everything which they furnished, when they knew the party were able to pay. Mr. Prenties agreed to give the Indians forty-five pounds to conduct him to Halifax, and find provisions at every inhabited place on the road. Mr. Prenties' servant, Mr. Winshaw, a passenger, and two Indians, set out together for Halifax. The remainder of the party were to be conducted to Spanish River, about fifty miles distant. Mr. Prenties quitted the Indian wigwams on the second of April, and, after a tedious and harassing journey, reached Halifax on the eighth of May, the Indians faithfully performing their engagement, and receiving their stipulated pay. After being detained for a passage two months at Halifax, Mr. Prenties at length reached New York, and delivered his despatches to Sir Henry Clinton. The rest of the crew and passengers were safely conducted by the Indians to Spanish River, and soon afterwards reached Halifax.

CHAPTER XII.

The Loss of the Lady Hobart, 1803—Narrative of Captain Fellowes.

THE last packet lost, prior to the substitution of gun-brigs for conveying the mails, was the Lady Hobart. This happened in the year 1803. She was commanded by Captain Fellowes; and as a relation of the event exists of his own drawing up, the copy of his statement is the best that can be given of this distressing event. They sailed from Halifax on the twenty-second of June, 1803, and had captured a French schooner, the captain of which, and two seamen, were on board, when Captain Fellowes says:—
“ On Tuesday, the twenty-fifth of June, it blew from the westward, with a heavy sea, hazy weather, and thick fog at intervals. About one in the morning, the ship, then going at the rate of seven miles an hour by the log, struck against an island of ice, with such violence, that several of the crew were pitched out of their hammocks. The suddenness of the shock roused me from my sleep, and I instantly ran upon deck. The helm being put hard a-port, the ship struck again about the chess-tree, and then swung round on her keel, her stern-post being stove in, and her rudder carried away, before we could succeed in our attempts to haul her off. At

this time the island of ice appeared to hang quite upon the ship, forming a high peak, which must have been at least twice the height of our mast-head; and the length of the island was supposed to be from a quarter to half a mile. The sea was now breaking over the ice in a furious manner, and the water rushing in so fast as to fill the ship's hold in a few minutes: we hove the guns overboard, cut away the anchors from the bows, and got two sails under her bottom. Both pumps were kept going, and we continued baling with buckets from the main hatchway, in hopes of preventing the ship from sinking. But, in less than a quarter of an hour, she settled down to her fore-chains in water. Our situation was now become most perilous. Aware of the danger of a moment's delay in hoisting out the boats, I consulted Captain Thomas of the navy, and Mr. Bargus, my master, as to the propriety of making any further efforts to save the ship; and as I was anxious to preserve the mail, I requested their opinion as to the possibility of taking it into the boats, in the event of our being able to get them over the ship's side. These gentlemen agreed with me that no time was to be lost in hoisting out the boats; and that, as the vessel was then settling fast, our first and only consideration was to endeavour to save the crew: and here I must pay that tribute of praise which the steady discipline and good conduct of every one on board so justly merit.

“From the first moment of the ship's striking, not a word was uttered expressive of a desire to leave the

wreck ; my orders were promptly obeyed ; and, though the danger of perishing was every instant increasing, each man waited his own turn to get into the boats, with a coolness and composure that could not be surpassed. Having fortunately succeeded in hoisting out the cutter and jolly-boat, the sea then running high, we placed the ladies, three in number, in the former. One of them, Miss Cotenham, was so terrified, that she sprung from the gunwale, and pitched into the bottom of the boat with considerable violence. This, which might have been an accident productive of fatal consequences to herself, as well as to all, was unattended by any bad effect. The few provisions which had been saved from the men's berths were then put into the boats, which were quickly veered astern. By this time the main-deck forward was under water, and nothing but the quarter-deck appeared. I next ordered the men into the boats, and, having previously lashed iron pigs of ballast to the mail, it was thrown overboard. I now perceived that the ship was sinking fast. Intending to drop myself from the end of the trysail-boom into the cutter, but apprehensive that she might be stove under the counter, I called out to the men to haul up and receive me ; and I desired Mr. Bargus, who continued with me in the wreck, to go first. He replied, that in this instance he begged leave to disobey my orders—that he must see me safe over before he attempted to go himself. Such conduct, and at such a moment, requires no comment ; but I should be wanting to myself, and to the service, if I did not

state every circumstance, however trifling ; and it is highly satisfactory to have this opportunity of recording an incident so honourable to a meritorious officer. At the time we hoisted out the boats, the sea was running so high that I scarcely flattered myself we should get them over in safety, and, indeed, nothing but the steady and orderly conduct of the crew could have enabled us to accomplish so difficult and hazardous an undertaking ; and it is only justice to them to observe, that not a man in the ship attempted to make use of the liquor, which every one had in his power.

“ While the cutter was getting out, I perceived John Tipper, one of the seamen, emptying a five-gallon bottle, and on inquiry found it to be rum. He said that he was doing so for the purpose of filling it with water from the scuttle-cask on the quarter-deck, which had generally been filled over night, and which was then the only fresh water that could be got at. It afterwards became our principal supply. This circumstance I relate, as being so highly creditable to the character of a British sailor. We had scarce quitted the ship, when she gave a heavy lurch to port, and then went down head foremost. I had ordered the colours to be hoisted at the main-top-gallant-mast-head, with the Union downwards, as a signal of distress, that if any vessel should happen to be near us at the dawn of day, our calamitous situation might attract observation from her, and relief be afforded us. At this awful crisis of the ship sinking, when fear might be supposed to be the pre-

dominant principle of the human mind, a British seaman, named John Andrews, exhibited uncommon coolness: 'There, my brave fellows,' he exclaimed, 'there goes the pride of old England!'

"I cannot describe my feelings, or the sensations of my people. Exposed as we were in two open boats on the great Atlantic Ocean, bereft of all assistance but that which our own exertions under Providence could afford us, we narrowly escaped being swallowed up in the vortex. Men accustomed to vicissitudes are not easily dejected, but there are trials which human nature alone cannot surmount. The consciousness of having done our duty, and reliance on a good Providence, enabled us to endure the calamity that had befallen us, and we animated each other with the hope of a better fate. While we were employed in deliberating concerning our future arrangements, a singular incident occurred which occasioned considerable uneasiness among us. At the moment the ship was sinking, she was surrounded by what seamen call a school, or an incalculable number of whales, which can only be accounted for by our knowing at this particular season that they take a direction for the coast of Newfoundland in quest of a small fish called capelard, which they devour. From their near approach, we were extremely apprehensive they might strike the boats, and materially damage them; frequent instances having occurred, in the fishery, of boats being cut in twain by the force of a single blow from a whale. We therefore shouted, and used every effort to drive them away, but without

effect ; they continued, as it then seemed, to pursue us, and remained about the boats for half an hour, when, thank God ! they disappeared without having done us any injury.

“After surmounting dangers and difficulties which baffle all description, we at length rigged the foremast, and prepared to shape our course in the best manner that circumstances would admit. The wind blew precisely from that point on which it was necessary to sail in order to make the nearest land. An hour scarcely elapsed from the time the ship struck until she foundered. The crew were already distributed in the following order ; which was afterwards preserved. In the cutter, which was twenty feet long, six feet four inches broad, and two feet six inches deep, were embarked three ladies and myself, Captain Richard Thomas of the navy, the French commander of the schooner, the master's mate, gunner, steward, carpenter, and eight seamen ; in all, eighteen people. These, together with the provisions, brought the boat's gunwale down to within six or seven inches of the water. Some idea of our crowded state may be formed from this ; but it is scarcely possible for the imagination to conceive the extent of our sufferings in consequence of it. In the jolly-boat, which was fourteen feet from stem to stern, five feet three inches broad, and two feet deep, were embarked, Mr. Samuel Bargus, master ; Lieutenant-Colonel George Cook, of the First Regiment of Guards ; the boatswain, sailmaker, and seven seamen ; in all, eleven persons. The only provisions

which we were enabled to save, consisted of between forty and fifty pounds of biscuit, a vessel containing five gallons of water, and also a small jug, and part of a barrel of spruce-beer, one five-gallon vessel of rum, a few bottles of port-wine, with two compasses, a quadrant, a spy-glass, and a small tin mug. The deck-lantern, which had a few spare candles in it, had likewise been thrown into the boat; and the cook having had the precaution to secure the tinder-box and some matches that were kept in a bladder, we were enabled to steer by night.

“The wind was now blowing strong from the westward, with a heavy sea, and the day had just dawned. Estimating ourselves at three hundred and fifty miles distant from St. John’s, in Newfoundland, with the prospect of westerly winds continuing, I found it necessary at once to use the strictest economy. This I represented to my companions in distress,—that our resolution, when adopted, should on no account be changed; and that we should begin by suffering privations which, I foresaw, would be greater than I ventured to explain. To each person, therefore, were served out half a biscuit and a glass of wine, which was the only allowance for the ensuing twenty-four hours: we all agreed to leave the water untouched as long as possible. During the time we were getting out the boats, I ordered the master to throw the main-hatch tarpauling into the cutter, which, being afterwards cut into lengths, enabled us to form a temporary bulwark against the waves. I had also reminded the carpenter to carry as many tools with

him as he could; accordingly, among other things, he had put a few nails into his pockets, and we repaired the gunwale of the cutter, which had been staved in hoisting her out. Soon after daylight we made sail, with the jolly-boat in tow, and stood close-hauled to the northward and westward, in hopes of reaching the coast of Newfoundland, or of being picked up by some vessel. We passed two islands of ice, nearly as large as the first; and now said prayers, and returned thanks to God for our deliverance. At noon we made an observation, in latitude $46^{\circ} 33' N.$, St. John's bearing west three-quarters north, distant three hundred and fifty miles.

“Wednesday, the twenty-ninth of June, was ushered in with light variable winds from the southward and eastward. We had passed a long and sleepless night; and I found myself, at dawn of day, with twenty-eight persons anxiously looking up to me for the direction of our course, as well as for the distribution of their scanty allowance. On examining our provisions, we found the bag of biscuit much damaged by salt water, on which account it became necessary to curtail the allowance. All cheerfully acquiesced in this precaution. It was now that I became more alive to the horrors of our situation. We all returned thanks to heaven for past mercies, and offered up prayers for our safety. A thick fog soon after came on; it continued during the day, with heavy rain, which, now being destitute of any means of collecting, afforded us no relief. Our crowded and exposed condition was rendered more distressing from being

thoroughly wet, as no one had been permitted to take more than a great-coat or a blanket, with the clothes on his back. The oars of both boats were kept constantly going, and we steered a north-north-west course. All hands were anxiously looking out for a strange sail. At noon, a quarter of a biscuit and a glass of rum were served to each person. St. John's bore three hundred and ten miles distant, but we made no observation. One of the ladies again read prayers to us, particularly those for delivery after a storm, and those for safety at sea. Next morning we were so benumbed with wet and extreme cold, at day-break, that half a glass of rum and a mouthful of biscuit were served out to each person. The ladies, who had hitherto refused the spirits, were now prevailed upon to take the stated allowance, which afforded them immediate relief, and enabled them the better to resist the severity of the weather. The sea was mostly calm, with thick fog and sleet; the air raw and cold. We had kept at our oars all night, and we continued to row the whole of this day. The jolly-boat having unfortunately put off from the ship with only three oars, and having but a small sail, converted into a foresail from a top-gallant steering-sail, without needle or twine, we were obliged to keep her constantly in tow. The cutter, also, having lost two of her oars in hoisting out, was now so deep in the water, that, with the least sea, she made but little way; so that we were not enabled to profit much by the light winds. Some one from the jolly-boat called out, that there was part of a

cold ham which had not been observed before. Of this a small bit, about the size of a nutmeg, was immediately served out to each person, and the remainder thrown overboard, as I dreaded it might increase our thirst, which we had no means of assuaging. At noon we judged ourselves to be on the north-eastern edge of the great bank; St. John's bearing west by north two hundred and forty-six miles distant. Performed divine service.

“Friday, the first of July.—During the great part of the last twenty-four hours it blew a hard gale of wind from the west-south-west, with a heavy confused sea from the same quarter. Throughout there were thick fog and sleet, and the weather was excessively cold; and the spray of the sea freezing as it flew over the boats, rendered our situation truly deplorable. At this time we all felt a most painful depression of spirits; the want of nourishment, added to the continued cold and wet, had rendered us almost incapable of exertion. The very confined space in the boat would not admit of our stretching our limbs; and several of the men, whose feet were considerably swelled, repeatedly called out for water. But, on my reminding them of the resolution we had made, and of the absolute necessity of persevering in it, they acknowledged the justice and propriety of my refusal to comply with their desire; and the water remained untouched. We stood to the northward and westward at the commencement of the gale; but the cutter was so low in the water, and had shipped so much sea, that we were obliged to cast off the jolly-boat's tow-rope, and

very soon lost sight of her in the fog. This unlucky circumstance was productive of the utmost distress to us all. We had been roused to exertion from a double motive; and the uncertainty of ever again meeting the companions of our misfortunes excited the most acute affliction. To add to the misery of our situation, we lost, along with the boat, not only a considerable quantity of our stores, but with them our quadrant and spy-glass. The gale increasing with a prodigious heavy sea, we brought the cutter to, about four in the afternoon, by heaving the boat's sail loose over the bow, and veering it out with a rope bent to each yard-arm, which kept her head to the sea, so as to break its force before it reached us. In the course of this day there were repeated exclamations of a strange sail, although I knew that it was next to an impossibility to discover anything, owing to the thickness of the fog. Yet these exclamations escaped from the several seamen with such apparent certainty of the object being there, that I was induced to put the boat before the wind to convince them of their error. As I then saw, in a very strong point of view, the consequences of such deviation, I took occasion to remonstrate with them on the subject. I represented, with all the persuasion of which I was capable, that the depression arising from disappointment infinitely overbalanced the momentary relief proceeding from such delusive expectations, and exhorted them not to allow such fancies to break out into expression. Under all these circumstances, the ladies, with a heroism which no words

can describe, particularly offered to us the best examples of patience and fortitude. Joining in prayer tranquillized our minds, and inspired the consolatory hope of bettering our condition. On such occasions we were all bare-headed, notwithstanding the incessant showers. St. John's, at noon, bore west by north, one hundred and forty-eight miles distant; but we had no observation.

“Saturday, the second of July.—It rained hard during the night, and the cold became so severe that hardly one in the boat was able to move. Our hands and feet were so swelled, that many of them became quite black, owing to our confined state, and the constant exposure to wet and cold weather. At day-break I served out about the third of a wine-glass of rum to each person, with a quarter of a biscuit, and before noon a small quantity of spruce-beer, which afforded us great relief. During the earlier part of this day it blew strong from the southward and westward, accompanied with foggy weather; towards noon moderate breezes prevailed from the northward and eastward. At half-past eleven in the forenoon, a sail, standing to the north-west, was discovered in the eastward. Our joy at such a sight, with the immediate hope of deliverance, gave us all new life. I immediately ordered the people to sit as close as possible, to prevent our having the appearance of an armed boat; and having tied a lady's shawl to the boat-hook, I raised myself as well as I could, and from the bow waved it as long as my strength would allow me.

“ Having hauled close to the wind we neared each other fast, and in less than a quarter of an hour we perceived the jolly-boat. Our not recognizing her sooner was owing to an additional sail having been made for her out of one of my bed sheets, which had been accidentally thrown into the boat, and was set as a bonnet to the foresail. I cannot attempt to describe the various sensations of joy and disappointment which were successively expressed on the countenances of all. As soon as we approached the jolly-boat, we threw out a tow-rope to her, and bore away to the north-west. We now mutually inquired into the state of our respective crews after the late dreadful gale. Those in the jolly-boat had suffered from swelled hands and feet like ourselves, and had undergone great anxiety on our account, concluding that we had perished. The most singular circumstance was their having steered two nights without any light; and our meeting again, after such tempestuous weather, would not have happened but from the interposition of Providence. Guarding against a similar accident, we made a more equal distribution of our provision; and having received two bottles of wine and some biscuit from the jolly-boat, we gave her company some rum in return. Our hopes of deliverance had now been buoyed up to the highest pitch. The excitement arising from joy perceptibly began to lose its effect, and to a state of artificial strength succeeded such despondency, that no entreaty or argument could rouse some of the men even to the common exertions of making sail. I for the first time

served out a wine-glass full of water to the French captain, and several of the people who appeared to have suffered most. I had earnestly cautioned the crew against tasting salt-water; nevertheless some of them had taken copious draughts of it, and became delirious; some were seized with violent cramps, and twitching of the stomach and bowels. I again took occasion to point out to the rest of them the extreme danger of such indiscretion. At noon, St. John's bore a hundred and ten miles. We obtained no observation of the sun this day. Performed divine service.

“The cold, wet, and hunger, which we experienced the following day, are not to be described; they rendered our condition very deplorable. At eight in the evening, having a strong breeze from the southward, we stood under all the canvass we could spread, the jolly-boat following in our wake, and rowing to keep up with us. The French captain, who for some days had laboured under despondency, admitting of no consolation, leapt overboard in a fit of delirium, and instantly sunk. The cutter was at this time going so fast through the water, and the oars being lashed to the gunwale, it would have been impossible to save him, even had he floated. One of the other prisoners in the jolly-boat became so outrageous, that it was necessary to tie him to the bottom of the boat. The melancholy fate of the poor captain, whom I had learnt to esteem, perhaps affected me at first more sensibly than any other person; for on the day of our disaster, when I was

making the distribution in the boats, and considering in which I was to place him, he came to me with tears in his eyes, imploring me not to leave him to perish with the wreck. I assured him that I had never entertained such an idea; that as I had been the accidental cause of his misfortunes, I should endeavour to make his situation as easy as I could; and that as we were all exposed to the same danger, we should survive or perish together. This assurance, and the hope of being speedily exchanged, if ever we reached the land, operated for a while in quieting his mind; but fortitude soon forsook him, and the raw spirits, to which he had not been accustomed, producing the most dreadfully intoxicating effects, hurried on the fatal catastrophe. We were all deeply affected by this incident; indeed the most trifling accident or disappointment was sufficient to render our irritable state more painful, and I was myself absorbed with such melancholy as to lose all recollection for many hours. A violent shivering had seized me, which returned at intervals; and as I had refused all sustenance, my state was very alarming. Towards night, I enjoyed for the first time three or four hours' sound sleep; a perspiration came on, and I awoke as from a dream, free from delirium, but painfully alive to the horrors that surrounded me.

“The sea continued to break so much over the boats, that those who had strength enough were obliged to bale without intermission. Those who sat in the stern of the cutter were so confined, that it was difficult for any one to put his hand into his

pocket ; and the greater part of the crew lay in water in the bottom of the boat. The return of the dawn brought us no relief but its light ; the sun had never cheered us but once during the whole of our perilous voyage ; and those among us who obtained a few uninterrupted hours of sleep awakened to a full consciousness of misery. A very heavy gale arose from the southward, accompanied with so tremendous a sea, that the greatest vigilance was necessary in managing the helm, for the boats would have broached to from the slightest deviation, and occasioned our inevitable destruction. We scudded before the wind, expecting every returning wave to overwhelm us ; but, through the providence of God, we weathered the storm, which, towards night, began to abate. We had now run the distance that we supposed ourselves from St. John's ; however, the thickness of the fog prevented us from seeing to any great extent. Towards evening we passed several pieces of rock-weed, and soon after Captain Thomas saw the wing of a hackdown, an aquatic bird frequenting the coast of Newfoundland, which is often eaten by the fishermen. This afforded us great hopes of our approaching the land, and all hands were eagerly occupied in observing what passed the boats. About this time a beautiful white bird, web-footed, and not unlike a dove in size and plumage, hovered over the mast-head of the cutter ; and notwithstanding the pitching of the boat, frequently attempted to perch on it, and continued fluttering there until dark. Trifling as such an incident may appear, we all considered it a

propitious omen. The impressive manner in which the bird left us, and then returned to gladden us with its presence, awakened that superstition in our minds to which sailors are at all times said to be prone. We indulged ourselves with the most consolatory assurances, that the same Hand which had provided this solace to our distresses, would extricate us from the surrounding dangers. There being every reason to conclude ourselves well in with the land, the few who were able to move were now called upon to make the effort to save their lives, by rowing and taking advantage of the little breeze that then prevailed. It was strongly urged to them, that should the wind come off the shore in the morning, and drive us to leeward, all exertions to regain it might then be too late, as, independent of our feeble state, the provisions, with all possible economy, could not last more than two days, and the water, which had as yet remained untouched, except in the instances before mentioned, could not hold out much longer. We had been six days and nights constantly wet and cold, and without any other sustenance than a quarter of a biscuit and one wine-glass of liquid for twenty-four hours. The men who had appeared totally indifferent respecting their fate, now summoned up resolution; and as many as were capable of moving from the bottoms of the boats betook themselves to the oars. As the morning of Monday dawned, the fog became so thick, that we could not see very far from the boat. During the night we had been under the necessity of casting off the jolly-boat's tow-rope,

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to induce her crew to exert themselves by rowing. We again lost sight of her, and I perceived that this unlucky accident was beginning to excite great uneasiness among us. We were at this period so much reduced, that the most trifling remark or exclamation agitated us very much. I therefore found it necessary to caution the people against being deceived by the appearance of land, or calling out until we were quite convinced of its reality, more especially as fog-banks are often mistaken for land. Several of the poor fellows, nevertheless, repeatedly exclaimed they heard breakers, and some the firing of guns; and, to own the truth, the sounds we did hear bore such a resemblance to the latter, that I concluded some vessels had got on shore, and were making signals of distress. The noise afterwards proved to be the blowing of whales, of which we saw a great number. Soon after day-light the sun rose in view for the second time since we quitted the wreck. It is worthy of remark, that during the seven days we were in the boats, we never had an opportunity of taking an observation, either of the sun, moon, or stars; neither could we once dry our clothes. The fog at length beginning to dispel, we instantly caught a glimpse of the land within a mile's distance, between Kettle Cove and Island Cove, in Conception Bay, fourteen leagues from the harbour of St. John's: almost at the same instant, we had the inexpressible satisfaction of discovering the jolly-boat and a schooner, near the shore, standing off towards us. I wish that it were possible for me to describe our sensations at

this interesting moment. From the constant watching and fatigue, and also from the languor and depression produced by our exhausted state, such accumulated irritability was brought on, that the joy at speedy relief affected us all in a most remarkable way. Many burst into tears; some looked at each other with a stupid stare, as if doubtful of the reality of what they saw; while some were in so lethargic a condition, that no consolation, no animating words, could rouse them to exertion. At this affecting period, though overpowered by my own feelings, and impressed with the recollection of our sufferings, and the sight of so many deplorable objects, I proposed offering up our solemn thanks to heaven for the miraculous deliverance. Every one cheerfully assented. As soon as I opened the prayer-book, which I had secured the last time I went down to my cabin, universal silence prevailed. A spirit of devotion was so singularly manifested on this occasion, that, to the benefits of a sense of religion in uncultivated minds, must be ascribed that discipline, good order, and exertion, which even the sight of land could scarcely produce. The service being over, the people requested to have a pint of grog each; but dreading the consequences of such indulgence, I mixed some rum and water very weak, and distributed to every one a small quantity. The schooner being within hail, and our situation being made known, she hove to and received us on board, and our boats were taken in tow. The men could now with difficulty be restrained from taking large

and repeated draughts of water, in consequence of which several felt great inconvenience from the sudden distension of the stomach; but by observing greater caution afterwards, no other sinister effects ensued. The wind having blown with great violence from off the coast, we did not reach the landing-place at Island Cove until four o'clock in the evening. All the women and children, with two or three fishermen, the rest of the men being absent, came down to the beach, and appearing deeply affected at our situation, assisted in lifting us out of the vessel. They next helped to carry us up the craggy rocks, over which we were obliged to pass to get to their habitations. It was most fortunate that we fell in with the land about Island Cove. A very few miles to the northward the coast is inaccessible, and lined with dangerous reefs of rock, which we should have pushed for in the night, had we seen them. Our situation had become so desperate, that I had resolved to land at the first place we could make, and in that case we must all have perished. The different fishing-huts were constructed of pine logs. The three ladies, Colonel Cooke, Captain Thomas, the master, and myself, were conducted to the house of Mr. Lilly, a planter, who received us with great attention and humanity. This small village afforded neither medical aid nor fresh provisions, both of which we so much required, potatoes and salt fish being the only food of the inhabitants. I therefore resolved to lose no time in proceeding to St. John's, and hired a small schooner for that purpose.

“On the seventh of July we embarked in three

divisions ; the most infirm were placed in the schooner ; the master's mate had charge of the cutter, and the boatswain of the jolly-boat ; but such was the exhausted state of the whole party, that the day was considerably advanced before we could get under weigh. At two in the afternoon we made sail, with the jolly-boat in tow and the cutter in company, and stood along the coast of Newfoundland, with a favourable breeze. Towards dusk it began to blow hard in squalls off the land, when we lost sight of the cutter, and were obliged soon after to come to an anchor without St. John's harbour. We entertained great apprehensions for the cutter's safety, particularly as she had no grapnel, lest she might be driven out to sea ; but at daylight we perceived her and the schooner entering the harbour. The cutter, we learnt, fortunately fell in with a fishing-vessel, to which she made fast during the night. The ladies, Colonel Cooke, Captain Thomas, and myself, conducted by Mr. Lilly, left the schooner when she anchored, and, notwithstanding the extreme darkness and badness of the night, reached the shore in the jolly-boat. No house being open at so late an hour, we wandered for some time about the streets ; but at length we were admitted into a small house, where we passed the remainder of the night on chairs, as there was but one miserable bed for the ladies. Early on the following day, our circumstances having been made known, hundreds of people crowded down to the landing-place. Nothing could exceed their surprise on seeing the boats that had carried nine-and-twenty persons such a distance over a boisterous

sea ; and when they beheld so many miserable objects, they could not conceal emotions of pity and concern. I waited on Brigadier-General Skerrit, who commanded the garrison, and who, immediately on learning our situation, ordered a party of soldiers to take the people out of the boats, and, with the utmost kindness and humanity, directed beds and every necessary article to be purchased for the crew. The greatest circumspection was found necessary in administering nourishment to the men. Several of the crew were so much frost-bitten as to require constant surgical assistance ; and it was arranged that they should continue at St. John's until they were in a fit condition to be carried to Halifax, for which purpose I hired a schooner.

“ Being anxious to return to England, I engaged the cabin of a small vessel bound to Oporto ; and on the eleventh of July embarked with Mrs. Fellowes, Colonel Cooke, Captain Thomas, Mr. Bargus, the master, and the colonel's servant, who, during the voyage home, lost several of his toes in consequence of what he had suffered. The master's mate was left to take charge of the ship's company, and was directed to conduct them to Halifax, whence they would be enabled to return to their own country by the first opportunity. After taking leave of our hospitable friends at St. John's, and recommending the companions of our distresses to their protection, we put to sea with favourable weather. During a voyage of fifteen days, we had a few difficulties to encounter, such as pumping continually, for the vessel sprang a

leak in a gale of wind, and we were obliged to throw overboard a considerable part of her cargo, which consisted of salt fish.

“ On the twenty-sixth of July we fell in with an American ship, the Bristol Trader, of New York. The owner, Mr. William Cowley, on being told our distressed situation, and that we had been shipwrecked, immediately hove to, and, with a benevolence and humanity that will ever reflect the highest honour on his character, received us on board, and brought us safe to Bristol, where we arrived, to our great happiness, on the third of August. The persons saved, besides the officers and crew, were two French seamen, Mrs. Fellowes, and five passengers, Mrs. Scott, Miss Cotenham, Lieutenant-Colonel Cooke, and Captain Richard Thomas of the navy.”

lay in a cove of which, and we were obliged to throw
overboard a considerable part of her cargo, which
consisted of all fish.

On the twenty-sixth of June we fell in with an
American ship, the Fishel Trader, of New York.
The owner, Mr. William Crowe, on being told our
situation of situation, and that we had been ship-
wrecked, immediately bore to wind with a heavy
sail and hauled up that we ever needed the highest
sail on his clearest water as we stood, and
brought us up to anchor, where we arrived in our
great distress on the third of August. The ship
was a small schooner, and crew, were two

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